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THE NEW YORKER

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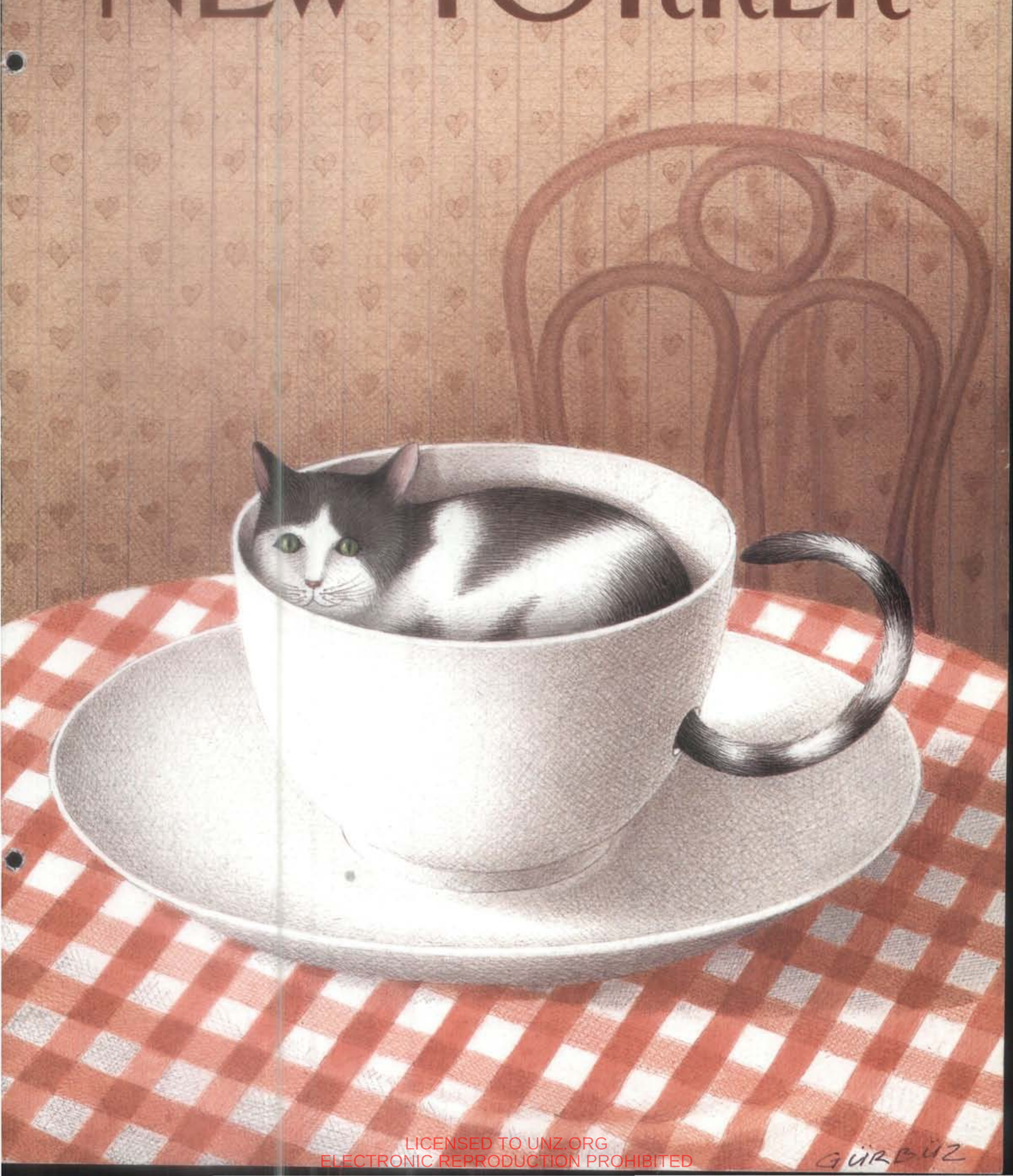

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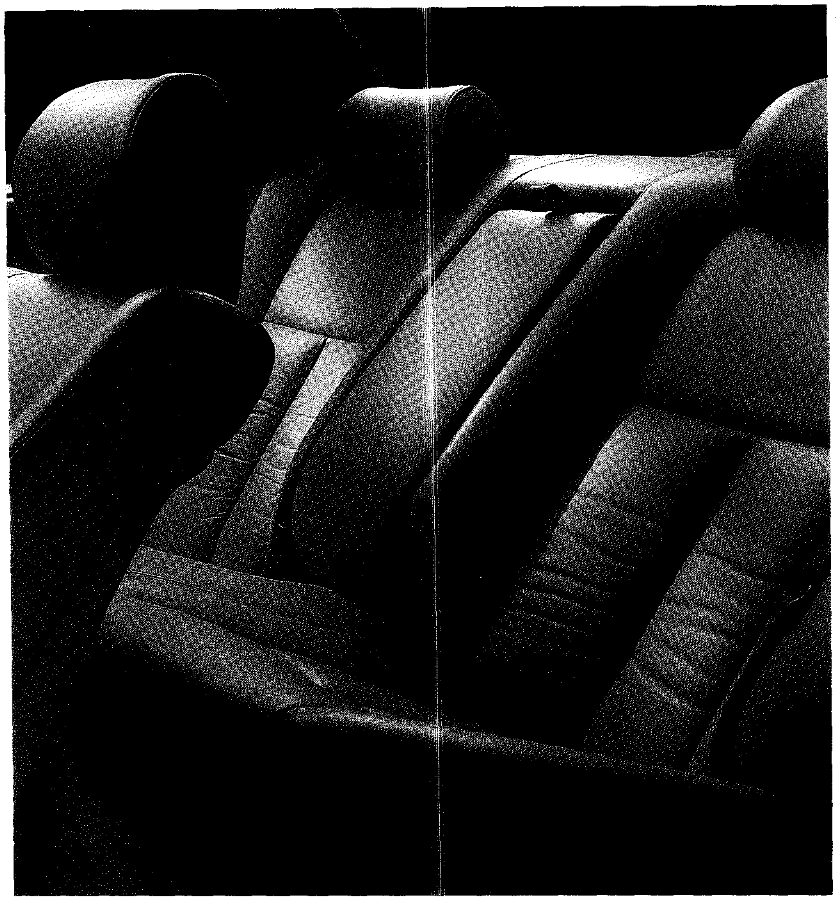

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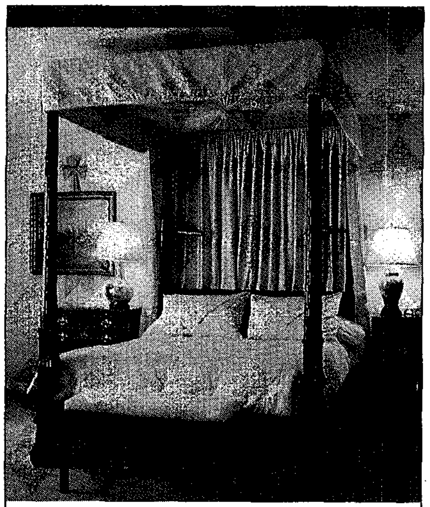

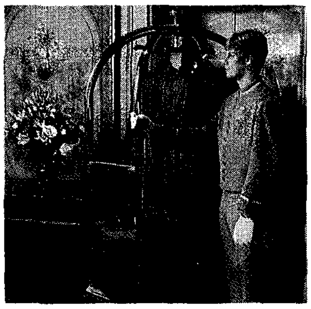

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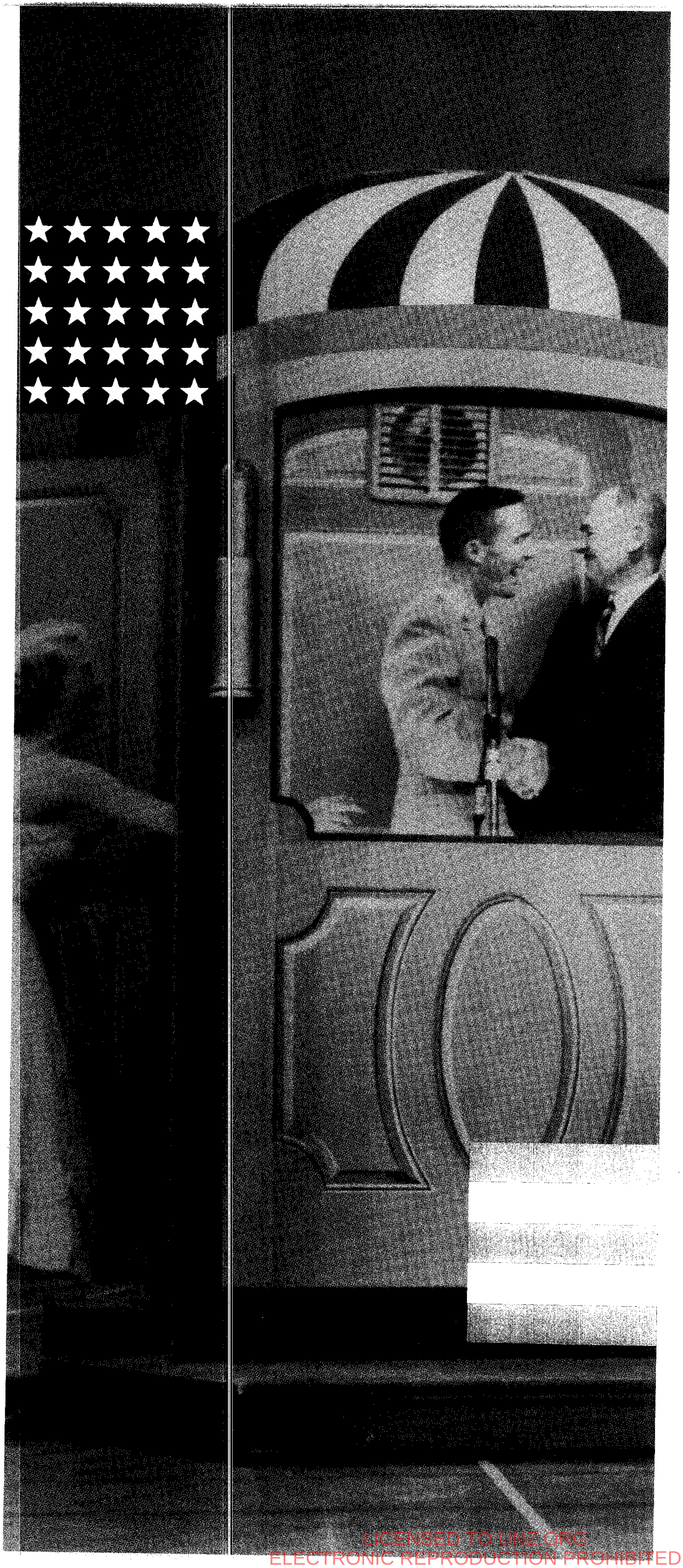

A genius for corruption.

In the 1950s, $64,000 was an incredibly generous prize for a TV game show, and "The $64,000 Question" became a national phenomenon. Audiences loved watching ordinary people answering questions to win huge sums. "The common man as genius," one writer called it. More quiz shows followed, naturally. Some were so popular that when they were on, crime and movie attendance dropped. Imagine the hurt and anger spreading across a naive America when, some years later, a Congressional investigation showed that fraud and corruption ran rampant in these beloved shows. Many were fixed. Some contestants were coached, or even given the right answers. This documentary looks at the formative years of television, and a good idea gone bad.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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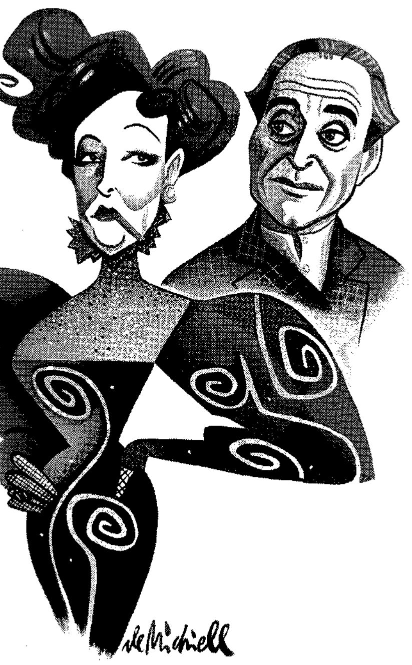

Jane Alexander and Harris Yulin in "The Visit"

THE THEATRE

YOU were born in the sixties, so you had to take a lot on faith. For one thing, you had to believe that Cyd Charisse was a star. During your childhood, this could be a real test. You had heard from your parents that Miss Charisse had danced with, among others, Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire, in many high-spirited M-G-M musicals, but all you *saw* was a lissome brunette who popped up on TV variety shows and lent her name to a ton of forgettable movie melodramas. Your earliest memory of the actress, in fact, was her silhouetted figure as it appeared over the titles of "The Silencers," a 1966 picture in which Dean Martin pretended to be an American James Bond and in which Miss Charisse, surrounded by strippers, belted out the title song. The only lyric you remember is "I don't use a knife/ Don't need a gun/My equipment is a lot more deadly, son."

It's quite a few years later, and thanks to video you've come round to your parents' high assessment of Miss Charisse, at least as far as movies are concerned. As for her theatrical background, you were until very recently still in the dark. You had just assumed that in a career that stretched almost as far as her legs she'd squeezed in some Broadway. But no, the papers claimed, Miss Charisse will be making her White Way début on December 31, when she takes over the role of Elizaveta Grushinskaya, the aging ballerina, in "Grand Hotel." Once again in a state of disbelief, you arranged a telephone interview with the actress to clear things up. She was charming and professional and assured you that, yes, this would be her first time on Broadway. She said that Michael Kidd had wanted her to do something in New York years ago, but that Metro wouldn't coöperate. She also told you how amused she was by the recurrence of the "Garbo connection": Greta Garbo played Elizaveta in the film version of "Grand Hotel" (which Miss Charisse has never seen), and Miss Garbo played "Ninotchka," the prototype for Miss Charisse's role—her favorite—in Cole Porter's "Silk Stockings." Before signing off, Miss Charisse said that she didn't regret having waited so long to show up on a local stage and that she was grateful to arrive in a part that required her to sing only once. "I am a dancer who sings," she announced. "I never claimed to be a great singer."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Bella, Belle of Byelorussia—A comedy by Jeffrey Essmann, with songs by Michael John LaChiusa. Previews begin Jan. 3. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Five Very Live—An evening of six one-act plays, presented by the Atlantic Theatre Company. The title work is by David Van Matre; the other plays are "The Age of Pie," by Peter Hedges; "Sure Thing," by David Ives; "Call of the Wile E.," by Patrick Breen; "Name Those Names," by Warren Leight; and "Wonderful Party," by Howard Korder. Previews Jan. 3-5. Opens Jan. 6 at 8, and runs through Jan. 18. (336 W. 20th St. 645-8755.)

Invention for Fathers and Sons—David Berman and William Verderber in a new play by Alan Brody. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre and directed by Jay Raphael. Previews begin Jan. 4. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

Sight Unseen—A new play by Donald Margulies. Previews begin Jan. 7. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Two Shakespearean Actors—Brian Bedford and Victor Garber star in Richard Nelson's comic drama about the rivalry between the nineteenth-century actors William Macready (a Brit) and Edwin Forrest (a Yank). Jack O'Brien directed. The show originated in England. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Visit—Jane Alexander and Harris Yulin have the leads in the Roundabout's revival of a play by Friedrich Dürrenmatt (as adapted by Maurice Valency). Edwin Sherin directed. Previews begin Jan. 1. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

OPENED RECENTLY

As You Like It—Joanne Camp is Rosalind in this production of Shakespeare's play. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

Beau Jest—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Bluebeard—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company revives Charles Ludlam's 1970 play. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Breaking Legs—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Ronald Maccone, Nick Wyman, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Catskills on Broadway—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Cinderella—The Riverside Shakespeare Company presents a British pantomime version of the fairy tale. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Cole and Coward: Julie Wilson with William Roy—Porter and Noël, by the singer and her accompanist. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 5.)

The Crucible—Maryann Plunkett's performance is the only bright spot in this otherwise dreadful revival of the Arthur Miller clunker. For the rest, the company—all members of Tony Randall's incipient National Actors Theatre—look distressingly like schoolchildren in an end-of-term play. (12/23/91) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 5.)

Dancing at Lughnasa—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Dearly Departed—A new comedy, set in the rural South, written by David Bottrell and Jessie Jones. Gloria Muzio directed. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.) Closes Jan. 12.)

Finkel's Follies—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Free Speech in America—Essayist Roger Rosenblatt in a one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes Jan. 19.)

From the Mississippi Delta—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

I Won't Dance: Steve Ross Sings Fred Astaire—Mr. Ross in an "all-singing, all-playing, non-dancing" tribute. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 688-7253.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: George Bernard Shaw's **GENEVA** and Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO.** (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Lips Together, Teeth Apart—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony Heald; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. The final performance at City Center is Jan. 5; the show reopens Jan. 9 at the Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Mad Forest—This Caryl Churchill play, written after a "fact-finding" trip to post-Ceausescu Romania, was directed by Mark Wing-Davey (he formerly ran the Central School of Speech and Drama, in London), and the ensemble acting in it is so wonderful that the production is definitely worth seeing, even though the play may leave you feeling that Churchill's visit (which lasted only a few weeks) and her own abiding Marxism do not quite equip her to tackle the complexities of post-totalitarian Europe. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 302-6989.)

Marvin's Room—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also

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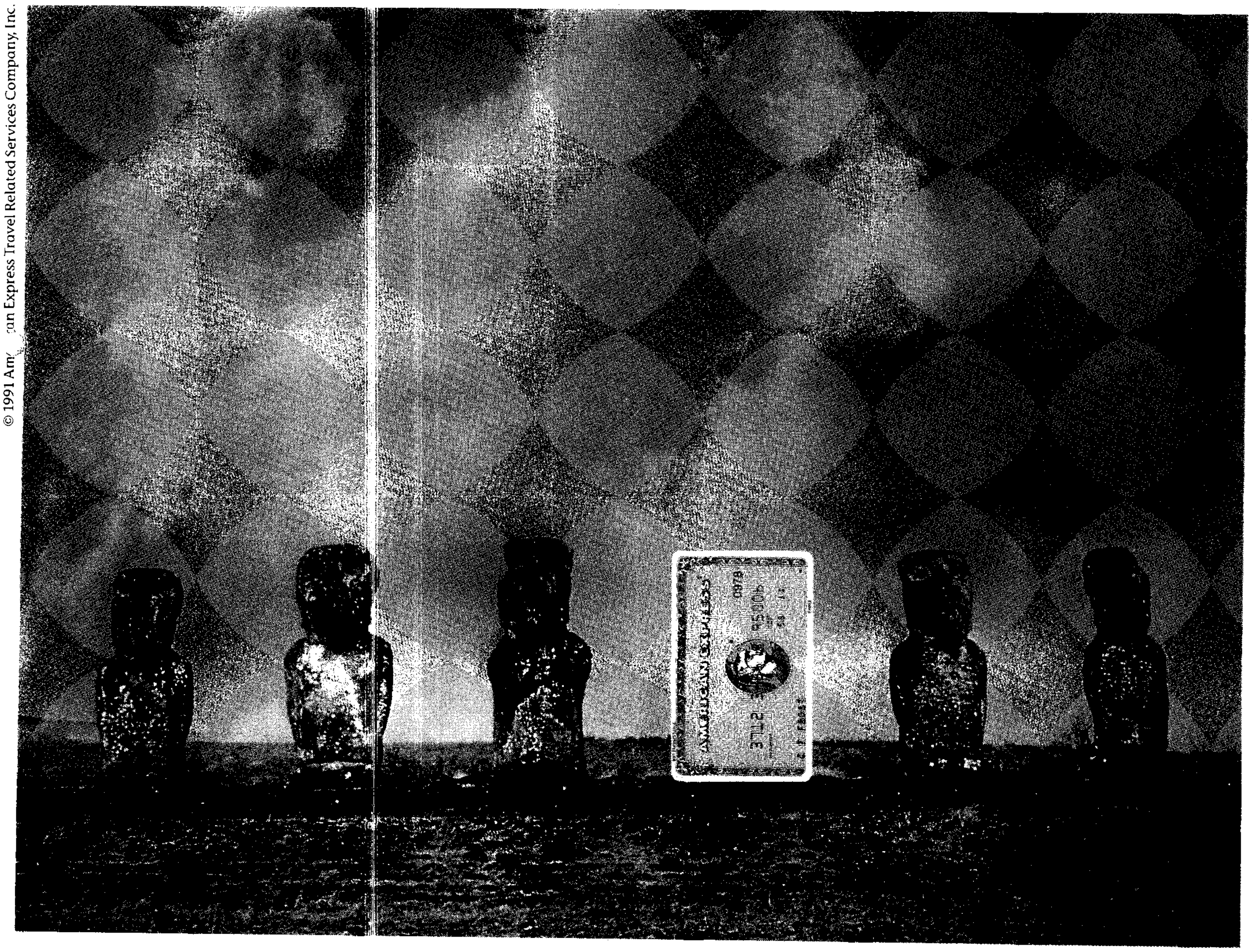

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting a limited engagement of **THE MIKADO.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Closes Jan. 5.)

No Cure for Cancer—Denis Leary's one-man show, which received its première at last summer's Edinburgh Festival. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Closes Jan. 5.)

On Borrowed Time—A first-rate revival of Paul Osborn's charming fantasy, which was originally done here in 1938. George C. Scott is Gramps; Teresa Wright is his wife; Matthew Porac is his little grandson; and Nathan Lane is Death, whom Gramps traps in an apple tree. All of them are splendid. Mr. Scott directed. (10/21/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 5.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Park Your Car in Harvard Yard—Jason Robards, white-bearded and padded to portliness, plays a retired teacher, and Judith Ivey is a former student who gets a job as his housekeeper, in Israel Horovitz's very funny, touching play, which is set in Gloucester, Massachusetts, over a year's time. Under Zoe Caldwell's expert direction, the performances are as near to perfection as makes no matter. (11/18/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Penn & Teller Rot in Hell—The dynamic duo are performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Peter Pan—A return engagement of the production led by Cathy Rigby. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 5.)

Raft of the Medusa—An AIDS encounter group. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—*Episodes from the* acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Reno Once Removed—Reno, comedienne/performance artist/teller of tales, in a one-woman show. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Jan. 5.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all adorable in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's subsequent indignation led to the creation of a new award category). *The show*—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

The Secret Garden—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Song of Singapore—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

Tubes—A work by Blue Man Group. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

What About Luv?—Austin Pendleton, David Green, and Judy Kaye star in a revival of the musical version of Murray Schisgal's play "Luv." The book is by Jeffrey Sweet, the lyrics are by Susan Birkenhead, and the *music is by Howard Marren. (York, 2 E.* 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Jan. 19.)

Willie & Esther—Hugh Dane and Bern Nadette Stanis in a two-character play by James Graham Bronson. The work was first produced in Los Angeles, earlier this year. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

The Will Rogers Follies—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE KANDER & EBB MUSICAL: A musical revue, with Karen Ziémba, Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Marcus Lovett, and Marin Mazzie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.). . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** This revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. A holiday edition, "Forbidden Christmas," runs through Jan. 19. Starring Mary Denise Bentley, Susanne Blakeslee, Herndon Lackey, Michael McGrath, and Brad Ellis (on piano). (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. Ryan Perry, Drew Geraci, Greg Jbara, and Joel Malina constitute the cast. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. Cyd Charisse joins the cast on Dec. 31. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, the director Jerry Zaks, and the actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, the individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 5.)

DANCE

WHEN you find a dance company in which elegance and beauty are consistently pursued to the point of perfection—as they are by the forty-three-year-old Mazowsze folk-dance company, of Poland—you can be certain that it is overseen by one or two individuals who care about everything from the financial terms of international tours to the seams on the costumes. At the Mazowsze, this once described the group's co-founders—the composer Tadeusz Sygietyński and his wife, the actress and costume designer Mira Zimińska. Since Sygietyński's death, in 1955, Mme. Zimińska has carried on alone, and she is definitely a contender for the title of Miss Mazowsze, according to Włodzimierz Sandecki, the president of the state-run Polish Artists Agency, which represents the Mazowsze abroad. We were chatting the other day with Mr. Sandecki and his associate Grzegorz Bluszcz, who were in town to prepare for the Mazowsze's appearance January 11-12 at Brooklyn College (call 1-718 434-1900 for information). During our talk, Mr. Sandecki placed a call to Warsaw, and we were able to speak with Mme. Zimińska herself, with Mr. Sandecki and Mr. Bluszcz handling the translation. Here are some excerpts from the session:

MR. BLUSZCZ: She's over ninety.

MR. SANDECKI: Madame is over five hundred years old and as fresh and jokeful as her old friend Artur Rubinstein. She also has this all-powerful sense of taste and detail. It's in her fingertips.

MR. BLUSZCZ: She controls the details of our negotiations.

MR. SANDECKI: Have you read her memoirs? They're out in Polish. The book is wonderful. I personally read it on the beach at Saint-Tropez. It's all about princes, the theatre, and cocktails—just like the beach.

MR. BLUSZCZ: The translated title is "I Wasn't Alone in My Life," or "I Did Not Live by Myself," or "I Did Not Live Alone." She describes her lovers.

MR. SANDECKI: A *very* fine book. (*He dials the phone.*) Hello! Madame Zimińska.

MR. BLUSZCZ: What? What? Oh, she asks if you've read her book yet.

We ask: How do you make a woman look beautiful onstage?

MR. BLUSZCZ: She says that it's not so much costume and makeup, although you need them. The beauty of a woman is what she has inside. Onstage you can see that easily.

We ask: What will Madame Zimińska wear for her curtain calls in America?

MR. BLUSZCZ: Ha! She will be dressed like an old lady, but an old-lady coquette. That means she'll wear black, but with a very colorful shawl.

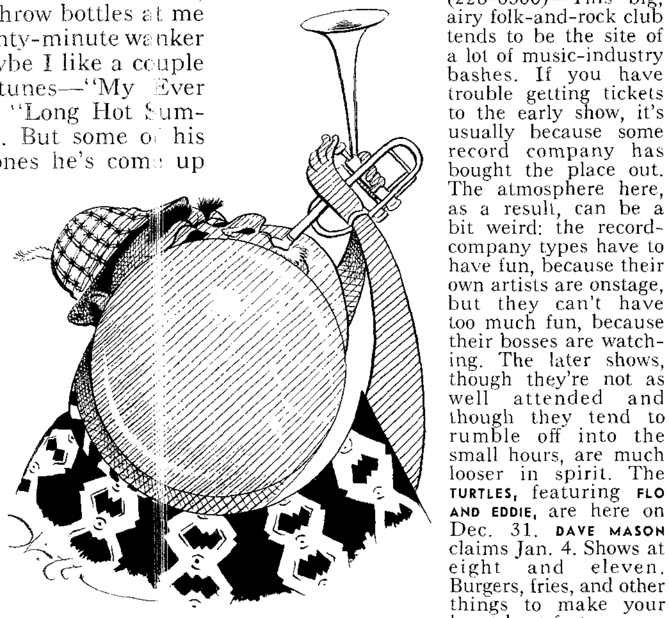
New York City Ballet—Dec. 31 at 2 and 7; Jan. 2 at 6; Jan. 3 at 8; Jan. 4 at 2 and 8; and Jan. 5 at 1 and 5: "The Nutcracker.". . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Valse Triste," "Ash," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Concertino," "Bugaku," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 23.)

NIGHT LIFE

A MOD friend writes:

The Jam, they were brilliant. But then something happened to Paul Weller—he was the big cheese in the band. He must have found Jesus or something, 'cause next thing you know he's doing this Style Council rot. He turned into a bit of a wanker, didn't he? All that blue-eyed-soul crap. Who does he think he is, eh? Marvin bloody Gaye? He's still a good geezer, though, Paul. He's still got bollocks, you could see that when he played at the Ritz the other night. When he strapped on the Rickenbacker and did a few Jam tunes, it was just like the old days. He did "That's Entertainment." Fuckin' brilliant, that tune. It's really a dirge, but Paul was stomping about like he was seventeen, busting his guitar strings and all. He even took the piss out of Morrissey at the end, singing the lyrics from "Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now."

But doing those Jam tunes, that was a big tease, wasn't it? It was like, Right—if I play some of these tunes, maybe they won't throw bottles at me when I play my twenty-minute wanker tunes. O.K., so maybe I like a couple of Style Council tunes—"My Ever Changing Moods," "Long Hot Summer," and that lot. But some of his newer tunes, the ones he's come up with since Council broke up a few years ago—they sounded like one of those TV chat-show bands trying to get funky. It's like, We'll be right back after this message—and how 'bout a hand for Paul and the boys? And then the band itself—that was another problem. The Jam was a power trio—bass, drums, guitar. That's all you need. But this band had a keyboard player, a percussionist, and, worst of all, a bloke that plays the sax and the flute, who takes five solos on every tune. I mean, the flute's all right if you're playing "Greensleeves." But if I'd known there was gonna be a flute player, I would've brought me Mum.



A Dizzy Gillespie festival at the Blue Note

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI** wraps up an engagement in the Oak Room on Jan. 4. Ms. Marcovicci is a raconteur as well as a fine singer, and she's been known to quote from a wide range of thinkers, from Dorothy Parker to Nietzsche to Peter Ustinov. Her program is titled "Home for the Holidays"; on Saturday night at eleven-thirty, she's offering a set called "I'll Be Seeing You: The Love Songs of World War II." Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed New Year's Day. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slighty decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. **TANIA ALVES** is here Dec. 31-Jan. 4, and **ALCIONE** starts work on Jan. 7. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and at ten-thirty and the wee hour of one on New Year's Eve.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. **HOUSTON PERSON** and **ETTA JONES** claim the New Year's Eve spot; **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN'S** quintet is in swing Jan. 3-4. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? **MANHATTAN TRANSFER** is here Dec. 31-Jan. 5. The remaining weeks in January are devoted to a **DIZZY GILLESPIE** jubilee, with the trumpeter performing in a variety of star-studded contexts. For the week beginning Jan. 7, you can witness "Dizzy's Bebop Jamboree," the supporting cast of which will include **JIMMY HEATH** and **JAMES MOODY.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club tends to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes. If you have trouble getting tickets to the early show, it's usually because some record company has bought the place out. The atmosphere here, as a result, can be a bit weird: the record-company types have to have fun, because their own artists are onstage, but they can't have too much fun, because their bosses are watching. The later shows, though they're not as well attended and though they tend to rumble off into the small hours, are much looser in spirit. The **TURTLES,** featuring **FLO AND EDDIE,** are here on Dec. 31. **DAVE MASON** claims Jan. 4. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. A trio consisting of **KENNY BARRON, PAUL WEST,** and **BEN RILEY** is at work through Jan. 4. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** as of Jan. 2. The quartet, which has been doing its fastidious swinging for more than thirty years and which has over four hundred pieces in its repertoire, tends to play in big halls these days, so its occasional layovers in this intimate space are to be treasured. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** begins a four-month stay on Jan. 2. Whyte presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. Tenor saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH** leads a quartet Jan. 1-5; the **RUBY BRAFF** quartet begins work on Jan. 7. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—Feels like home—not your home, but somebody's. The restaurant-and-bar is a giant junk shop of a place, where the walls are filled with redneck iconography, where the waiters and waitresses scurry around with such things as chicken-fried steak, and where some jumpy young band or other is always stomping around onstage.

Eighty Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—A small, mirrored cabaret, in which the waiters dip and sway and struggle to reach their destination. **SARAH ZAHN** will be here on Jan. 3. Zahn has a deft way with a melody and her shows are smartly built, but at times she overwhelms this little room with her chatty, Bette Midler-ish stage persona and her great big voice. On Jan. 6, there'll be a show titled "Here's to Our Friends: The AIDS Review."

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **BETTY CARTER,** who's in action on Dec. 31, is a terrific jazz and scat singer who breathes new life into standards. A typical Carter song contains a range of emotions, from heavy-lidded low notes to airy, vibratoless passages that bring to mind Chet Baker's trumpet playing. As a performer, she's full of surprises and comic verve; we once saw a show where she began a song with the improvised lyrics "I recorded this tune in 1963/ So did Tony Bennett/ Guess who made all the money?" **RAY BARRETTO'S** Latin-jazz quintet plays Jan. 1-5. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-and-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers.

Judys', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine. Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** are here Dec. 31 and Jan. 2-4. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid-back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counterculture that somehow landed on Houston Street. **JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY,** who'll be here on New Year's Eve, is a young guitarist who emigrated here from Chicago about a decade ago. He's conversant with many genres, from rock to blues to jazz to noise, and his recently released solo album, "Trippin'," is a heady combination of all of the above. As the title suggests, the record is rife with acid-rock pyrotechnics; one can't help drawing comparisons with Hendrix. Anyone looking for a new guitar hero is advised to check this man out. Music after nine.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club in a neighborhood where no one will hear you scream. **BUDDY GUY,** the veteran blues guitarist and singer, will have the stage on New Year's Eve. If his recent album, "Damn Right I've Got the Blues," is any indication, it should be a hot show. The record, which features guest appearances by Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Mark Knopfler, is an expansive mixture of gospel, soul, and Chicago blues. In performance, Mr. Guy is particularly strong on gritty urban-blues numbers.

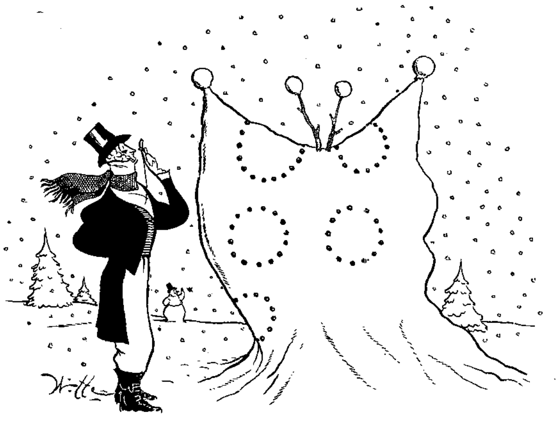
MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The New Year's Eve bill includes **MUDHONEY,** the **LYRES,** and the Mummies. Mudhoney is one of those Seattle bands you've heard so much about—they're from the stable of Sub Pop records, which also includes Nirvana. Mudhoney takes the raw material of hard-core punk and heavy metal and combines them with such stabilizing elements as melody and a sense of humor. Their show should be an earsplitting good time. Shows at ten on Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. **LA VERN BAKER** is in residence through Jan. 4. Lynne Jackson and Mike Palter take over beginning on Jan. 7. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Closed New Year's Day.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" **LORNA LUFT,** who comes from what can safely be called a musical family, and whose shows are a mix of pop songs, standards, and reminiscences, is holding forth here on Dec. 31. Singer-pianist **BILLY STRITCH** begins a run on Jan. 2. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—There's usually a good reason to go the Ritz, but there's almost always a better reason to stay away. Even leaving aside its midtown address—the sort of neighborhood you wake up in after you've been kidnapped—there's still the club's distressing pack-them-in, get-them-the-hell-out management tactics, and the fact that the atmosphere here, on any given night, is something between that of a high-school gym class and that of a police state. **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES** perform on New Year's Eve. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.



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RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." **HILDEGARDE** performs on New Year's Eve. A performer for seventy-one of her eighty-five years, Hildegarde would be considered an "expert" in just about any courtroom in the country. She continues to be charming and chatty—absolutely *fabulous,* to dip into cabaretspeak. She refers to her audiences as "my dear people"; she announces her own solos by chirping "Take it away, girl"; she spins yarns; and she teeters about the stage with an endearing little-old-lady shtick. Shows New Year's Eve at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. **MAX ROACH** will be here Jan. 8-9. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this celebrated shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which means you'll need a periscope to see the show and a parka to live through it. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a commendable silence-or-else policy during shows. The **NAT ADDERLEY** quintet will be here though Jan. 5. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** leads a trio—the other two thirds are Avery Sharpe and Aaron Scott—as of Jan. 7. Tyner's playing alternates seamlessly between the thunderous and showy and the lyrical and understated, and his bandmates are with him every step of the way. The highlight of one appearance here, in fact, was Sharpe's bass solo on "Monk's Dream." An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time for shows is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, wedge-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. **MICHAEL WHITE'S** Original Liberty Jazz Band of New Orleans works out Dec. 31-Jan. 5. **DANNY MOORE'S** quartet gets under way on Jan. 7. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. **ERIC BURDON** and his band (featuring Brian Auger) share the New Year's Eve bill with Loup Garou. Music generally starts at ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the décor is pastel, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. The trio of **KIRK LIGHTSEY, CECIL MC BEE,** and **MARCUS BELGRAVE** performs Dec. 30-31, with **JUNIOR MANCE** sharing the bill on New Year's Eve. Music usually starts at eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THOUGH Ralph Lauren's Home Collection will probably never design a throw pillow for a club couch, on a blustery winter Tuesday you can't blame someone for looking for a warm and cozy new haunt. But with a curtain wall dropped two thirds of the way onto the dance floor, a closed-off second floor, and a locked Mike Todd room, the newly refurbished Palladium (still at 126 East 14th Street) evokes the same feeling that Richard Benjamin had in "Goodbye, Columbus" when he spotted the velvet rope with which Ali MacGraw's mother had cordoned off her white-on-white living room. Benjamin's mouth says, "Very nice," but his eyes say he'd sooner undergo circumcision again than risk reclining against snow-white tufts.

It's understandable that the new director of Palladium should want to economize—it must be disheartening to watch a club as dank as Limelight rebounding with the strength of a Faustian pact. But Limelight succeeds almost by default. Since it never captured our fascination, it has no place in our mental time capsules. The Palladium, however—despite the addition of lustrous David Spada stalactites over the grand stairway, and Michael Schmidt's sado-sensual-Express-Yourself-Russian-Constructivist overhaul of the basement—remains hung on a time line. "Remember when this was the height of cashed-in cachet?" said one returnee. "It looks so normal."

But if Limelight is too hot, and Palladium is too cold, Jackie 60 (14th and Washington Streets) is just right. The club's Country Christmas featured a Hanukkah Hoedown, with breast-baring cowgirls making cowboys beg for presents, a presentation of fashions to keep Santa from going back up the chimney, a video by Len Whitney featuring the carolling Mitch Miller singers, two drag queens so tall they had to stoop to get through the catacombs downstairs, and Pedro Almodóvar hogging the pool table. "He must feel right at home here," said our friend. Ahhh.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Final performances under the little big top, in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For ticket and schedule information, call 874-8990. Through Jan. 5.

"THE CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR"—Final performances of Radio City Music Hall's annual Yuletide dancearama—with the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777. Through Jan. 7.)

"VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN"—An adaptation, by Terry O'Reilly, of the Mary Shelley tale. (Sideshows by the Seashore, Coney Island Boardwalk at W. 12th St., Brooklyn. 1-718 372-5159. Jan. 4-5 at 2 and 6.)

"ANTAGONY"—A new performance piece by Heather Woodbury. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Jan. 2-3 at 8 and Jan. 9 at 7 and 9. Through Jan. 18. For information about tickets, call 969-0614.)

P.S. 122—Jan. 2-5 at 8: Terry Galloway in "Lardo Weeping." Through Jan. 19. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

A FEW Sundays ago the Prisunic gallery placed a very unusual advertisement in the Arts and Leisure section of the *Times*, for a show titled "Love on the Beat" (409 West 14th Street; through February 1). What was unusual about it was its size—full page—and the fact that it was situated right in there with the big-budget movie ads. That's a lot of bucks and even more chutzpah for an upstart gallery named after a Paris-based discount chain—one, furthermore, which is located way west on 14th Street, smack in the middle of the meat district. But then Prisunic, which last year sent its invitations out by messenger, likes things real splashy.

Especially art. "Love on the Beat" is the oo-la-la experience of the year. This four-artist collaboration, which resulted in outlandish works that are a combination of sculpture, painting, and photography, is a major triumph of grandeur over vulgarity. The dozen or so works on view, a couple of which are truly humongous, encompass photographs of what appears to be a particularly bosomy Latin sex-goddess engaged in poses ranging from an odalisque to a full-out crucifixion. The photographs have been printed onto paper and cast in plaster, which in turn has been mounted in elaborately sculpted hydrocal frames. The total effect might be described as Sublime Whorehouse Baroque, and for some reason it reminded us of works by the nineteenth-century Belgian artist Antoine Wiertz, which are among the crazier and, in some cases, more gargantuan paintings in creation. Using Christine Mingo as his model, Paul Steinitz—son of the well-known Paris antiquaire Bernard Steinitz, whose other son runs this gallery—took the pictures. Ivan Dalla Tana applied his brush to the negatives. Zadik Zadikian is the sculptor in question. By all means check it out.

JUDGMENT

Starting with ordinary stainless-steel mesh slightly denser than that in the sides of a shopping cart, Kit-Yin Snyder has built seven sixteen-foot-tall columns (representing the seven pillars which, according to the Bible, support the House of Wisdom) and two back-to-back thrones (representing Solomon's favorite chair) at the almost completed New Detention Center, at 124 White Street. The works sometimes glisten in the sun, but at other times they let light through obliquely, so that they resemble shadows, or perhaps erased sketches, of themselves. And all are made of six-by-twelve-inch mesh "bricks" that Ms. Snyder manufactures by lashing together sheets of mesh. "Even with help, it took two years to make them all, because four hours a day is all a hand can take," she says.

The freestanding columns surround the detention center's bleak corner entrance, while the thrones crown a bridge of sighs that connects the center to the Tombs, next door. Muralist Richard Haas also contributed art work to the bridge: bas-reliefs, some representing Solomon presiding over the notorious case in which a mother and a purported mother struggled for custody of a child, others depicting a legendary Chinese magistrate who judged an analogous case. The Asian and Western motifs, says Ms. Snyder, "are meant to tie the two communities in the area together." The art works' cumulative effect, she adds, "just might be to give the prisoners some hope that there's justice around here."

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhibition of East Asian lacquer from the collection of Florence and Herbert Irving may be the most impeccably installed show of the year. The slaty shades of gray on the walls and the pin-spot lights positioned above the vitrines brilliantly set off the already vivid array of red and black boxes, lap desks, *sake* bottles, and such, some of which are inlaid with pearly abalone and gold. There is no fuss here, just punch. Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ A group of Alpine landscape sketches and local genre scenes by John Singer Sargent, made during a youthful jaunt through the Bernese Oberland, in 1870. Through March 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Stuart Davis (1892-1964), including a hundred and seventy-five paintings, murals, watercolors, and drawings. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Seurat." A crisply efficient and compartmentalized exhibition of paintings by the short-lived Neo-Impressionist, on the centenary of his death. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, drawings, and watercolors, by Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, Henri Matisse, and many others. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ The redesigned and renovated Arms and Armor galleries are open, and jammed to the hilt. The central Equestrian Court is still here, regally appointed, and it is now surrounded by eight new displays of Japanese, European, Islamic, and American weaponry and armor. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." The Eilenberg collection, from which this show has been selected, is not particularly comprehensive nor focussed on grand masterpieces, but it does sparkle in many unexpected ways. From India come plenty of treasures, such as a prancing mythical "leogryph"; from a southern province of Thailand comes an early and glorious carving of Avalokiteshvara; and from Indonesia comes a group of bronze sculptures that many consider to be the finest privately assembled collection of such material in the world. . . . ¶ Three new permanent galleries are home to more than four hundred nineteenth-century European sculptures and decorative objects. . . . ¶ Candelabras, snuff boxes, and hotel façades are just some of the subject matters depicted in a show of eighteenth-century French drawings. Through March 15. . . . ¶ "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy" is a breathtaking exhibition of sixteenth-century works that centers on eleven very large tapestries of beautifully intricate detail, made by the most respected Flemish craftsmen, and also includes some of the finest armor ever forged, from Augsburg, in present-day Germany. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Spanish Guitar." Thirty-five specimens, ranging in date from the sixteenth century to the mid-twentieth. Through Jan. 5. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's Christmas tree and eighteenth-century crèche can be seen through Jan. 12. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of works by Art Spiegelman, including the original pages and auxiliary mate-

IN A 'BLIND' TASTING of the most popular malt whiskies conducted by the Sunday Times, we are pleased to record that The Macallan premium brand emerged with an 'Excellence Quotient' of 93.78%. Its nearest competitor achieved *no more than 62.8%.*

If further confirmation of The Macallan's pre-eminence is needed, why not let your own lips pronounce on the subject?

But sip with your eyes open. For the colour (voluptuous sherry-gold) adds at least an extra 6.22% to the pleasure. Thus raising the Quotient to a tidy *one hundred per cent.*

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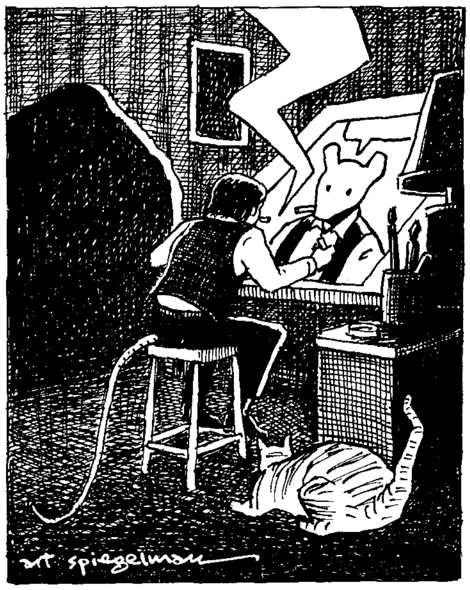
rial for "Maus" and "Maus II," his cartoon-strip books about his father's experience of the Holocaust. Part of the museum's "Projects" series. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "*Dislocations*" comprises seven commissioned installations, by Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Sophie Calle, David Hammons, Ilya Kabakov, Bruce Nauman, and Adrian Piper. The show is a collective reproof of racial, sexual, and class stereotypes, as well as of nationalism, governments, bureaucracies, and war. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Word 2 My Mother," a video installation by Tony Cokes. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ The annual "New Photography" series presents recent work by Eberhard Grames, Sheron Rupp, and Stephen A. Scheer. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Self-portrait by Art Spiegelman (Museum of Modern Art)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until May, 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Celebrating Calder." Alexander Calder (1898-1976) was wonderfully inventive, and this show, which draws primarily from the museum's excellent collection of the artist's work, is a fine illustration of his breadth and depth. It begins with his delightful toylike creations—a double cat carved from a long, skinny cylinder of wood; a tiny elephant and horse made of crudely joined sheets of brass; the artist's signature wire sculptures, or, more accurately, drawings in space; and his consummate early creation, "Calder's Circus." Once Calder decided to be a "serious" sculptor, in the early thirties, he became a sponge, soaking up the work of many artists around him, learning their lessons and merging these with his own unique style. Up through the forties the exhibition is first-rate. Once it enters the era of the stabile, it slackens a bit. This may reflect the work itself, but it is also likely a reminder that, even in a stripped-down form, Calder's achievements cannot easily be condensed. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Variations on Themes," a show of serial works in various graphic mediums, by, among others, Terry Winters, Dennis Adams, Kiki Smith, and Jasper Johns. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts.". . . ¶ A mid-career retrospective of the works of Sigmar Polke. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A show of contemporary Native American works, including ceramics, elk-horn carvings, and Pomo baskets. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirili's "Commandment" series. Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Various museums have been sharply attacked in recent years for participating in the colonialist destruction of native cultures—desecrating hallowed grounds and seizing sacred objects for aesthetic delectation. As if to defend its own history, this institution has chosen to show off the grand sculptural achievements of the Kwakiutl of the Pacific Northwest by documenting the potlatch, a lavish ritualistic display of wealth and power—the most important ritual in Kwakiutl culture, and one outlawed by the Canadian government. The stylized costumes of bees, birds, and grizzlies—some displayed in vintage films of rituals—vividly communicate the Kwakiutl's profound link with the spirit world. Among the most spectacular items are the carved dishes used in the ritual feast. Several, called *dzunuk'was*, are in the form of the recumbent "wild woman" of Kwakiutl myth. They are up to sixteen feet long and have other carved bowls within them which correspond to various anatomical parts. (The chief eats from the head.) Through Feb. 23. . . . **NOTE:** The annual holiday origami tree can be seen through Jan. 5. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings *until 8:45.*)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—"Artists of Conscience: 16 Years of Social and Political Commentary" presents works by seventy artists, including Nancy Spero, Hannah Wilke, David Hammons, and Gran Fury. Through Jan. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 31 and New Year's Day, 11 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, art-glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the architect's career. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Two site-specific installations, one by Sam Gilliam, the other by Robert Kushner. (Open daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings, except Dec. 31, until 8. Closes at 5 on Dec. 31.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Undercurrents in the Floating World: Censorship and Japanese Prints." By means of informative wall labels, this exhibition articulately decodes erotic ukiyo-e prints of the Tokugawa period (1615-1868) in several categories: "dangerous pictures," "heroes in disguise," "secret messages," and "forbidden news." The show is an intelligent and impassioned response to recent attempts to legislate "appropriate" subject matter for art. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Motifs and Meanings in Asian Art," a selection of sixty Korean, Chinese, and Japanese works from the Rockefeller collection. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Ana Mendieta

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—The six large paintings that are the centerpiece of Brice Marden's show of works inspired by the Tang-dynasty poet Cold Mountain are truly sophisticated: delicate yet grand in scale and unerringly structured by an almost impromptu line. The works on paper are, in contrast, awkward and pale, especially when compared with the Chinese calligraphy that they seem to mimic, halfheartedly. . . . ¶ For those unfamiliar with the Conceptual and graphic work of Lawrence Weiner, this exhibition, titled "Displacement," is a good primer. While the artist is known for creating exquisite artistic moments in the sparest situations, the current show is sort of the inverse. The wittiest piece, expressing a double-edged ambivalence, is on the Center's bathroom doors, which are labelled "Us" and "Them.". . ¶ On the roof, which offers a view of the Hudson River, Dan Graham has created a fine urban park with glass walls, a floor of spongy asphalt tiles, and a squat glass cylinder at its center. The park is elevated above the roof as if it were afloat, and it is very pleasant to spend time up there, especially in the nearby coffee bar/video lounge. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St.—"Come All You Gallant Heroes" chronicles—through objects and firsthand accounts—the lives of Continental Army and state soldiers during the Revolutionary War. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 31 and New Year's Day, 10 to 4.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight paintings and fourteen drawings by the French rococo artist Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743). Through Jan. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"From Expressionism to Resistance, Art in Germany 1909-36." A very rich exhibition, from the collection of Marvin and Janet Fishman. The show does not center on the better-known masters of Die Brücke, although many of them are represented by a work or two. Instead of shopping for masterpieces, the Fishmans have taken a refreshingly scholarly approach and created a comprehensive historical view of German art in the years the works span. At nearly every turn there is a discovery to be made, even when the works themselves are not great. Ludwig Meidner's "Apocalyptic Landscape," while perhaps somewhat derivative stylistically, is an electrifying anthropomorphic modern townscape, in which every building, rock, and tree stump is in the process of eruption. In the center rests a blackened reclining figure, casting the painting as a contemporaneous inversion of Matisse's classical Fauvist landscape. Meidner's other works can be seen as precursors of contemporaneous German Expressionist works by Immendorf, and, to a lesser degree, of the hero paintings of Baselitz, not only in style but also in their agitated sense of disempowerment. But the Meidner section is just one of dozens of fascinating avenues this exhibition explores. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "The Sigmund Freud Antiquities." Much has been made of the similarity between archeology and psychoanalysis, beginning with Freud himself, who avidly collected antiquities—some two thousand of them, from Egypt, Greece, Rome, and China. This show includes close to a hundred of them, most of which are small and many of which are of fine quality. Even the ordinary examples are full of modern meaning, such as a small steatite portrait of Amenophis I and his mother, Ahmose-Nofretiri, who, in the ultimate Oedipus complex, were buried together. The best part of the show is a series of black-and-white photographs—taken in 1938, by Edmund Engelman—of Freud's study and examining room shortly before he fled Vienna for London. They are ordinary pictures, but reveal just how Freud lived with his powerful assembly of statues: we find them jammed together in cases, perched atop various pieces of furniture, and lined up at the edge of his desk like an army of history's most exalted foot soldiers. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, except Dec. 31 and New Year's Day, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The permanent collection has been given three new gallery spaces and is shown off in "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in these pages. Through March 8. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, and published works by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872), the Academy's founder. Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Imagining the New World," a shipload of paintings, drawings, maps, astrolabes, and other Columbian iconography drawn from museums and libraries in Italy, France, and Germany. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "While They Fought: The Home front in New York City" includes many posters, photographs (one shows Kate Smith surrounded by sailors), and artifacts from the Second World War. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 31 and New Year's Day, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). Through Feb. 29. (Berg Collection.). . . ¶ Merlin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.). . . ¶ A hundred and fifty German Expressionist prints and books by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Käthe Kollwitz, Wassily Kandinsky, George Grosz, and others. Through Jan. 4. (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Thirty paintings and sculptures by this year's artists-in-residence: Ada Pilar Cruz, Leonardo Drew, and Eve Sandler. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Africa and the Diaspora," a selection of nearly a hundred works from the museum's collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. (Open Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day.)

Philip Taaffe—Mostly large, abstract paintings that are sumptuously ornamental while being both technically and intellectually rigorous. Though they register effortlessly upon the mind and the eye, they are in fact as complex as the ancient Byzantine-Levantine cultures that have provided the artist with many of his motifs. Taaffe's colors, opulent and sometimes weathered yet without the facile decorator's touch of so much recent antiquing in art, may make you yearn for travel and adventure, poetry and pleasure. Through Jan. 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Dec. 31.)

"Six American Modernists"—A generous selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by Marsden Hartley, Gaston Lachaise, Elie Nadelman, Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and John Storrs. Through Jan. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closes at 3 on Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Joan Nelson—New paintings; no news. Tiny landscapes. Antique-looking. Very pretty. The nicest of all are almost empty: just sky, for instance, and a shrub or the top of a branch. Through Jan. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closes at 1 on Dec. 31.)

Beverly Pepper—These new wall reliefs look like plaster troweled into slatelike sheets and then cast in white and black bronze. Though they lack the formal pretensions of the artist's big abstract sculptures, they are perhaps more pretentious—Pepper presumes that merely slathering around some stuff and casting it in an age-old arty material will lead to an aesthetically satisfying object. Through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**lothar baumgarten,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 18); **william beckman,** Stiebel, 32 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 11); **claudio bravo,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 4); **giorgio cavallon,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (closed Dec. 31; through Jan. 30); **william dunlap,** French, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 4); **agnes martin,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 31, through Jan. 4); **ana mendieta,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 11); **theodoros stamos,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 18); **bill traylor,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 11).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Milton Avery—Not many of the works in this show of watercolors, all from the fifties, are gems, but it is still a fascinating exhibition, one which brings out an otherwise obscure, Kleelike side of the artist. Through Jan. 11. (Snyder, 588 Broadway. Closed Dec. 31.)

Lauren Ewing—This very interesting installation artist in object-maker's clothing presents a rumination on the marketplace that could be a critique of the critiques of an artist like Jeff Koons. The focus of the show is three block-front secretaries, all with identical dimensions; two are unpainted, as if they were from a starter-apartment-furniture store, and the third is covered in glitter like that on Dorothy's ruby slippers. The works were inspired by the spectacular sale at Christie's, several years ago, of a Nicholas Brown block-front secretary for $12,100,000, and are a deliberate indictment of commodity culture: megaphones are attached to the backs of the unpainted desks, while a leather body harness, suggesting enslavement to riches, is to be found behind the ruby-red one. Through Jan. 8. (Brown, 23 Watts St. Closed Dec. 31.)

Russell Floersch—Workaday monochrome paintings with a twist. One of the more thoughtful works consists of an Yves Klein-blue painting with a wood block attached to it and an ear printed on the block's surface. This must be a reference to the eighties adage that collectors buy with their ears rather than with their eyes. But even at its best, Floersch's is an art at half-mast. Through Jan. 4. (Stux, 155 Spring St. Closed Dec. 31.)

Imi Knoebel—Thick monochrome paintings on wood whose surfaces have been scratched, gouged, and buzz-sawed to gloriously violent, symphonic excess. They are titled "Schlachtbilder" (Battle Paintings), but these brownish-black works might also symbolize the artist as a child, both creative and destructive, playing with mud. Also on view are two chipper and very beautiful paintings called "Portraits." Through Jan. 11. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Closed Dec. 31.)

Peter Schmersal—Fine painter's paintings, done in a fractured style with a medium-width brush. Schmersal's rocky coasts recall Monet's, while his arrangements of dead fish bring Hartley to mind. Through Jan. 18. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closed Dec. 31.)

Theodoros Stamos—This show includes work from the historically crucial years 1947 to 1963. Although Stamos was a member of the first generation of Abstract Expressionists, these works seem more appropriate to some second-rate member of the second generation. "The Divide #2," a dark, landscapish painting of 1958, is the strongest work, with a lyrical form and turbulent color. In general, the works bring to mind Gottlieb's firespots, Styll's intense streaks of color, Baziotes' image sense, and Rothko's teetering on the abyss, but what their touch is perhaps closest to is the lyricism of Milton Avery—good, but not good enough. Through Jan. 18. (Meisel 141 Prince St. Closed Dec. 31-Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A complementary show is at ACA, 41 E. 57th St., through Jan. 18. Closed Dec. 31.)

Bernar Venet—The artist has scattered throughout the gallery bent lengths of rusted steel—the fashionably muscular minimalist material. Collectively titled "Random Combinations of Undetermined Lines," the pieces are neither random nor undetermined, but they are far more appealing than Venet's

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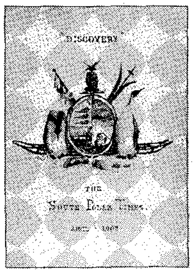

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standard arcs and curves, even though the issues they examine have already been brilliantly explored earlier in this century by Arp. In the most interesting section of the show, many of these rusted "lines" have been piled up into a collapsed heap of artistic ennui. Through Jan. 4. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway. Closed Dec. 31.)

"Art of the Americas: The Argentine Project"—Most attempts to promote the art of a single nation fail miserably, but these four loosely linked solo exhibitions of Argentine artists are low-key and well handled. The artists themselves, rather than their nationality, are the primary subject. At **SIMON WATSON** (241 Lafayette St.): Jacques Bedel has created a series of thick, oversized "books" made of lightweight rusted iron. They lie open, and their interiors are filled with jagged three-dimensional shapes, one side forming the perfect complement of the other, so that if the books were closed each would become a solid mass. There is a vivid and frightening sense of airlessness about these works; the suggested act of slamming them shut is rife with overtones of imprisonment. Through Jan. 4. . . . At **GOOD** (532 Broadway): Luis F. Benedit approaches his examination of gaucho machismo and of man's control of nature with a strong sense of ritual. The exhibition centers on a group of objects used in the management of livestock—sheep shears, castration scissors—presented shiny-new in custom-fitted cases. Sometimes Benedit's sensibility borders on the surreal, as in a case filled with a dozen wooden eggs. It is a pleasant enough display. Through Jan. 11. . . . At **FAWBUSH PROJECTS** (74 Grand St.): In a similar but wittier vein, Víctor Grippo tries to domesticate nature with a number of sculptures in which he has wired potatoes and displayed their electrical charge through a voltmeter. They follow in a grand tradition of potato art that includes Beuys and Polke. Like Benedit, Grippo is also attracted to eggs, and one of his more haunting works is hard boiled and painted black. Through Jan 25. . . . At **FAWBUSH** (76 Grand St.): Norberto Gómez, in an evident critique of colonialism, has made a number of striking sculptures that look like a cross between church ornaments and gruesome weapons of torture. Through Jan. 25. (All the galleries are closed on Dec. 31.)

"Die Künstler aus Gugging"—Gugging, the State Institution for Psychiatry, in Austria, encourages patients to make art works. This exhibition includes drawings and paintings by ten of those artists, all of whom work in distinctive styles that should be familiar to fans of outsider art. The influence of such artists on mainstream modernism is well known, and this show offers a fascinating opportunity to reverse historical perspectives by reconsidering the source. Johann Garber's ink drawings, for example, suggest the Hundertwasserian roots of Haring. Philipp *Schöpke's trembling drawings of people with* penislike noses seem much more interiorized and disturbed, and they have a striking relationship to early Dubuffet, the artist who invented the term Art Brut. However, even without reference to mainstream art, the work by Gugging artists is thoroughly fascinating. Through Jan. 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Dec. 31.)

Short List—**ELLEN DRISCOLL,** Esman, 575 Broadway (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 4); **ANN HAMILTON,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Jan. 4); **ATTILIO SALEMME,** Nahan, 381 West Broadway (open daily, through Jan. 4); **WILLIAM WEGMAN,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 31, through Jan. 4).

OTHER GALLERIES

"Halston: Absolute Modernism"—The very name—which he sold to a conglomerate and was subsequently unable to use commercially—conjures images of disco excess. Yet his fashions were more consistently pure and unadorned than anyone else's. Halston was the model minimalist, whose steady outpouring followed no time-bound trend. In the exhibition's starkly spotlighted main hall, three wide strips of carpet have been pulled up and the resulting glue-marked industrial-chic runways have been populated with dozens of mannequins, wearing virtually every kind of Halston clothing. It's an oddly egalitarian Halston heaven. Through Jan. 11. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, *except Dec. 31 and New Year's Day, noon to* 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Short List—**DENNIS OPPENHEIM,** P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City (opens at noon Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Sundays; through Feb. 9); **ARTHUR RACKHAM,** Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (open Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 31 and New Year's Day, 9 to 4:45; through Feb. 19).

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE current show at the Manhattan East Gallery of Fine Arts (202 East 76th Street; *through January 11*) is both a record and a testament. The show is titled "O, Write My Name (American Portraits, Harlem Heroes)," and it consists of hand gravures, by Richard Benson, of photographs taken by Carl Van Vechten between 1930 and 1960. This dignified collection of portraits with extended captions is exactly what the modest brochure of the Eakins Press Foundation, which produced these new editions of Van Vechten's work, says it is: an educa*tional vehicle. Altogether there are* fifty individuals portrayed here (half of them women, half men), and not one of them comes off as empty. These are photographs that strive to make the world a place where black and white are equal. Van Vechten's plain style and his classy use of decorative backgrounds are well served by Benson's printing. Of the many solid photographs on view, we were particularly touched by a portrait of Althea Gibson, the tennis player, who, *as the caption explains,* "broke the color bar at England's Wimbledon tournament, winning that singles title and the Wimbledon doubles championship." Gibson is not in a tennis outfit, the way a sports star might be pictured today. She's wearing a very nice dress and has white gloves on.

Evelyn Hofer—Uniformly stolid black-and-white portraits, titled "The People of Soglio," which were taken in a Swiss village in the area where Hofer grew up and later spent her summers. Also on view are color photos of rooms in the Villa Medici, in Rome; rooms *in the Maison de Verre, in Paris;* and the glamorous ladies' room at Radio City Music Hall. Through Jan. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Dec. 31.)

"The Legacy of W. Eugene Smith"—Sixty vintage prints by Smith and fifteen works each by past recipients of the W. Eugene Smith Grant in Humanistic Photography. Through Feb. 16. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays.)

Short List—**DIANE ARBUS,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (closes at 1 on Dec. 31, through Jan. 4.); **ZEKE BERMAN,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 11); **HARRY CALLAHAN** and **DOUG AND MIKE STARN,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (closes at 2 on Dec. *31, through Jan. 11);* **MACDUFF EVERTON,** Borden, 560 Broadway (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 4); **HORST,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 25); **SALLY LARSEN** and **LOUIS DE CLERCQ,** Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 18); **SHEILA METZNER** and **BRADFORD WASHBURN,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, through Feb. 2); **PATRICK NAGATANI,** Baum, 588 Broadway (through Jan. 4); **YASUZO NOJIMA,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (closed Dec. 31, through Jan. 11); **NICK WAPLINGTON,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (through Jan. 7); **GEORGE WOODMAN,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (closed Dec. 31-Jan. 6; through Jan. 11).

MUSIC

A FRIEND writes:

In the past month or so, thanks to my three-year-old daughter and Walt Disney, I've been listening to symphonic classics I hadn't really paid attention to for years. I can't remember whether I saw "Fantasia" when I was little myself or on some televised reappearance in early adulthood. All I could really remember was Mickey Mouse as the Sorcerer's Apprentice. I have the feeling that my daughter will remember all of it; it seems to get played at least once every other day. She knows when the cell-division dance is about to begin, when the dinosaurs are about to clamber out of the water, when *Tyrannosaurus rex* is about to appear ("He only comes out when it rains," she says with informed certainty, proving that we are born ready for the inductive fallacy), and when the sun is going to dry up the water. All this is in "The Rite of Spring," which is one of the two tolerable segments of the movie (Mickey is the other). The abstract noodlings that accompany the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor are a little dated and kitschy (the special-effects sequence in "2001" aims higher); the "Nutcracker Suite" is like a whole meal of cotton candy; and forget about the "Pastoral Symphony," with cutesy fauns and centaurs. Also forget the "Dance of the Hours" (music and dancing hippos both, even though I like the rest of "La Gioconda"). And double forget the announcer with his nervously chuckled put-down of musical training. Mickey and the old wizard are just fine, though; Dukas's music is a brilliant cartoon to begin with. And the animators of the "Rite" showed a genuine musical responsiveness. It *is* exciting when Tyrannosaurus shows up. And then, though my daughter doesn't say anything about this yet, there's Stokowski. It's been a long time since I've heard the "Rite" with so much inexact ensemble, but that's just an endearing frailty; everything is so colorful, so full of purpose.

(For grownups who have seen enough of the dancing hippos, we recommend a CD issued by Pearl, GEMM CD 9488, called "A Stokowski Fantasia"—not the soundtrack but the old Stokowski-Philadelphia recordings of most of the same music. It sounds marvellous, and the "Dance of the Hours" isn't included.)

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; *and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.,* 362-8719.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**THE GHOSTS OF VERSAILLES,** with music by John Corigliano and a libretto by William M. Hoffman. The large cast includes Teresa Stratas, Marilyn Horne, Graham Clark, Gino Quilico, Håkan Hagegård, Tracy Dahl, Renée Fleming, Neil Rosenshein, and Peter Kazaras; conducted by James Levine. (Dec. 30 and Jan. 7 at 8, and Jan. 4 at 1.). . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Marilyn Mims, Jerry Hadley, and Paolo Gavanelli; John Fiore. (Dec. 31, Jan. 3, and Jan. 6, all at 8.). . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Veronica Villarroel, Elizabeth Holleque, Bruno Beccaria, and Kim Joseph-son; Michelangelo Veltri. (Jan. 1 at 8.). . . With Veronica Villarroel, Priscilla Baskerville, Franco Farina, and Brian Schexnayder; Michelangelo Veltri. (Jan. 4 at 8:30 and Jan. 8 at 8.). . . **AIDA,** with Leona Mitchell, Stefania Toczyska, Vladimir Popov, and George Fortune; Rico Saccani. (Jan. 2 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Dec. 31 at 8: Festive works from Vienna (by Josef Strauss and Johann Strauss, Jr.) and France (most notably, Saint-Saëns' "Carnival of the Animals," in which Emanuel Ax and Jeffrey Siegel will occupy the piano benches and Peter Schickele will recite the narration). A benefit concert. . . . ¶ Jan. 3-4 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 7:30: Mozart's Divertimento (K. 131), Vaughan Williams' Fourth Symphony and "Fantasia on 'Greensleeves,'" and the première of William Bolcom's Clarinet Concerto, featuring Stanley Drucker.

"Concert for Peace"—The annual New Year's Eve candle-lighting event features a scaled-down Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lukas Foss (who will double as pianist in Bach's Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto), mezzo-soprano Hilda Harris, folksinger Odetta, and the American Brass Quintet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Jaime Laredo brings in the new year by conducting Bach's six "Brandenburg" Concertos. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 31 at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorus and Baroque Orchestra—Johannes Somary directs an all-Bach concert: the Orchestral Suite No. 3, Fourth "Brandenburg" Concerto, F-Major Mass, and Cantatas No. 158 and No. 189, with vocal soloists Cheryl Bensman Rowe (soprano), Jeffrey Dooley (alto), Patrick Romano (tenor), and John Ostendorf (bass). (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Dec. 31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4513.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—David Zinman conducts Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony (K. 385) and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. Soprano Kathleen Battle is the soloist in a pair of Rossini arias and (with the composer assuming the podium) the première of André Previn's "Honey and Rue," a cycle of six songs set to words by Toni Morrison. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 5 at 3.)

Russian Musical Arts Society—Nickolai Kachanov directs sacred Slavic choral music from the fourteenth century to the present, including works by Dmitri Bortnyansky, Sergei Taneev, Alexander Grechaninoff, Stravinsky, Vladimir Ussachevsky, and Vladimir Ryabov. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Jan. 5 at 3:30. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

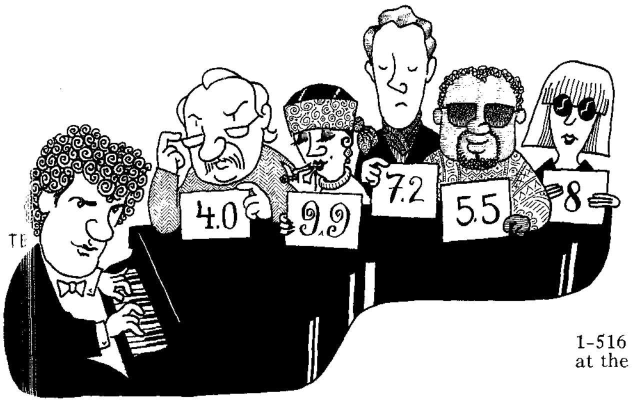
Bargemusic—Dec. 31 at 7:30: While Bach's six "Brandenburg" Concertos have somehow emerged as standard New Year's musical fare all over town, their rendition (with one player per part) at New York's only floating concert hall has grown into an annual two-week festival, which completes its fourteenth year with a New Year's Eve performance of Concertos No. 3, No. 5, and No. 6. The tradition of "Brandenburgs on the Briny" seems appropriate in light of the works' aquatic history: they were dedicated to the Margrave of Brandenburg—whose name would become attached to the set—after the composer encountered him at the spa of Carlsbad, where the nobleman had gone to "take the waters.". . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 7:30 and Jan. 5 at 4: Chamber music by Beethoven, Schumann, and Shostakovich, with violinist Theodore Arm, cellist Fred Sherry, and pianist Mihae Lee. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061.)

Carillon—"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!" sang Tennyson, in words repeated often since his poem was penned, in 1850. The seventy-four bronze bells of the Riverside Church's carillon will ring out wildly to greet 1992, which is the sesquicentennial of the establishment of the church's congregation. The carillonneur will be Joseph Clair Davis. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Dec. 31, with a recital at 10 P.M. and the cacophonous "Swinging Peals" at midnight. No tickets necessary.)

Jerry Grossman—The principal cellist of the Metropolitan Opera, assisted by pianist Diane Walsh, performs sonatas by Mendelssohn and Shostakovich, Fauré's "Elegy," and variations by Beethoven and Hindemith. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Jan. 5 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Alma Jean Smith—In her New York début recital, the soprano performs songs by Schubert, Debussy, Duparc, Hahn, Strauss, and Kurt Weill (three of his songs to texts by Walt Whitman), as well as a Mozart concert aria and a scene from Strauss's "Arabella." Pianist Robert Spano assists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 5 at 8.)

Zaidee Parkinson—The pianist performs Janáček's suite "In the Mists," and violinist Ivan Chan and cellist Wilhelmina Smith join her for Shostakovich's E-Minor Trio (Op. 67). Soprano Barbara Martin sings songs by Ives, and baritone Jan Opalach performs the New York première of Aribert Reimann's "Tre Poemi di Michelangelo." (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 6 at 8.)



William Wolfram

Netherland-America Foundation Concert—For nearly twenty-five years, Amsterdam has been a magnet for American students inclined toward Baroque music. Dutch musicians, on the other hand, aspire to New York and Boston. Go figure. The Netherland-America Foundation supports worthy talent travelling in either direction, and in this concert it spotlights nine of its recent beneficiaries, playing music by Johann Rosenmüller, Buxtehude, Telemann, and Rameau (as well as by several later composers). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Jan. 6 at 8.)

William Wolfram—While recognizing that music competitions can play an important role in making or breaking a career, music professionals have long viewed them as problematic at best. In 1989, the general public got to view the complexity of the system on their television screens, thanks to the media blitz surrounding that year's Van Cliburn International Piano Competition, in Fort Worth. A happy result was that many music-lovers came to understand that in such competitions the winner is often the least objectionable musician, rather than the most stimulating one. This winter, the 92nd Street Y will present a series (called "Goldfingers") spotlighting two of the 1989 Van Cliburn Competition semifinalists (neither of them medal winners), plus, in the opening concert, William Wolfram, a casualty of the Cliburn Competition of 1985. Mr. Wolfram has selected a program that ranges from rarely played works (an Allegro in B-Flat, K. 400, left uncompleted by Mozart in 1781) to concert standards (Chopin's Polonaise-Fantaisie in A-Flat, Op. 61), with stops along the way for Beethoven's early Bagatelles (Op. 33), a jazzy Arioso composed in 1989 by Edward Applebaum, virtuoso showpieces by Liszt and Scriabin (the latter's "Black Mass" Sonata), and miniatures by Mendelssohn, Ravel, and Debussy. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Jan. 7 at 8.)

Audubon String Quartet—Performing quartets by Haydn and Shostakovich, and (with pianist Lev Natochenny) Brahms' Piano Quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 7 at 8.)

Neal Ramsay—Saxophonist, performing (among other works) his own Sonata for Alto Saxophone, Paul Creston's Sonata (Op. 19), Charles Koechlin's "Epitaphe de Jean Harlow" (assisted by flutist Jeanne Baxtresser), and a new work by Paul Martin Zonn for saxophone, technician, and five tape machines. Pianist Ann Newton assists. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 8 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Stephanie Mills and Peabo Bryson—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Dec. 31 at 7 and 11.

Joan Jett & the Blackhearts—Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Dec. 31 at 8.

Blues Traveler—With the Spin Doctors. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 31 at 10.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Jan. 8. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Jan. 4 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Jan. 4. (Game time, 7:35.)

Knicks—Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, Jan. 2 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Phoenix Suns, Jan. 5 at 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Jan. 7 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Orlando Magic, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Clippers, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, Jan. 8. (Game time, 7:30.) (The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except New Year's Day, at 8, and Tuesdays, except Dec. 31, at 1. Post time is 2 P.M. on Dec. 31.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Readings—Jan. 1 starting at 2 P.M. and continuing for about ten hours: Allen Ginsberg, Richard Hell, Spalding Gray, Diamanda Galas, Judith Malina, Larry Rivers, and many, many others read from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis on the day of the event.). . . ¶ Jan. 6 and Jan. 8 at 3: A staged reading of "The Sweet By-N-By," a new play by Frank Higgins. (New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 7: Elizabeth Alexander, Mary Stewart Hammond, and J. Allyn Rosser read from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—Jan. 4 at 5: Henry Sapoznik talks about the role of Yiddish music in Yiddish film. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9400.). . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: A panel discussion on the state of contemporary American fiction, with Stanley Elkin, Toni Cade Bambara, Mary Gordon, Allan Gurganus, and Robert Stone. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.). . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: Franco Corelli, the Italian tenor, will talk about his career. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.). . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: Marilyn Horne, John Corigliano, and William M. Hoffman discuss Mr. Corigliano's new opera, "The Ghosts of Versailles." (Rose Building, Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St. For information about tickets, call 721-6500.)

Walks—Jan. 3 at 10 A.M.: A walk up Fifth Avenue, from midtown to the park, sponsored by Citywalks. For information, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 1: A tour of Chinatown, Little Italy, and the Lower East Side, led by a graduate student in history and sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For reservations, call 663-8440.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	30	31	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).
Theatre 2: "Prospero's Books" (directed by Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
Theatre 3: The National Film Board of Canada's Animation Festival.
Theatre 4: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
Theatre 5: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.
Theatre 6: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Jan. 2: " . . . And the Winners Are: The Tom and Jerry Festival," ten cartoons featuring Tom and Jerry; and "Barocco" (1976, André Téchiné; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Isabelle Adjani. (Closed Jan. 1.)
Jan. 3: "Diary for My Loves" (1988, Marta Meszaros; in Hungarian); and "Cry and Cry Again" (1987, Zsolt Kezdi Kovacs; in Hungarian).
Jan. 4: "The Shooting Gallery" (1990, Arpad Sopsits; in Hungarian); "Diary for My Loves"; and "Cry and Cry Again."
Jan. 5: "The Shooting Gallery"; "Diary for My Loves"; and "Never, Nowhere, To No-One" (1989, Ferenc Teglasy; in Hungarian).
Jan. 6: Theatre closed.
Jan. 7: "Diary for My Loves" and "Never, Nowhere, To No-One."
Jan. 8: "Diary for My Loves"; and "The Philadelphia Attraction" (1985, Peter Gardos; in Hungarian).

Newman Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
From Jan. 3: "Gone with the Wind" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans, Chelsea Field, Noble Willingham, Taylor Negron, and Danielle Harris.
Theatre 2: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 3: "Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner, Tommy Lee Jones, Laurie Metcalf, Gary Oldman, Michael Rooker, Jay O. Sanders, and Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 2: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, Blythe Danner, Kate Nelligan, Jeroen Krabbé, Melinda Dillon, and Jason Gould.
Theatre 3: "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "The Prince of Tides."
Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 7: "JFK."

Cinema Village 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Golden Braid" (Paul Cox).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.
Theatre 2: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 3: "Young Soul Rebels" (Isaac Julien).
Theatre 4: "Rush."
Theatre 5: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 7: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French), with Michel Piccoli, Emmanuelle Béart, and Jane Birkin.

Cinema Village 3rd Avenue, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Wings of Desire" (1988, Wim Wenders; in German, French, and English), with Bruno Ganz, Solveig Dommartin, and Otto Sander.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 2: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.
Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 4: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans, Chelsea Field, Noble Willingham, Taylor Negron, and Danielle Harris.
Theatre 5: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cape Fear" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans, Chelsea Field, Noble Willingham, Taylor Negron, and Danielle Harris.
Theatre 3: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, Blythe Danner, Kate Nelligan, Jeroen Krabbé, Melinda Dillon, and Jason Gould.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Fisher King" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
Theatre 2: "Father of the Bride."

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Grand Canyon" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Let Him Have It" (Peter Medak), with Tom Courtenay, Eileen Atkins, Clare Holman, Chris Eccleston, and Paul Reynolds.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cape Fear" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Own Private Idaho" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (Jon Avnet), with Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, Mary-Louise Parker, and Mary Stuart Masterson.
Theatre 2: "Hook" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 3: "Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 3: "For the Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film; and "For the Boys"(†).
Theatre 5: "Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.
Theatre 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans, Chelsea Field, Noble Willingham, Taylor Negron, and Danielle Harris.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Jan. 2: "Black Robe" (†).
From Jan. 3: "The Station" (Sergio Rubini; in Italian), with Margherita Buy.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner, Tommy Lee Jones, Laurie Metcalf, Gary Oldman, Michael Rooker, Jay O. Sanders, and Sissy Spacek.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Loews Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 3: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Prince of Tides."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 31: "Testimony" (1988, directed by Tony Palmer), with Ben Kingsley. From Jan. 1: "Tribulation 99: Alien Anomolies Under America" (Craig Baldwin).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: "The Addams Family" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "For the Boys" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Father Is Coming" (Monika Treut; in English and German), with Alfred Edel and Shelly Kastner.
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 3: "Life Is Sweet" (†).
Theatre 4: (Separate admissions) "City of Hope" (John Sayles), with Vincent Spano, Tony Lo Bianco, Joe Morton, Barbara Williams, and Sayles; and "Overseas" (Brigitte Roüan; in French), with Nicole Garcia, Marianne Basler, and Roüan.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 5: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner, Tommy Lee Jones, Laurie Metcalf, Gary Oldman, Michael Rooker, Jay O. Sanders, and Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 6: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 7: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 8: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
Theatre 9: "The Prince of Tides."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "For the Boys" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 4: "Frankie & Johnny" (Garry Marshall), with Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 5: "Black Robe" (†).
Theatre 6: "Homicide" (David Mamet) with Joe Mantegna.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: "Madame Bovary."

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Inner Circle" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Tom Hulce, Lolita Davidovich and Bob Hoskins.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner, Tommy Lee Jones, Laurie Metcalf, Gary Oldman, Michael Rooker, Jay O. Sanders, and Sissy Spacek.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Cape Fear" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Rhapsody in August" (Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Richard Gere.
Theatre 2: "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (496-7070)
"At the Max" (Julien Temple), a concert film of the Rolling Stones.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.

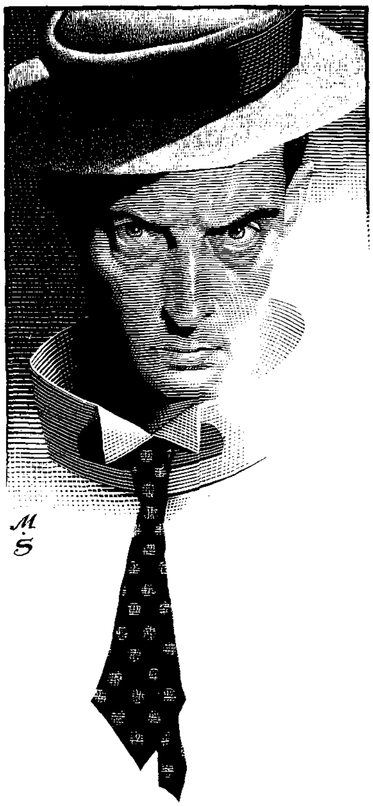
Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans, Chelsea Field, Noble Willingham, Taylor Negron, and Danielle Harris.
Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 4: "The Addams Family" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bugsy" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
Theatre 2: "Father of the Bride."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Rush" (directed by Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 5: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans, Chelsea Field, Noble Willingham, Taylor Negron, and Danielle Harris.
Theatre 6: "Rush."
Theatre 7: "The Last Boy Scout."



At Film Forum 2,
a Buster Keaton Festival

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Addams Family" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "For the Boys" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Jan. 7: "Inspecteur Lavardin" (1986, directed by Claude Chabrol; in French), with Jean Poiret, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Bernadette Lafont.
From Jan. 8: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969, Martin Scorsese), with Zina Bethune, Harvey Keitel, and Lennard Kuras; and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972, Scorsese), with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Jan. 2: "The Three Ages" (1923, Buster Keaton; silent), with Keaton, Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, and Joe Roberts; and three Keaton short films—"One Week" (1920), "The Balloonatic" (1923), and "Hard Luck" (1921).
Jan. 3-6: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†); and three Buster Keaton short films—"The Boat" (1921), "My Wife's Relations" (1922), and "Day Dreams" (1922).
Jan. 7: "Free and Easy" (1930, Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton, Anita Page, and Robert Montgomery; and "The Hollywood Revue" (†).
From Jan. 8: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931, Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton; and three short films Keaton made for Poverty Row's Educational Pictures—"One Run Elmer" (1935), "Tars and Stripes" (1935), and "Grand Slam Opera" (1936).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 30: "Rashomon" (1951, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971, Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, and Thelma Ritter.
Jan. 2: "The Big Sleep" (1946, Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "The Kennel Murder Case" (1933, Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue.
Jan. 3-4: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
Jan. 5: "Lost Horizon" (1937, Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933, Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo.
Jan. 6: "This Strange Passion" ("El"; 1952, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Arturo de Corva and Delia Garcés; and "Nazarin" (†).
Jan. 7: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Brazil" (1985, Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce, Kim Greist, Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson.
Jan. 8: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954, Vittorio De Sica), with Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift, Richard Beymer, and Gino Cervi; and "The Gold of Naples" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Dec. 30 at 2:30: "God, Man, and Devil" (1949, directed by Joseph Seiden; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 3: "Shot and Countershot" (1990, Niels Bolbrinker and Thomas Tielsch; in German), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Two Sisters" (1938, Ben K. Blake; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Walerjan Wrobel" (1991, Rolf Schübel; in German and Polish). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Long Is the Road" (1947, Herbert B. Fredersdorf; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Wedding Guests" (1990, Niko Brücher; a German film, with no dialogue). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "The Suspect" (1991, Frank Beyer; in German), with Christiane Heinrich. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 3 and 6: "Trees Cry for Rain: A Sephardic Journey" (1989, Bonnie Burt; a documentary; and "The Yidishe Gauchos" (1990, Mark Freeman), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6 and Jan. 5 at 2: "The Return" (1990, Margarethe von Trotta), with Barbara Sukowa, Stefania Sandrelli, and Sami Frey. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "The 'O' Case" (1991, Rainer Simon; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 3: "The Dybbuk" (1938, Machael Waszynski; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6 and Jan. 4 at 2: "Ostkreuz" (1991, Michael Klier), with Laura Tonke. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6 and Jan. 7 at 6: "Let It Be" (1989, Henryk M. Brode and Frans van der Meulen; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 5 and Jan. 7 at 6: "Bronstein's Children" (1990, Jerzy Kawalerowicz), with Matthias Paul, Armin-Mueller Stahl, and Angela Winkler. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden" (1987, Michal Goldman), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5 and Jan. 6 at 2:30: "The German Chainsaw Massacre" (1990, Christoph Schlingensief), with Alfred Edel. . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5 and Jan. 7 at 3: "Everything's for You" (1989, Abraham Ravett; in English and Yiddish), an animated film. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 3: "Brussels Transit" (1980, Samy Szlingerbaum; in Yiddish and French). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6 and Jan. 7 at 2:30 : "My Lovely Monster" (1990, Michal Bergmann), with Silvio Francesco, Nicole Fischer, and Sara Karloff. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "Urban Peasants" (1975, Ken Jacobs).

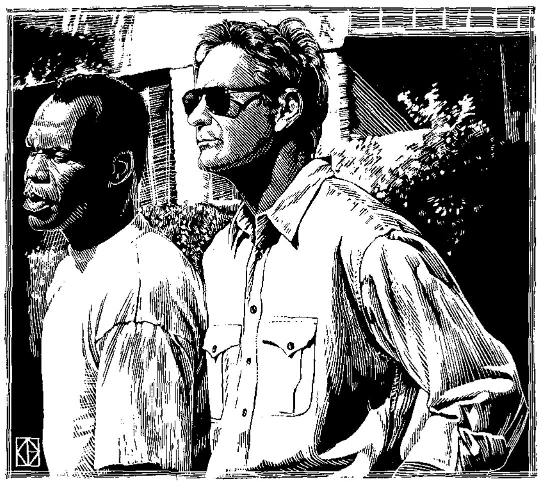
Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Dec. 30 at 2 and Dec. 31 at 6:15: "Signs of Life" (1968, Werner Herzog; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 30-31 at 4:15 and

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

8:30: "Talking to Strangers" (1988, Rob Tregenza). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6:30: "The Grim Reaper" (1962, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2 and Jan. 1 at 6:30: "Applause" (1929, Rouben Mamoulian), with Helen Morgan. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2, Jan. 3 at 10, and Jan. 6 at 2: "Take the Money and Run" (1969, Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 4:15 and Jan. 2 at 6:30: "The 400 Blows" (1959, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 8:30, Jan. 2 at 2, and Jan. 3 at 6: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928, Luis Buñuel), a short silent film, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 4:15, Jan. 7 at 9, and Jan. 8 at 4:15: "Mournful Indifference" (1983, Alexander Sokurov; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8:45, Jan. 3 at 4, Jan. 4 at 8:30, Jan. 5 at 3:45, Jan. 6 at 4:15, and Jan. 8 at 9: "The Second Circle" (1990, Sokurov; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2 and Jan. 4 at 10:15: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8 and Jan. 7 at 4:15: "The Lonely Voice of Man" (1978, Sokurov; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2 and Jan. 5 at 5:45: "Shadows" (1961, John Cassavetes). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 3:45 and Jan. 6 at 9: "Days of Eclipse" (1988, Sokurov; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6:30 and Jan. 5 at 2: "Next of Kin" (1985, Atom Egoyan). . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 7:30: "Save and Protect" (1989, Sokuro; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6:30 and Jan. 7 at 2: "The Householder" (1963, James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor. Mr. Ivory will be present on Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6:30 and Jan. 8 at 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (†). . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6:30: "The Golden Coach" (1953, Jean Renoir), with Anna Magnani.

DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Dec. 31 at noon: "The Magic Flute" (1975, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at noon: "Excalibur" (†).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Dec. 30 at 2: "The Last Waltz" (1978, Martin Scorsese), the Band. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 1:30: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984, Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977, John Badham), with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2 and Jan. 5 at 5: "Truth or Dare" (Alek Keshishian), with Madonna. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2: "Wattstax" (1973, Mel Stuart), with Richard Pryor, Jesse Jackson, the Emotions, and Isaac Hayes. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 4: "The Harder They Come" (†). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Stop Making Sense" (1984, Jonathan Demme), with Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "Sign 'O' the Times" (1987, Prince), with Prince. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 3:45: "Rock My Religion" (1983-83, Dan Graham), a documentary.



At the Gotham Cinema, Danny Glover and Kevin Kline in "Grand Canyon"

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Jan. 8 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Cross My Heart" (1990, Jacques Fanstan; in French), with Sylvain Copans, Dominique Lavanant, and Jacques Bonnatte

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Jan. 2 at 7: Five short films by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ Jan. 2-5 at 9 and 10:30: "Dandy" (1988, Peter Semple). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 7: Four short films by Anger. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 5: "Mass for the Dakota Sioux" (1964) and "Quixote" (1965), both by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 7: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944, Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles), with Maria Casarès. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 7: A program of films by Jordan Belson, Baillie, and Douglass Crockwell. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 7: Six short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8:30: "Un Condamné à Mort s'est Échappé" (1956, Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles).

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Selections from Jack Benny's appearances on his own weekly television show and in specials. Showings Tuesdays at noon and 4; Thursdays and Fridays at noon, 4, and 6; and Saturdays and Sundays at noon and 4.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway. (1-718 783-6501)—Jan. 4 at 2: "Ludwig" (1973, Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "Death in Venice" (1971, Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen.

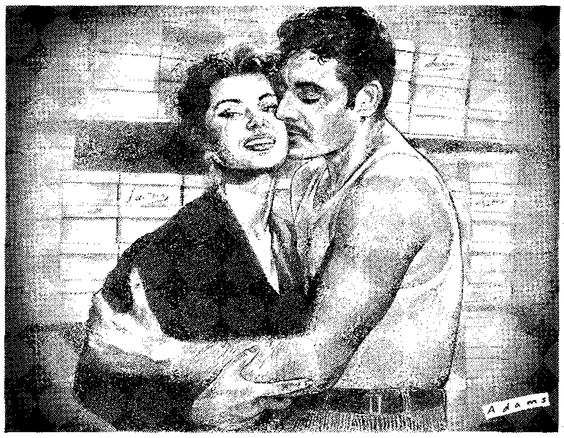
WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"From Object to Subject: Documents and Documentaries from the Women's Movement." Jan. 7 at 2: "Women's Lib" (1970, Laura Burke and Ken Marsh); "Politics of Intimacy" (1973, Julie Gustafson), "Another Look, Parts 1 and 2" (1972, by the Women's Video News Service), and "The Fifth Street Women's Building Film" (1971, Jane Lurie). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 5:45 and Jan. 8 at 2: "Three Lives" (1970, by the Women's Liberation Cinema Company) and "The Woman's Film" (1971, by the Women's Caucus of San Francisco Newsreel).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

THE ADDAMS FAMILY—Misguided graveyard slapstick. One of the most pungent things about Charles Addams' cartoons is the up-front matter-of-factness of their macabre incongruities. The "everyday" contexts (kids playing, carollers carolling) and the devilish twists (a doll set on a guillotine, a cauldron aimed at the carollers) come at the reader all at once. Drawing on the mid-sixties ABC-TV show, which first named the characters who inhabit Addams' stately mansion, the director, Barry Sonnenfeld, and the screenwriters, Caroline Thompson, Larry Wilson, and the uncredited Paul Rudnick, re-create Addams' famous drolleries. But they never find their own equivalent to his suave, sneaky-gleeful subversiveness. Even lying flat on the page, Addams' cartoons have better timing. The moviemakers reintroduce Morticia (Anjelica Huston), Gomez (Raul Julia), and their children, Pugsley (Jimmy Workman) and Wednesday (Christina Ricci), then welcome back Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) in the form of a character who may not be the real ghoul. It's sitcom stuff, catalyzed by routine types: Gomez's shyster lawyer (Dan Hedaya) and the lawyer's loan shark (Elizabeth Wilson). A couple of actors rise above the script. Ricci is uproarious as Wednesday. She has a supernal stillness, and everything she does is skewed; she gets her effects from some other world. Huston pulls off an ultra-refined yet lowdown delivery. Too bad her dialogue is so predictably mordant; by the end, the reverse clichés turn back into clichés. Co-starring the hand of Christopher Hart as Thing.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)



Sophia Loren in "The Gold of Naples"

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD—Hector Babenco's film, which is based on Peter Matthiessen's 1965 novel of the same name, feels lifeless right from the start, and it perks up only occasionally in the course of the three hours and ten minutes it takes to tell its story. The movie is set in the Amazon basin, and it's about the destruction of an Indian tribe by a combination of capitalist greed (in the form of the local authorities) and cultural insensitivity (in the form of Protestant missionaries from America). Matthiessen's epic may have held some surprises for its mid-sixties readers, but its ideas have since lost a lot of their power and all their freshness. The dramatic conflicts aren't very complex, and most of the characters are one-dimensional, instantly readable. Yet Babenco treats every scene as if it contained infinite riches: he draws out simple actions, reiterates obvious ideas, lingers on the faces of characters who have no more secrets to yield up. Among the actors—a high-powered group that includes John Lithgow, Tom Berenger, Kathy Bates, and Daryl Hannah—only Aidan Quinn, as a young missionary who learns to respect the Indians' culture, comes through at all. An air of fatigue and defeat pervades the picture. The effort that Babenco and his actors have put into dramatizing this material is heartbreakingly apparent, yet, no matter how hard they work, the scenes refuse to play, and the movie never manages to generate any real momentum. It's an honest, well-intentioned flop. Screenplay by Babenco and Jean-Claude Carrière.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/16/91.) (Beekman, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunkheaded village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman–Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David

Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantle clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and Metro Cinema.)

Black Robe—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a French Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century. It's a culture-clash drama in which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main characters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father Laforgue (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina (August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show extraordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. This is a movie we have to feel our way into—tentatively, gradually—and it accumulates emotional force as it goes along. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us farther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confident, and Schellenberg's Chomina is magnificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tantoo Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (11/18/91) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 2.)

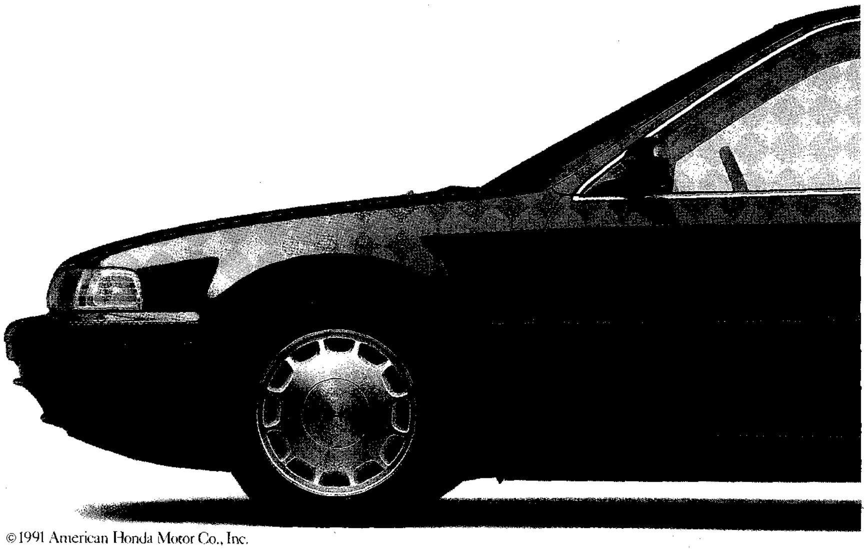
Bugsy—This opulent period gangster movie, written by James Toback and directed by Barry Levinson, is largely a showcase for the old-fashioned star magnetism of Warren Beatty, who plays the legendary Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel. The screenplay portrays Bugsy as a charming, mercurial psychopath with a rather touching taste for glamour; it concentrates on the last few years of the hero's life, when he became a Hollywood celebrity and built the first hotel-casino in Las Vegas. He's a vivid, unpredictable, one-of-a-kind guy, and the filmmakers seem to realize that they can't take their eyes off him for a second. Siegel is a fascinating monster; we don't want to take our eyes off him, either. This is a rich role for Beatty, and he tears into it hungrily. It's the best kind of star performance: Beatty seem entirely himself, but in a new way. He's ferociously, mesmerizingly funny. Annette Bening plays Bugsy's lover, the tough, wily, independent-minded mob courtesan Virginia Hill, and she more than holds her own in her scenes with the star. And the movie is filled with pungent, memorable supporting performances. Ben Kingsley brings a surprisingly dry, elegant sense of comic timing to his portrait of sober Meyer Lansky (one of the hero's partners in the New York mob). Harvey Keitel, as Mickey Cohen, Bugsy's right-hand man in Los Angeles, spits out his profane lines as if they were live firecrackers. Elliott Gould plays the tiny role of Harry Greenberg, an aging, flabby mob schlemiel, and he's absolutely inspired; he plays this dazed character as a Willy Loman who has wandered too far from the old territory. Despite its lavish surface, this is essentially a movie of small, lovingly crafted pleasures. It's smart, swanky fun. Also with Bill Graham (as Lucky Luciano) and Joe Mantegna (as George Raft). Allen Daviau did the glamorous cinematorgaphy.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Cape Fear—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original (and it's also, at two hours and eight minutes, a hell of a lot longer). But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks; the veneer of moral seriousness and psychological complexity that Scorsese brings to the enterprise feels like an attempt to convince himself that he's not doing what he's doing. The movie keeps insisting that the gruelling experience it's putting us through is really meant to edify us; it drags us into the mud and then tells us that we haven't got dirty. This is Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Illeana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance; he's so good that you wish he were playing De Niro's role. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Quad Cinema.)

Excalibur (1981)—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. As Merlin, Nicol Williamson (who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes

From beginning



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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Script by Rosco Pallenberg and Boorman; cinematography by Alex Thompson; production design by Anthony Pratt; Trevor Jones prepared the score (which uses themes from Wagner and Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana") and conducted it. Made in Ireland.—P.K. (Donnell Library Center; Jan. 7.)

The Fisher King—This hundred-and-thirty-seven-minute endurance test is the story of a former New York City "shock jock" (Jeff Bridges) who befriends a schizoid former medievalist (Robin Williams) and joins his quest for the Holy Grail. The gonzo filigree of the director, Terry Gilliam, surrounds this fable of redemption with pseudo-originality. The allusion-mongering of the writer, Richard LaGravenese, gives it delusions of grandeur. At heart, the film is no different from a whole string of Hollywood movies centering on mysterious madmen who may be legendary heroes. As usual for this drippy kind of film, Williams' throwback character, Parry—short for Parsifal—is supposed to inspire everybody with his virtuous whimsies. But Gilliam doesn't know how to give the fantasy any sentimental charm, and he's hell on the actors, including Mercedes Ruehl as Bridges' earthy lover and Amanda Plummer as Williams' gawky amorous ideal. They mug; Gilliam takes mug shots. The movie is a peculiarly irritating failure—a leaden piece of uplift.—M.S. (Eastside Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

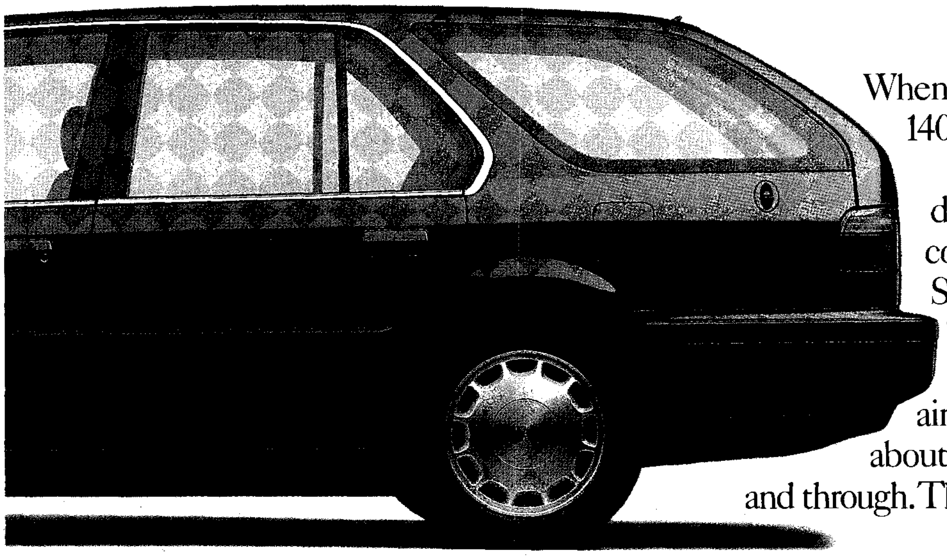
For the Boys—Bette Midler plays Dixie Leonard, a singer-dancer-comedienne who becomes famous in the early days of the Second World War, when she teams up with an established star named Eddie Sparks (James Caan, who gives the movie's best performance). Framed by an award ceremony at which Dixie and Eddie are to be honored for their many years of entertaining troops on U.S.O. tours, the story is told in a series of flashbacks. Most of the big sequences take place in wartime: in London and North Africa during the Second World War; in Korea in the early fifties; in Vietnam in 1969. This structure allows Midler to perform musical numbers from different eras and to attempt the acting tour de force of playing a character at several distinct stages of life. She piles persona on top of persona on top of persona for two and a half hours in an effort to overwhelm us with the sheer force and infinite variety of herself: she is the world. The movie (which was produced by her own company) is meant to serve as the Portable Bette—a boxed set of Midler moments. In the Second World War sequences, the picture has a certain trashy charm, but the Korea and Vietnam scenes feature "realistic" combat footage and glib antiwar sentiments. Dixie, weeping over dying soldiers, just seems to get nobler and nobler as the bodies accumulate around her. The film itself has a kind of life-achievement-award feel to it: when it's over, the words "a great entertainer and a wonderful human being" seem to have acquired a new, unprecedentedly berserk meaning. Bette Midler begins as a red-hot mama and winds up as Mother Courage. And this vanity production is such an ordeal that it turns into a demonstration of a startling thesis: war is bad, but entertainment is hell. Also with George Segal, Christopher Rydell, and Arye Gross. Directed by Mark Rydell, from a screenplay by Marshall Brickman, Neal Jimenez, and Lindy Laub.—T.R. (12/16/91) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and National Twin.)

The Gold of Naples (1956)—Vittorio De Sica directed this collection of Neapolitan episodes, featuring Totò as a little clown imposed on by a bullying racketeer, Silvana Mangano as a prostitute, Sophia Loren in her celebrated comic turn as a pizza seller, and De Sica himself as a gambler—which the whole world knows he was. He was also a director who could combine melancholy and wit. It's an uneven film, but Loren walking and De Sica gambling are works of art. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 8.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Jan. 4.)

Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse—Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper directed this engulfing, brilliantly crafted documentary about the disaster-strewn production of Francis Ford Coppola's "Apocalypse Now." But much of the credit should go to Eleanor Coppola, Francis's wife, who shot sixty hours of behind-the-scenes footage on location in the Philippines, caught her husband's haywire visionary mood swings on audiotape, and, in addition to joining the ranks of the interviewees, reads portions of her journal, "Notes." Her camerawork and prose have an unadorned limpidity. They provide refreshing counterpoint to the grandiose rhetoric of her husband's attempt to relocate Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" in a Vietnam War adventure story. Bahr and Hickenlooper present the extraordinary spectacle of a film-

to end. It's an Accord.



When's a wagon not really a wagon? When it's a Honda, of course. The strong 140-horsepower, 16-valve fuel-injected engine, anti-lock brakes (ABS) and double wishbone suspension system combine for a ride that's pure Accord. Sink into the large, comfortable seats. There's an impressive amount of leg and head room. Plus, a driver's side airbag is standard. There's no question about it. This wagon is an Accord through and through. The Accord EX Wagon HONDA

maker at the peak of his clout, banking everything on his ability to pull inspiration out of the fire, and getting scorched. While enduring the dismissal of one lead actor, the heart attack of his replacement, a ruinous typhoon, and a constant struggle with the script, Coppola keeps insisting that his experiences will enrich his movie. Bahr and Hickenlooper support Coppola's point of view. Their film is less important for its debatable conclusion (that Coppola achieved artistic success) than for its depiction of the delusionary power of filmmaking. This movie, not "Apocalypse Now," is about what happened to Coppola in the jungle, and here he becomes a spellbinding tragic hero.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

The Hollywood Revue (1929)—M-G-M put this lavish revue together (it originally had Technicolor sequences) and threw in their biggest stars. Conrad Nagel (always pallid but considered full of prestige) and Jack Benny are the masters of ceremonies; Joan Crawford sings; Marie Dressler and Polly Moran do a skit; Marion Davies sings and taps; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a flapper "Romeo and Juliet"; and so on, with minstrel choruses and the Albertina Rasch Ballet. The quality is extremely variable, but it contains so much of the history of popular theatre that it's invaluable. Charles Riesner directed.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 7.)

Hook—Steven Spielberg's film means to give a contemporary spin to J. M. Barrie's classic "Peter Pan." The movie is a failure in almost every way, but it's unmistakably of our time: its lack of conviction and its panicky eagerness to please are depressingly up-to-the-minute. The script, by Jim V. Hart and Malia Scotch Marmo, presents Peter Pan as a grown-up American family man named Peter Banning (Robin Williams). Banning, a yuppie corporate lawyer, has no idea that he was ever Peter Pan, and he's so wrapped up in making money that he neglects his wife and kids. The movie contrives to send him back to Neverland, where he rediscovers his former identity and does battle with his old nemesis, Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). The filmmakers seem unable (or unwilling) to keep their mind on the business of telling a rousing, fantastic adventure. They use up their energy and our patience in scattershot attempts to appeal to every conceivable audience. The whole sorry spectacle turns out to be a kind of self-help fairy tale, an illustrated lecture on finding the inner child. The picture is full of special-effects "magic,' but the tricks feel strained; we're constantly aware of the anxiety and the backbreaking effort it's taking to produce them, and that's no kind of magic at all. Spielberg's inventiveness has a desperate quality here; the movie seems drenched in flop sweat. In this version of "Peter Pan," the imagination feels like a burden—a terrible, crushing obligation. Also with Maggie Smith, Julia Roberts, Bob Hoskins, Dante Basco, Caroline Goodall, Charlie Korsmo, and Amber Scott. The running time is two hours and fifteen minutes.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Movieland 8th St. Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Coronet, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Life Is Sweet—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea and Timothy Spall.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Quad Cinema.)

Jean Cocteau's "Beauty and the Beast" (playing January 3-4, at Theatre 80 St. Marks and January 7-8, at the Walter Reade Theatre) is a splendorous dream of a movie. With the clear-eyed, soulful Josette Day as the Beauty and the dashing Jean Marais as both her thickheaded village suitor and the gallant Beast, it has picture-perfect casting. Costumed and (in the case of the Beast) made up by Christian Bérard, the performers are eighteenth-century etchings sprung to life, with dimensions rarely found in storybook illustrations. In his behind-the-scenes chronicle, "Beauty and the Beast: Diary of a Film" (published in 1950, four years after the film's release), Cocteau wrote that his cinematographer, Henri Alekan, "achieved a supernatural quality within the limits of realism. It is the reality of childhood." What Cocteau said of Alekan describes his own uncanny artistry.

As director and scenarist, Cocteau fills the familiar tale with an elating, sometimes vehement magical poetry that conveys the way that uncorrupted youngsters experience storytelling and the world. Metaphors and similes become literal in the most light-fingered manner. In the Beast's castle, the walls may not have eyes, but they do have arms and hands, holding candles that illuminate Beauty's path. The fireplace has two spookily animated heads—mute chaperones observing the odd couple's stately courtship. The Beast is a predatory Puss in Boots. He can't hide primal impulses: his whole face twitches and swerves when he sniffs game, and his body smokes after the kill. He's overcome with abashment before Beauty. She pities him, then loves him.

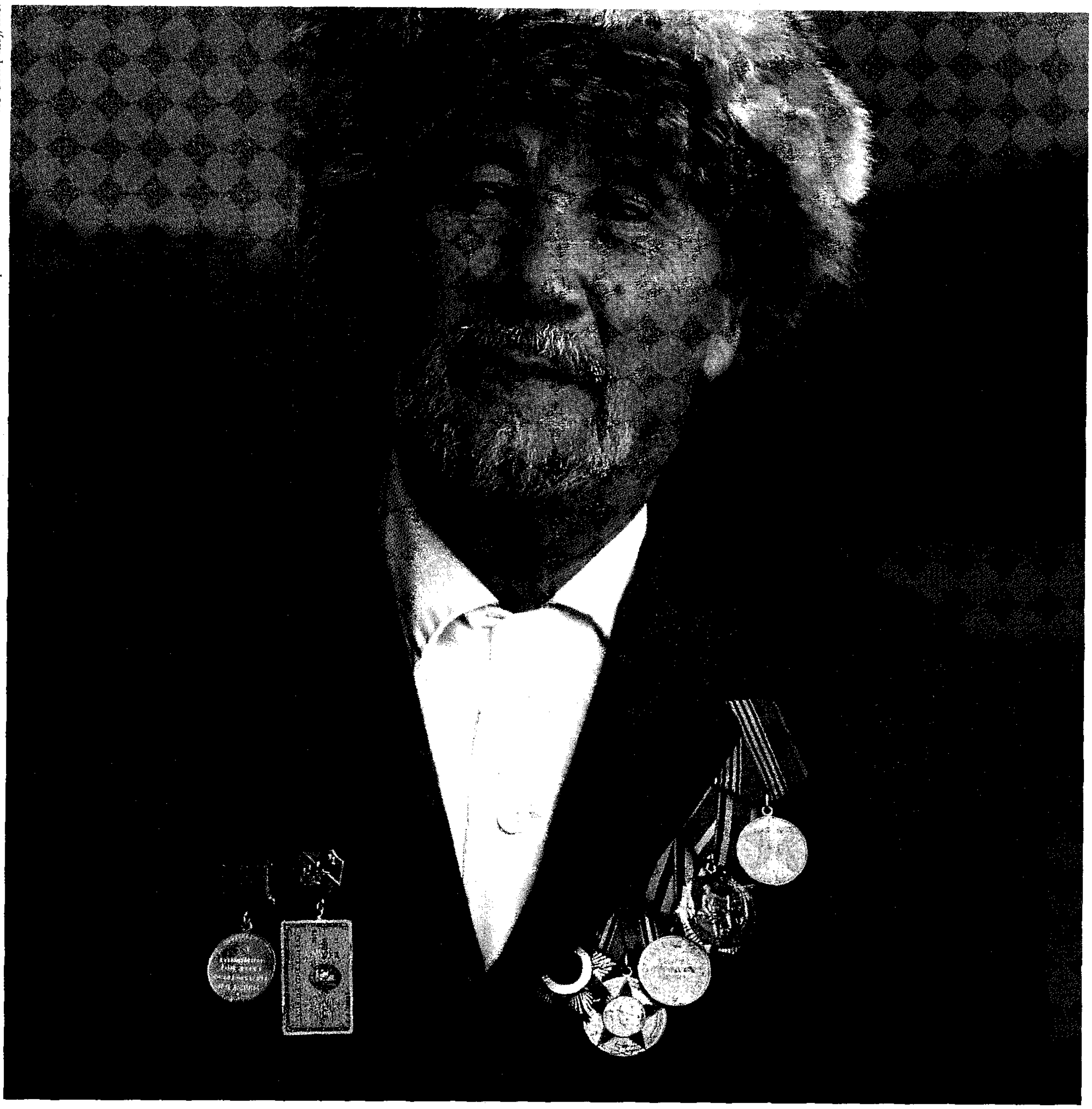
Kids who've seen the rousing Disney version won't feel as if they're watching a repeat. The cartoon, with its sex-role jokes and music-hall turns, is giddily, entertainingly anachronistic. Cocteau keeps his aesthetic distance. He casts the kind of spell that can emerge only from that era marked "Once upon a time."

My Own Private Idaho—This new feature by the independent filmmaker Gus Van Sant is like an exploded version of his previous films "Mala Noche" and "Drugstore Cowboy," and it scatters meanings all over the landscape. It's a beautiful disaster, like a bomb test in the middle of nowhere. The movie is set primarily in Van Sant's familiar territory—the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon—and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves), who sell their bodies on the street. Mike is a narcoleptic: every time he blacks out, he has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood. Scott, who is the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV" (hence also variations on Orson Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Van Sant takes a lot of chances, and visually the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear, we feel cheated rather than enlightened. Scott turns into a villain; Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom; and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool, the Prince Myshkin of the Portland meat market. Van Sant's vision is disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a remarkably intelligent and intuitive performance. The original screenplay is by Van Sant. Eric Alan Edwards and John Campbell did the cinematography.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel, which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. A woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly allow the scene to have any weight. Humility is very difficult for him; he just tosses in the pineapple. He's determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness, but it's there. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country—A better subtitle might be "The Lost Opportunity." Directed by Nicholas Meyer (who also helmed the best in the series, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan"), this supposed valedictory for the original cast has tons of pastiche and not enough pep. Trusting the wisdom of Spock (Leonard Nimoy), the Federation (read "free world") selects Captain Kirk (William Shatner) to escort a contingent of Klingons (read "Soviets") to a peace conference (read "end of Cold War"). But as Spock's ancestor, Sherlock Holmes, might have said, there's sabotage afoot. There's also a parade of references to the Klingons' favorite bard, William Shakespeare. The allusion-mongering soars only when the full-throated Klingons played by David Warner and Christopher Plummer brush up their Shakespeare over dinner with Kirk and crew. Plummer's bellicose General Chang promises to become one of the worthiest of the starship Enterprise's opponents, rivalling Ricardo Montalban's Khan. So it's deflating that instead of juicy confrontations between Kirk and Chang, Meyer delivers a silly exercise in crime detection, and a trip to Klingon Siberia. Besides the regular company (DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei, Walter Koenig), there's an impressive, diverse array of supporting players, including Rosana DeSoto, Kim Cattrall, Kurtwood Smith, John Schuck, and Iman, who's wittily cast as a shape-changer. Meyer and Denny Martin Flinn wrote the script, from a story worked up by Nimoy, Lawrence Konner, and Mark Rosenthal.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, U. A. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. Silent.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 3-6.)



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A REPORTER writes from Somalia:

In the Somali capital of Mogadishu early in December, a twenty-three-year-old woman in a print dress lay on a cot under a thorn tree outside Madina Hospital. Her right leg had been amputated at the knee. Not far away, a thirteen-year-old boy was writhing on a bloodstained cushion. He had a bullet in the head, and it was doubtful whether he would survive the night. Propped against a wall was a five-year-old boy. An artillery shell had exploded in his yard, killing his mother, his father, and all his brothers and sisters; he lost his right leg above the knee. The boy had brown eyes and a constant smile, which seemed to be defying what had happened to him and to his country.

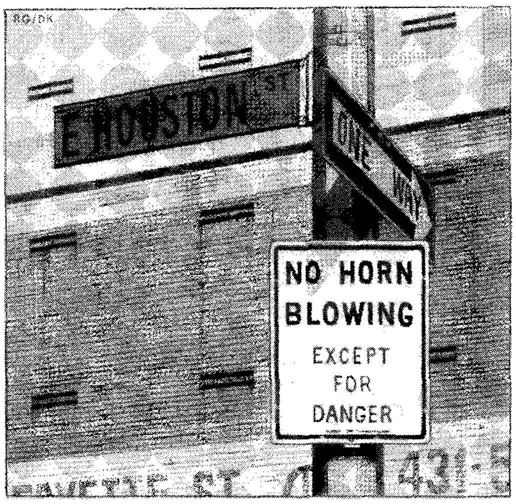
The war in Somalia isn't about ideology or human rights or getting rid of a dictator. Somalis, who are primarily nomadic pastoralists and Sunni Muslims, and all speak the same language, are divided by fierce clan loyalties. Somalia's dictator for twenty-one years, Mohamed Siad Barre, who is a member of the southern Marehan clan, was overthrown last January, and the United Somali Congress, which is a party made up of Hawiye, one of the country's largest clans, installed Ali Mahdi Mohamed as President. Now the U.S.C.'s military commander, General Mohamed Farrah Aidid, wants him out. Aidid is also a Hawiye, but he and Ali Mahdi Mohamed are of different subclans, and since September they have been waging war in the streets of Mogadishu. Throughout the city, which has been reduced to rubble, there are barricades and roving patrols of armed men and boys. The muzzles of automatic rifles protrude from rolled-down windows of the few cars that dare go on the streets; armed men ride in the opened trunks.

Some of the more ferocious fighting took place in mid-November. "It was hell," said Ruben Osorio, a Mexican doctor working with an American relief organization called the International Medical Corps. "I've been a doctor for thirty-five years in Mexico, and I've never seen anything like it. I lost twenty patients in two hours. The walls were caked with blood. It was spurting from the wounded—it was running like a faucet." Osorio said he thought that three thousand people had died in the streets during one week of fighting, but added, "We don't really know."

If two power-hungry men and their armed supporters want to murder each other, there may not be much that the world can do about it, but in Mogadishu the majority of the victims are innocent bystanders, mostly women and children. Artillery bombardment is indiscriminate, killing entire families. One man was sitting in the market talking to friends, a nurse said, "when—*whoosh*—there went his legs." A woman standing outside Madina Hospital was killed instantly by a random bullet. Most of the weapons—rocket-propelled-grenade launchers, M-16 and G-3 assault rifles, .50-calibre machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, tanks—were provided over the years to Siad Barre's regime by the Soviet Union and the United States, and by Italy, China, Romania, Libya, and West Germany; and with Siad Barre's fall the weapons have become the property of whichever clan got to a warehouse first.

Many Somalis ask the obvious question: If the world can pay so much attention to Yugoslavia, why does it ignore what is happening in their country? Why, they ask, do people pay more attention to the destruction of Dubrovnik than to the crippling of the children of Mogadishu? No Lord Carrington has undertaken a mission on behalf of the European Community. No Cyrus Vance has been sent by the United Nations. And neither the Organization of African Unity nor the Arab League has displayed any serious interest in using its offices to stop the slaughter in Somalia.

In September, when the fighting in Mogadishu became intense, the United Nations evacuated its personnel, and they have not returned. About fifty courageous doctors and nurses from the International Committee of the Red Cross, the Save the Children Fund (U.K.), Médecins sans Frontières, and smaller humanitarian organizations are struggling under appalling and perilous conditions to save lives and limbs. They are painfully short of supplies: blankets, soap, surgical equipment, dressings—everything. In most emergencies,



they would receive assistance from United Nations agencies, particularly UNICEF. The official reason for the continued United Nations absence is that the situation is too dangerous. That determination was made by the senior United Nations representative in Somalia, who was evacuated almost a year ago.

In October, the United States Office of Foreign Disaster Assistance, which, among other initiatives, is providing the financial support for the International Medical Corps and has given the International Committee of the Red Cross over twenty-six thousand tons of food for distribution in Somalia, was prepared to lend one of its most experienced relief officers to the United Nations Disaster Relief Organization, but the United Nations did not allow him to go—again, because of the determination that the situation was too dangerous. It *is* dangerous. In mid-December, while an I.C.R.C. worker, Wim Van Boxelaere, was discussing the day's food-distribution plans in front of the office of the Somali Red Crescent Society, a gunman opened fire; a Somali elder, Mohammed Ali Barre, threw himself in front of Mr. Van Boxelaere to protect him. Both men were killed. Nevertheless, I.C.R.C. workers are remaining in Mogadishu.

In early December, after a front-page story in the *Times* about the killing in Somalia, and questions from other reporters about why UNICEF wasn't in Mogadishu, a senior UNICEF official called its absence "unconscionable" and urged its director, James Grant, to intervene. A couple of weeks later, UNICEF received special permission from the Secretary-General's office to return to Mogadishu, but by Christmas it had done nothing more than pay the costs of a plane filled with medical supplies and food which the European Community flew to Mogadishu, and send a person from Nairobi to negotiate with both sides about the return of a relief team. UNICEF has a plane of its own stationed in Nairobi, and has warehouses in Mombasa and Nairobi filled with food and supplies, but the U.N. still says it is too risky to fly that plane to Mogadishu. During the war in Iraq, when Baghdad was being bombed daily, it wasn't considered too dangerous for UNICEF to send in a convoy with medicines for children, and UNICEF has a team working in Yugoslavia now.

Early last month, the State Department issued a statement deploring the "senseless carnage." But the Bush Administration, like the rest of the world, seems unwilling to take any action to help end the carnage. The Administration does not want to raise the matter in the United Nations Security Council, and the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, Herman Cohen, has avoided the kind of mediation role he played in Ethiopia earlier this year, when he helped negotiate a transition from the Marxist dictatorship of Haile Mariam Mengistu to a broader-based government.

"If the foreigners would take the initiative, the Somali people would think somebody cares about them," Abdul Yahye Ali, a well-educated Somali of the Hawiye clan, told me recently, and he suggested that the international community offer money for the weapons now on the streets of Mogadishu. An AK-47 could be bought for a hundred and twenty dollars, he said, and he thought all the weapons might be eliminated for between ten and fifteen million dollars. "There is no other resolution," he said. To an outsider, the suggestion may seem simplistic. Stop a bloody feud by buying up the weapons? But it reflects how desperate Somalis are for something to be done.

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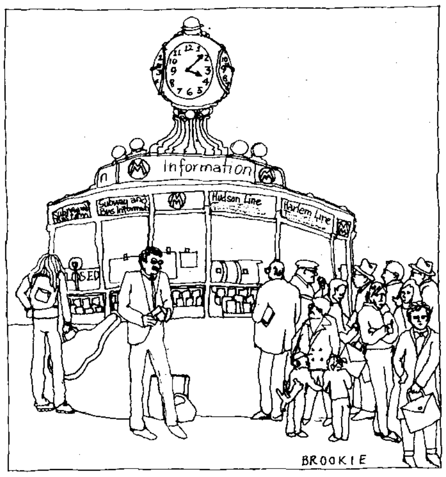
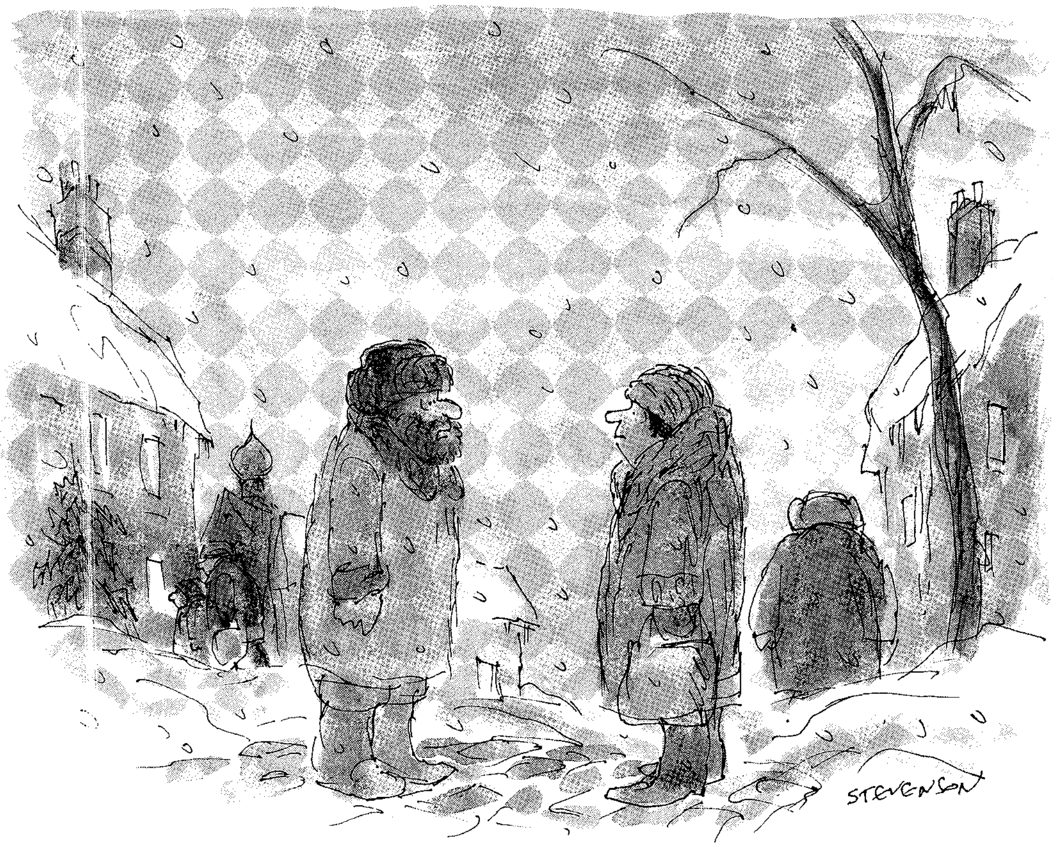
Where There's Smoke

ON our way to work a couple of weeks ago, jolting along on the Lexington Avenue line, we realized that there was something strange about a Newport cigarette ad inches from our nose. Against a bright-green background, a young, smiling couple were disporting themselves beneath the words "Alive with Pleasure!" but someone had attempted to deflate this message by applying a small white sticker to the space above their heads. It read "You Give Them Money . . . They Give You Cancer!" Since then, we have seen similar stickers stuck to the kisser of the Marlboro Man and the forehead of Camel's camel, so the other day we decided to ask Joe Cherner if he knew anything about this phenomenon, because where there's smoke there's Joe Cherner.



Joe Cherner is the president of SmokeFree Educational Services, a nonprofit organization he founded in 1988, at the age of thirty, with a hundred thousand dollars of his own money. Joe Cherner is also a bond trader and a senior vice-president of Kidder, Peabody, but you wouldn't guess it from the way he answers the phone: "SmokeFree Educational Services, Joe here." His apartment, in Battery Park City, has been enlarged to serve as the office of SmokeFree, and when we went to visit him there he was wearing purple sweatpants and a T-shirt that read, over an X'd-out design of skulls smoking cigarettes, "Help the Billboard Bandits: Eliminate Tobacco Ads." His manner is as direct as his shirt. When we asked what he thought should be done about cigarette smoking, he looked us right in the eye and said, "What a person does to himself is nobody's business but his own. People have to live with the poor choices they make."

He also told us—while eating a bowl of bran flakes, fielding calls from fellow SmokeFree advocates, and pecking at a computer keyboard—how he arrived at his conviction that the promotional activities of tobacco companies, especially where they concern children or the poor of this or any other country, are immoral. No one in Cherner's family smoked, he said, but the family had a housekeeper who did. "When I was a kid, I was always telling her to quit, because she really didn't have very much money," he told us. "I'd say, 'Frances, why don't you put all the money you spend on cigarettes in a jar every day, and by the end of the year think of all the money you'd save.' She



"What do you think? Will we be happier being an independent state within the Commonwealth than we were as a republic of the Soviet Union?"

agreed with me, but it was too hard. She just couldn't quit. She smoked Winstons. I used to say 'Winston tastes good like a cigarette should. No filter, no taste, just a thirty-five-cent waste.' She died of lung cancer."

After graduating from business school at Columbia and going to work on Wall Street, Cherner started to do some research. "I'd always said to myself that if I ever had enough money and enough time to do something good I'd do it. I'd never liked breathing other people's smoke myself, but what really decided me was finding out that the greatest preventable cause of death in this country was tobacco smoking. The more I discovered, the more outraged I became. We let these tobacco companies portray their product as something that goes along with being athletic or glamorous. When you find out the truth, it's really offensive."

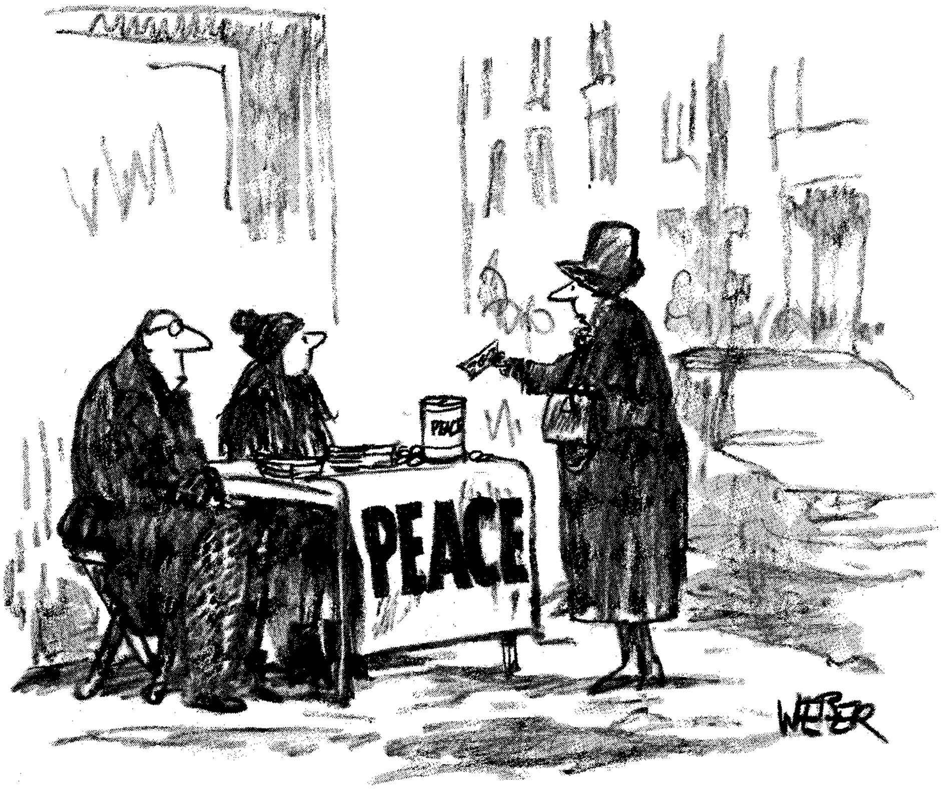
Joe Cherner says these things calmly, but he's apparently not afraid of being offensive himself. He has picketed the Mets on opening day—along with a class of shouting fourth graders wearing shirts that declared them the Smoke-Free Class of 2000—for allowing cigarette billboards in Shea Stadium. He has walked up to a cigarette-company executive at an AIDS charity event and asked him how it felt to manufacture a product that kills more people in a year than have died in the entire United States AIDS epidemic. And he is especially fond of pointing out how such executives differ from most. "Lee Iacocca drives a Chrysler, the chairman of Pepsi drinks Pepsi, the chairman of Nike wears Nikes, but Michael Miles of Philip Morris and Larry Tisch of Loews—those are major United States tobacco companies—don't use the products they're pushing. They don't smoke *any* brand. They don't smoke at all. That's very unusual. And the people they're pushing their products on are young girls and minorities." Cherner is currently working with minority community groups in the city to develop an ad campaign for the subway that would show photographs of the chairmen of major cigarette companies above the legend "They used to make us pick it. Now they want us to smoke it."

When Cherner set up SmokeFree, one of his first goals was to do something about smoking in the city's public places. Three years later, legislation backed by SmokeFree and other anti-smoking groups has limited smoking in restaurants and workplaces. In the spring of 1990, Cherner supplied some twelve-year-old friends of his with quarters and sent them into bars and restaurants to buy cigarettes from vending machines—a mission they accomplished with ease in all five boroughs. They presented the packs to the City Council, and in November of 1990 its members voted to ban the machines in most public places in the city.

In 1988, Cherner organized a contest for New York City school kids to design a poster that would "tell the truth about tobacco addiction." He visited schools to promote the contest, accompanied by anti-smoking celebrities such as Dr. C. Everett Koop; Ron Darling, the pitcher, whose father was known for taking a battery-powered fan into restaurants with him to blow away smoke; and Patrick Reynolds, who told classes about seeing his grandfather, the cigarette mogul R. J. Reynolds, trying to ease his emphysema by lying on the floor with sandbags on his chest. The contest received more than a hundred thousand entries; the winners—two each from grades one through twelve—were awarded savings bonds; and two of the posters were eventually reproduced as subway ads. The first one was the work of Melissa Antonow, then a fifth grader at Our Lady of Hope in Queens, who had drawn a skeletal Marlboro Man, cigarette clenched in his teeth, riding his horse through a cemetery studded with tombstones that read

“Heart Disease” and “Lung Cancer.” At the top she had written “Come to where the Cancer is.” According to Cherner, the poster was initially refused by Gannett Transit, which manages the ad space, but when the resulting controversy was covered in all the city’s newspapers and on “NBC Nightly News,” Gannett changed its mind. Last summer, Workman published a paperback book, called “Kids Say Don’t Smoke,” that reproduced posters from the contest. The posters share not only a message but also children’s natural tactlessness and their fascination with the morbid. Richard Diaz, of P.S. 20 in Queens, for example, rendered a rigid fowl in deep brown, with a smoking cigarette protruding from its stiff beak, and its webbed feet stretched straight out, below the words “Cold Turkey Is Better Than Dead Duck.” Nicole Jacques, of I.S. 74 in Queens, drew on a Freudian theme in her painting of a mother with large, pupil-less white eyes staring emptily out of the frame as her little boy watches a cartoon in the background, and a cigarette, resting ominously in an ashtray, fills the air between them with smoke. The legend below is “We Never Think Of Mothers As MURDERERS but Secondary Smoke Kills.” Jason Adarno, of P.S. 44 in the Bronx, designed an F.B.I. poster with the word “WANTED” in huge letters above a drawing of the offender, and then the words “For Murder: Mr Cigarette. Description: Mr Cigarette comes in many brands and names. Travels in a pack. Crimes: causes yellow teeth, causes tobacco breath.” And the practical-minded Ismael Zayas, also of P.S. 44, suggested in a series of illustrated panels “Things to do instead of smoking: Smell a flower, Make a friend, Pet a kitty, Tell a joke.”

Joe Cherner, of course, has no idea who is responsible for the stickers we’ve seen in the subway. He says, patiently, “It would be illegal for SmokeFree Educational Services to encourage defacement of property. Of course, I personally can understand why someone who has cancer might want to put a sticker on a cigarette ad that says something like ‘Alive with Pleasure!’ But I wouldn’t *advocate* it.” What he does do is sell stickers printed with slogans such as “Why not just sell phlegm and cut out the middleman!” and “Kool Kauses Kancer” for ten cents apiece, and if quite a few of the hundred thousand of them he’s sold have reappeared on bus and subway cigarette ads—well, Joe Cherner shrugs, and says, “I’m not in favor of sweeping things under the rug.”

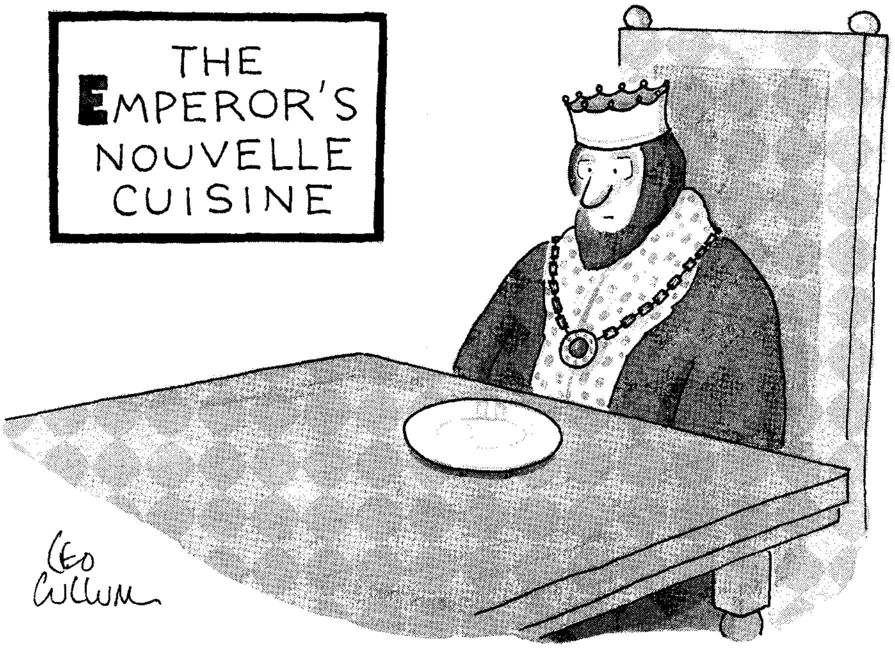


“Will a dollar help?”

Old Enough, Young Enough

ON a recent Monday afternoon, his final day off before the New York opening of his new hit show, Fyvush Finkel, who’s been singing, dancing, acting, and telling jokes practically non-stop for the past sixty years—first on the Yiddish stage and in Yiddish vaudeville and later in the American theatre (the Yiddish-theatre term for Broadway and for all English-language shows)—padded around his midtown apartment in an elegant gray suit and bedroom slippers, fired up his VCR, slapped in a just-rented tape, collapsed his six-foot-two-inch frame into his BarcaLounger, punched the remote control, and turned to us with one of the looks, combining astonishment, knowingness, hauteur, guile, self-satisfaction, triumph, and affection, that his audiences always hope to be on the receiving end of. “Now we’re in business! Now you’re going to see something!” Fyvush Finkel said, employing urgent yet rounded tones that would have reached the second balcony of the old National Theatre (torn down for a never built Robert Moses expressway), or cut through the patter of the candy hawkers stalking the aisles of the old Clinton Theatre (now a discount store).

It was a rare chance to catch Fyvush at home, because, like many actors who trained on the Yiddish stage, he never misses a performance. The only way a Fyvush Finkel understudy ever has of getting onstage for a night or two, according to Fyvush’s older son, Ian, is to find a Hollywood director who will cast Fyvush in a movie cameo or character role. “Finkel’s Follies,” Fyvush’s new revue, which is a tribute to the richness of the Yiddish vaudeville tradition, is very much a Finkel family affair. Fyvush’s wife, Trudi—she’s a playwright, with a master’s degree from Hunter College—translated some classic comedy sketches, including one about a courting couple, one about fooling a landlord, one about an audition for cantors, one about a Jewish vampire, and one about a golden wedding anniversary. His



younger son, Elliot, who's a pianist, conductor, and composer, found some old tangos and a Yiddish art song that echoes Chopin, and also wrote new music, so that the show could be a renewal of Yiddish vaudeville, and not just a revival. Ian Finkel, who's a xylophone virtuoso, orchestrated the show for a big band. Currently, a three-piece band has been squeezed into the workshop space—large for a trunk but small for a theatre—at the John Houseman Studio Theatre, on West Forty-second Street. (The family has hopes of moving into a bigger house later this month.)

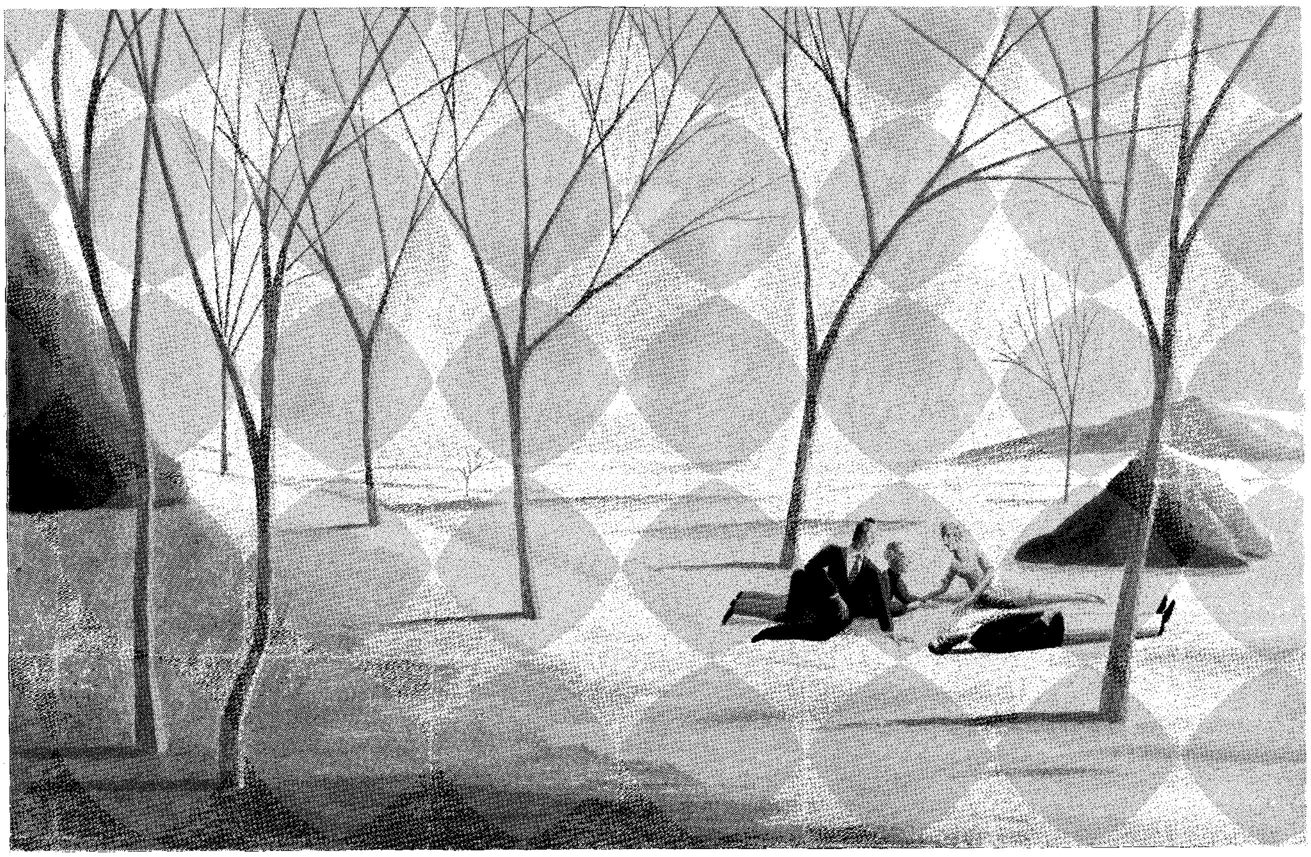
Fyvush Finkel is exactly the right age to re-create Yiddish vaudeville for a modern audience: old enough, at sixty-nine, to have been steeped in the tradition, and young enough to have the energy to show you what he learned from it. (His sons say that he has mastered more than thirty-five hundred walks, and that, because he's still perfecting his craft, you never know whether he'll stride or stalk or bounce or shuffle or waddle or hop onstage at the beginning of any given sketch.) When "Finkel's Follies" opened in Los Angeles, just over a year ago, comics like Mel Brooks and Sid Caesar turned up in the audience to study Fyvush's timing and his movement, and both a cable-TV company and a New York foundation have started talking about the possibility of recording "Finkel's Follies" to preserve it for posterity.

Fyvush was in the national company of "Fiddler on the Roof," and his other "American theatre" credits include Mr. Mushnik, the florist in "Little Shop of Horrors" (Fyvush was there for five years), and Sam, the flat-footed waiter in the 1988 revival of "Cafe Crown," a play about the restaurant that for many years was the principal watering hole for all the great Yiddish actors in New York. That role won him an Obie and a Drama Desk nomination—they hang on his living-room wall—and an accolade from the *Times*, which said that his performance had "a credibility so overpowering . . . the audience might have picked up a check."

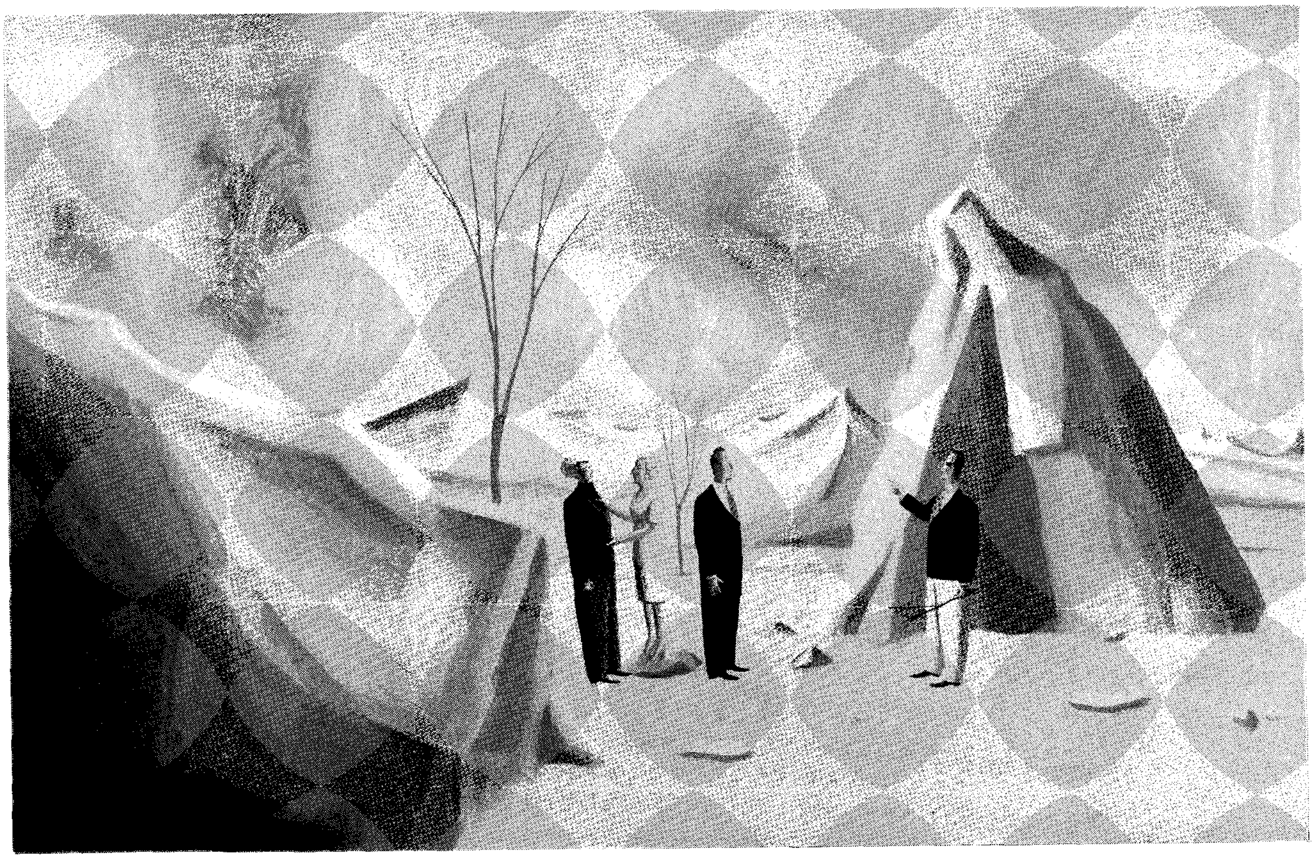
"Finkel's Follies" opens during a season of awakened interest in Yiddish drama and Jewish humor in New York: there's currently a festival of Yiddish films at the Museum of Modern Art; the museum has also published "Bridge of Light: Yiddish Film Between Two Worlds," by J. Hoberman, a meticulous and beautifully produced history of such films; and "Catskills on Broadway," an evening of routines by four Borscht Belt standup comedians, recently hit town to generally favorable notices. Many New Yorkers who as children went to Yiddish vaudeville shows at either the National or the Clinton have been taking in "Finkel's Follies" to recapture a sense of the city they grew up in: Richard F. Shepard, who for many years reported on the soul of New York for the *Times*, recalled recently that the sassiness and self-confidence of Yiddish wit used to permeate this city the way Irishness still flavors Boston and Scandinavian sensibilities still color Minnesota. And Hoberman, in "Bridge of Light," points out the joy with which Jimmy Cagney, playing a New York Irish cabbie in an early picture, takes swipes in Yiddish (in which Cagney was fluent) at an uncomprehending New York Irish cop. Other old-timers say that what Fyvush has given the city is a new chance to know what it was like to be part of the audience at a Yiddish show. Fyvush Finkel makes his revue, as Elliot Finkel says, "a duet with the audience," encouraging it to sing along with one of his choruses, setting up a contagious rhythm of punch lines, and plucking out an audience member at random to play the part of a city marshal in the landlord sketch.

But Fyvush is an accomplished scholar as well as a performer, so the tape he chose to show us was of one of the first Yiddish talkies, "His Wife's Lover" ("Zayn Vaybs Lubovnik"). The movie, which has a plot of Shakespearean complexity—about a man testing a woman's devotion by wooing her in the guise of a decrepit and hatefully rich industrialist—was the only talking film with Ludwig Satz, one of the great stars of the Yiddish stage, and Fyvush was enthralled. "Look at the elegance of the man!" he said as Satz hid behind a pillar listening to the lament of the woman he'd pushed so hard. "There's a little bit of Claude Rains there. The gracefulness—you can't duplicate it."

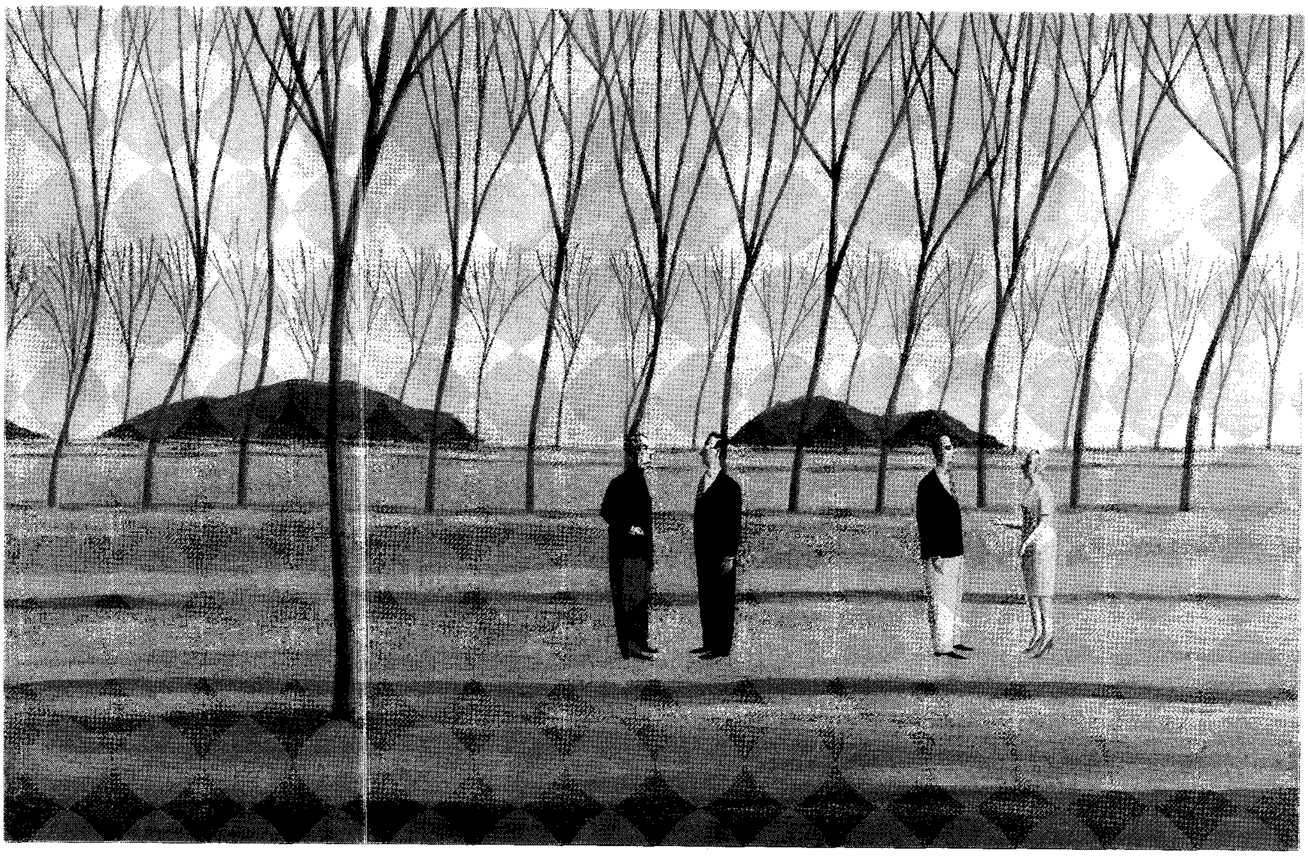
Trudi Finkel called us over to the dining table for coffee and pound cake with peaches and vanilla ice cream. And then Fyvush had one final treat for us—another obscure tape, "That Is Yiddish Entertainment." It turned out to be a compilation of old standup routines, some of them rather musty, which near the end features a song by a very young Fyvush Finkel. "Come on, kid," Trudi Finkel said impatiently as some long, slow jokes stumbled by. "When do *you* come on? Let's get some fast-forward action." A few minutes later, we saw an immensely tall, plump-faced, dark-haired young comedian singing a song of misery about a marriage that has gone bad. We almost didn't recognize him, but then we noticed the eyes, and that ageless exasperated, ebullient, and altogether unmistakable look.



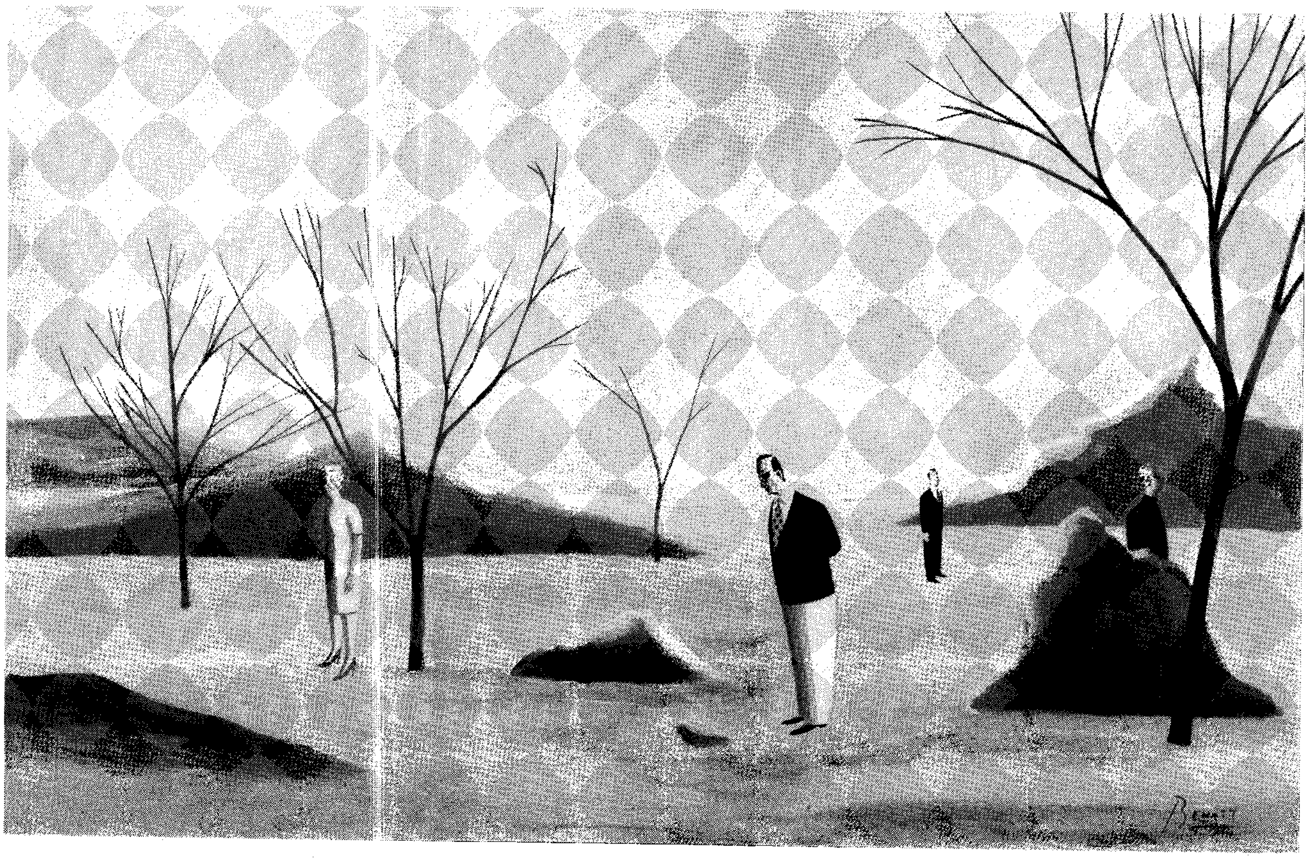
Reflecting on Impressionism



Debating Expressionism



Analyzing Geometric Abstract Art



Scrutinizing Conceptual Art

YOU NAME IT

ONE Saturday, Sheriff Dan Norman was kneeling on top of his trailer house, trying to patch a rusty spot that was beginning to leak, when a religious woman came by. She had yellow hair pulled into a thick braid. Her Bible was white, and she held it in both hands, like a big white sandwich.

"Does Jesus live in this home?" she said.

"Pardon?" said Dan. He stood up. In his hands were a trowel and a can of orange sealant, called Mendo, that he had got at Big Bear.

"Did you know that Jesus could live in this trailer?" said the woman. "Because he can. You accept him as your personal savior, he's here tomorrow."

"I'm comfortable with my beliefs," said Dan.

"Well, what are they?" said the woman.

"Let's just say I have some," said Dan, "leave it there."

"O.K.," said the woman. She tucked the Bible under her arm and climbed the aluminum ladder leaning against the side of the trailer. She stepped on the roof and held out her hand. "My name is Joan Gower," she said. "I'm from Chicago originally, but I've lived in this area seven years."

The sky had the blue depth of a lake. Joan Gower took the trowel from Dan Norman's hand. He thought that she was going to pitch in, but it was a brief thought because she hurled the trowel to the ground.

She sighed. "Wouldn't it be a miracle if we could throw away our sins that easy?" she said. "God, what a miracle that would be." She stared sadly downward, and it seemed to Dan that she had in mind particular sins, occurring on such-and-such a day.

"Look at that," said Dan; the trowel had stuck in the ground, like a sign. He climbed down to retrieve it, but the phone rang and he went inside, leaving Joan Gower standing up on the roof.

The man on the telephone told Dan to go look in a shopping cart at the Hy-Vee. He did not say which Hy-Vee. He did not say what was in the cart. He said he was calling Dan at home so the call could not be traced. Dan's approach to mystery callers was to treat them casually, get them talking, so he said, "You know, we don't, as a rule, trace calls at the office, either. Call tracing is tricky, and the phone company doesn't like to do it. They will do it, I'm not saying they'll never do it, but they won't do it if they don't have to. Sometimes you can get what is called a pen register, but that takes a warrant, and warrants are hard to get, too. I know in this county they are. It seems like the judges are all afraid of being overturned down the line, know what I mean?"

"Goodbye," said the man.

"Now just wait a minute," said Dan. "Which Hy-Vee?" But it was too late.

Dan hung up the phone, put on his sheriff's jacket, and went back outside. Joan Gower had come down from the roof and was leaning on a sawhorse, smoking a reedlike cigarette. Dan brought the ladder down, returned it to the shed out back, and explained to the woman that he had to go.

"May I share a verse with you?" said Joan Gower.

"O.K., one verse," said Dan.

She stood, rested her cigarette on the spine of the sawhorse, and opened the Bible to a place marked by a thin red ribbon.

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart," she read, "as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

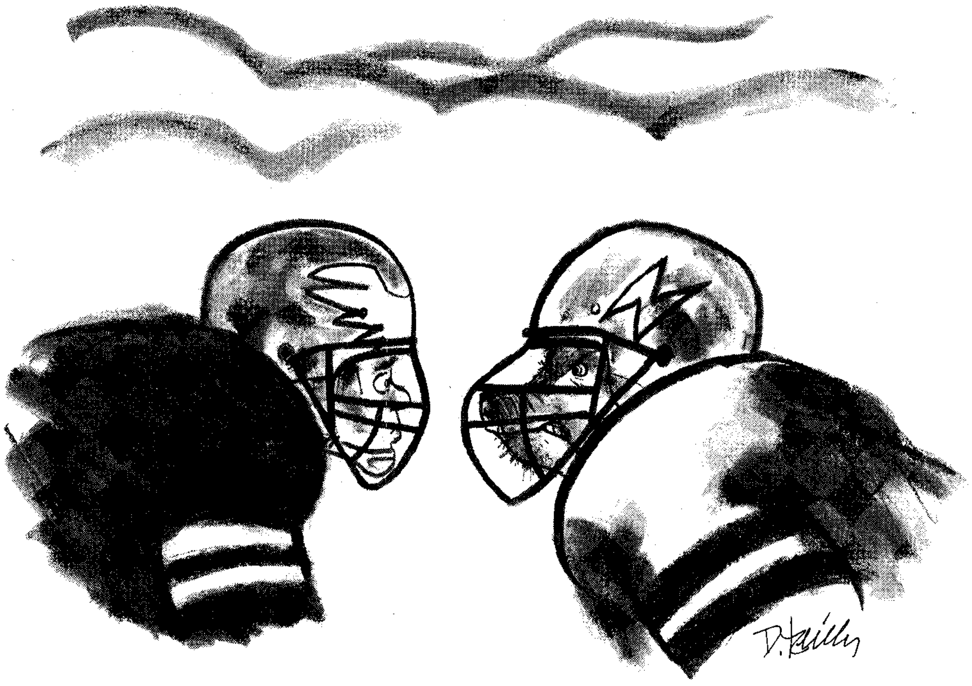
Joan Gower retrieved her cigarette and took a drag. "Song of Solomon, eight, six and seven," she said. "What does that say to you?"

"I don't know," said Dan. "Love is powerful."

Joan nodded. "Good," she said. "Solomon is grappling with the idea of love."

ON the interstate Dan turned on the reds, and he got to the Hy-Vee in Walleye Lake pretty fast, but he found nothing unusual in any of the shopping carts. He saw Lenore Wells in the dairy section—she was on antidepressants, as always, and smiled her small, lonely smile. Her father had hanged himself in the vault of the Morrisville bank, and her brother was serving fifteen years in prison for stealing a mail truck. Sad, sad family. Lenore told Dan about two cranes that had flown over her house early that morning, and Dan thought she was going to weep, but instead she shook her head and reached down to get some string cheese.

There were two more Hy-Vee stores in the county, in Morrisville and in Margo. At the Hy-Vee in Morrisville the boys brought the



groceries out to your car, and so there was always a line of cars at the curb, but there were no carts in the parking lot. The store was at one end of a little shopping center, and Dan entered through a wide corridor in which about one hundred 4-H girls were involved in a confusing demonstration of soil erosion. There was a long, narrow table, on which rested a miniature landscape covered with sand, and the girls were attacking the sand with fans, and squirt guns, and even their hands, although their hands corresponded to none of the erosive forces they had studied and were against the rules. They were wearing white jumpsuits with green sashes, and these were splattered with sand and water, and all around the table was chaos, except for one end, where the older girls presided calmly over the area designated Contour Plowing. Dan was glad to get into the Hy-Vee store, but when he looked at the idle grocery carts he saw nothing in them except broken lettuce leaves. He left the Morrisville Hy-Vee and drove to the one in Margo.

There he found a shopping cart with a cardboard box in it. The cart was in the northwest corner of the parking lot, next to a yellow Goodwill bin. Dan looked at the box, which had once held a case of Hamm's beer. The top was closed, each flap overlapping the next. Dan heard crying. Lifting the flaps, he found a baby wrapped in a blue flannel shirt. A note was taped on: "My name is 'Quinn.' Please look out for me." The baby had dark eyes, much dark hair, and a loud, deep cry. Dan picked up the Hamm's box and put it in the front seat of the cruiser. He fastened the seat belt and shoulder harness as well as he could around the box. The baby howled powerfully, but once the car was in motion he looked around, burped, and fell asleep.

Dan headed for Mercy Hospital in Stone City, but three miles out of Margo he picked up a radio call from the deputy Ed Aiken. Some kids were on top of the water tower in Pinville, and Ed Aiken could not get them to come down.

"Try the bullhorn," said Dan

"Did that," said Ed.

"Say you're calling their folks," said Dan.

"Did that," said Ed.

"He sounds like a classic first husband."

• •

"I guess you'll have to go up after them," said Dan.

"No, sir," said Ed, who had found it almost impossible to climb since an incident in his teens when he had come very close to falling off the roof of a barn.

"Jesus, Ed," said Dan, "get over it."

"I'm not going up that ladder," said Ed.

"O.K., but I have a baby with me," said Dan. "I found a baby at the grocery story in Margo."

"Maybe it belongs to somebody," said Ed.

"Well, I suppose it does," said Dan.

THE water tower was by the tracks in Pinville. It was the old silver kind, with a red bonnet, a ladder, and an encircling walkway that provided a good platform on which to stand while writing graffiti. A small crowd had gathered in the grass around the base. Someone had come by with a box of tomatoes, and many of the people were chewing on tomatoes and staring up at the water tower. Ed Aiken came over to the passenger side of the cruiser when Dan pulled up. Ed was a thin man, and the one thing you would say about him day to day was that he rarely seemed to get a decent shave. Right now, for instance, he had a little flag of toilet paper flying under his chin as he opened the cruiser door. The baby started to cry again.

"Aw," said Ed, "let me hold the little darling."

He lifted the baby from its box, the blue shirt trailing like a blanket. "Do you like your Uncle Ed?" he said. "Say, sure you do."

Dan took a turn at the bullhorn without any luck, and then he climbed the water tower. A cage made of hoops protected the ladder, but it seemed that if you slipped and fell the main function of the hoops would be to shear off your head on the way down, and Dan felt a vacuum in his lower parts as he climbed. He watched the people eating tomatoes, and when he could no longer make out the individual tomatoes, he stopped looking down. The culprits were three boys in sleeveless black T-shirts and jeans with the knees torn out. Their setup was professional, with hats, rags, a bucket of red paint, a tray, some turpentine, and a roller screwed onto a stick. In jagged, running letters they had written "Armageddon" and "Tina Rules."

"Who's Tina?" said Dan.

"Tina of Talking Heads," said Troy Thomas.

"What are you thinking of, coming up here in daylight on a Saturday afternoon?" said Dan. "Did you imagine for a second that you wouldn't get caught?"

"We want people to know," said Albert Robeshaw.

"We want people to wake up," said Justin Marquardt. He cupped his hands and yelled "Wake up!" at the people on the ground. "Look at them—they're so insignificant."

"We're in a band," said Troy Thomas.

"I would've guessed that," said Dan.

The boys packed all their stuff into a gunnysack, and they and Dan headed down the ladder. On the ground, Ed Aiken was holding Quinn over his shoulder, patting him, pivoting slowly.

"How is he?" said Dan.

Ed raised his eyebrows and whispered, "Just dropping off."

ICE

Torn white flaring heat, smoke-tipped,
flaring like the contents of cuspidors
tipped from the roofs—smokestacks, chimneys—
of old grained buildings shines intricately,
backlit and ice cold in January morning
sun that we go out into begging warmth from
tightened coats and scarves: the little
dogs are all puffed up and the pigeons are
puffed like shock or ruined kings strutting
in exile. "Winter from now on," someone says,
meaning the next few months, but speaking
dramatically, as we all do, as the earth does
and can't help: it's dangerous and scary
sometimes, and all the time for some, even
in dreams a tide rolls up the green river-
bank, and the loved face shrieks, so like
the shriek draining the alley last
night as we walked away from each other
dumbly and defeated into a world of ice.

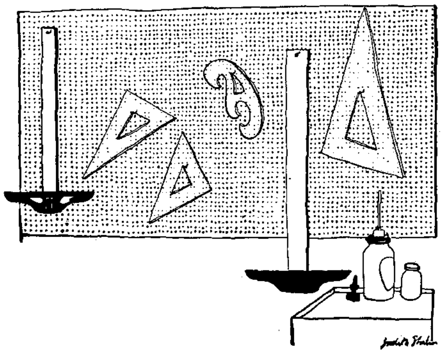
—CHARLIE SMITH

• •

IT rained most of the time for the next two weeks. This was the long, gray rain known to every fall, when the people of Grouse County begin to wonder whether their lives will acquire any meaning in time for winter. Water filled ditches, flooded basements, and kept farmers from their fields, but it did not stop anyone from visiting the sheriff's office in Morrisville with supplies for the baby left at the Hy-Vee. Of course, the baby had never been to the sheriff's office, but the sheriff had found him, and so the people turned up, craning their necks and looking into the hall behind the desk as if expecting to spy the abandoned Quinn in one of the cells or maybe lying on the floor. The visitors were farm women, for the most part, and they came shaking the water out of their scarves, and carrying bundles of diapers, cases of formula, and bales of bleached-out clothing that in at least one case had not been worn since World War II. Helene Plum even brought a beef-macaroni casserole in Corning Ware, although it was not clear who was supposed to eat it. But then, it was well known that Helene Plum reacted to almost any kind of stressful news by making casseroles, and had once, in Faribault, Minnesota, attended the scene of a burned eighteen-wheeler with a pan of scalloped potatoes and ham. True story, told by her daughter-in-law.

At first Dan and the deputies tried a policy of accepting nothing at the station, and directing all supplies over to the Children's Farm in Stone City. That was where Quinn was. But it seemed you couldn't tell people they had come to the wrong place—they wouldn't hear it. This was partly out of dignity and partly because Stone City was a good half hour from Morrisville. So when Dan would say, "The baby is out of our hands," or Earl Kellogg, Jr., would say, "They got the baby over in Stone City," the women would leave their offerings on the bench against the wall, or on the floor, and say, "Well, hope he can use this busy box," or "Well, see that he gets these sleepers worn by our Ted," and then they would turn and go back out to their El Caminos in the rain. The sheriff and his deputies must have made six or eight trips to the Children's Farm. There was stuff enough for ten babies, and sometimes the sheriff's department looked more like a Similac warehouse than an agency of the law.

Claude Robeshaw and his son Albert came in on the ninth or tenth day of rain, but they didn't have anything to give to or say about Quinn. Claude's concern was his son's share—about seven hundred and fifty dollars—of what it would cost to restore the paint job on the Pinville water tower. Claude Robeshaw was tall, with plowlike features. He was seventy-one years old to Albert's fifteen. When Dan himself was a teen-ager he had baled straw for Claude Robeshaw, and he remembered one August Sunday when Claude was driving the tractor and Dan, Willard Schlurholtz, and the Reverend Walt Carr were working the hayrack. The temperature was ninety-seven degrees, and Claude decided that after every round they'd better have a beer so nobody would get dehydrated, and after five rounds Dan fell off the rack.



"I'll climb that tower and paint it myself," said Claude. "That kind of money, I'll silver-plate the bastard. I'm serious. I'm dead serious. Why, Jesus Christ, some outfit comes down from out of state and they are playing this county like a piano."

"Claude," said Dan, "your quarrel really is with the board of supervisors. But, as it was told to me, they've got to have somebody who is bonded. Now, what is bonded? Well, you go to the state and the state bonds you, and to find out any more about it I guess you'd have to go to the state. But this is what it costs, apparently, to get somebody who is bonded."

Claude turned grimly to his son, who was almost as tall, with short brown hair, jean jacket, eyeglasses. "Do you understand what the sheriff is saying?" he said.

"No," said Albert.

"It's bullshit, that's why," said Claude.

"They went out and got three bids," said Dan. "I'll grant you this was not the lowest. There was one bid that was lower, but that was by a company their crew got drunk over in De Witt and ran their truck into the river, and it was a big production to get it out. Yes, it's a lot of money. But those words went up, and they have to come down. People are mad in Pinville, Claude. They had a fine water tower, and now you drive into town, you think the place is called Armageddon."

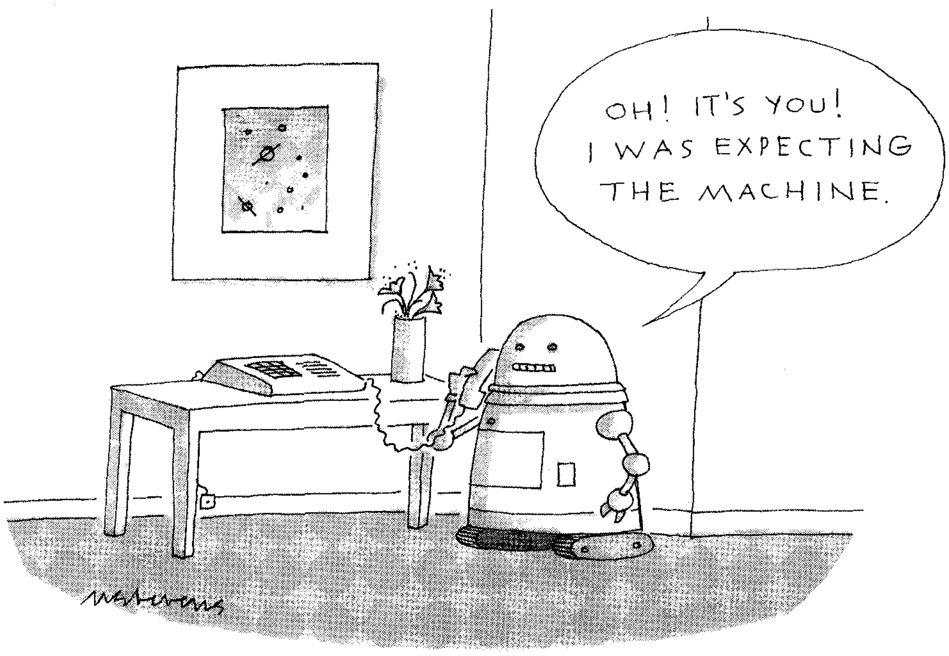
Albert laughed, and this angered Claude. "So help me God," he said, "I will knock you through the wall of this station."

"Then I'd be dead," said Albert. "That's like saying, 'So help me God, I'll cut your throat.' Or, 'So help me God, I'll poison your food.' "

Claude made room on the bench by moving aside a yellow quilt that had come in that day for Quinn. He sat down, removed a cigar from its glass tube, bored a hole in the end with a jackknife, and lit up. "I believe I had you too late in life," said Claude. "I already had two daughters and three sons, and maybe I should have stopped right there. I know it's been one sorry situation after another. Maybe I should tell the sheriff about when you decided to run away and live in a tree."

"Do," said Albert. "I want you to."

So then he didn't. But it was not a long story, and he had told it so many times, to prove so many different points about Albert's character, that most anyone around Grafton knew the gist of it. When Albert was five or six years old, he got mad at Claude and Marietta and decided to move out to the woods behind the Robeshaw farm. He took a can of beans, a can opener, a fork, and "The Five Chinese Brothers." Well, he sat down under an evergreen to read, and he wondered if he hadn't brought the wrong book, because it always gave him a chill to see the picture of the first brother's huge face as he held in the sea. But he read the whole thing and then he was hungry, and he managed to open the can and begin eating the beans. But when he came upon the little cube of pork in the beans, he didn't know what it was, and it scared him, and he ran crying for home.


OH! IT'S YOU!
I WAS EXPECTING
THE MACHINE.

DAN waited for Earl Kellogg to come on shift, and when he did Dan left the office for the day. But it was cold, raining, and getting dark, and this made Dan think that winter was coming, so he decided to go over to the Children's Farm with the yellow quilt, which had been brought in that day by Marian Hamilton and wouldn't do anyone any good folded up there on the bench. The Children's Farm was a dark, brick castle on a hill in Stone City. It had narrow windows and lightning rods and stone figures that lined the roof, representing the virtues of Hygiene, Obedience, Courtesy, Restraint, and Silence. The structure was built in 1899, and rebuilt after a fire nine years later, and seemed specially designed to convince the children passing through that their circumstances were tragic. There was a farm—seventy acres and two barns, one big, one small, which were slowly falling down—and it used to be, going way back, that the hands and the children would raise their own food and even make their own shoes. Now the fields were leased to Les Larsen, the kids wore navy tennis shoes, and the barns had not held animals for twenty-five, thirty years. Still, cows had been there once, and it was raining, and so the place smelled like wet cows as Dan stepped from his cruiser, tucked the quilt under his coat, and headed across the gravel to the front door. There was a white Ford Torino in the driveway with the parking lights on and motor running, and Dan looked in, as was his habit, and sitting behind the steering wheel was the woman, Joan Gower, who had thrown his trowel off the roof of the trailer.

She rolled down the window. A lime paisley scarf covered her hair. "Is something wrong?" she said. "Oh, Sheriff, how are you?"

"I'm fine," said Dan. "Do you work here?"

"I volunteer," said Joan. "Well, I'm volunteering to read to Quinn. I know the community has poured its heart out, but it occurred to me that the one thing he probably doesn't have is someone to read him stories. That's why I brought these books. See this? Jesus is riding a burro on Palm Sunday. Isn't that a beautiful illustration? And here he is, making fish for the multitude. Isn't that the greatest?"

Rain dripped from the visor of Dan's hat. "I have to tell you something, Joan," he said. "This is an infant. Bible stories might be a little bit over his head."

"Well, that's what they said, but the age doesn't matter. I saw a story in a magazine about a child whose parents read him the multiplication tables every night before he was born, and now Princeton University is running tests on him. But these people say Quinn doesn't have time to hear a story. Does that make any sense to you? What is it that he's supposed to be doing? I don't see what would occupy a baby's time to the point where he couldn't listen to a Bible story. This evades me completely. Plus, somebody has to provide him with a religious instinct—otherwise when he's christened it won't take, and he runs the risk of going to Hell. And I told them this. Well, they have to run it by their supervisor."

"You talked to them just now?" said Dan.

"Well, no," said Joan. "It's been a while, but they said they couldn't predict when the supervisor would be in. It seemed like they were giving me a song and a dance, but then I thought, Why don't I wait and see if he shows up. But I see it's getting late now."

Dan coughed. "Yeah, it is," he said. "Maybe you ought to go on home and call them tomorrow. Where do you live?"

"I don't mind waiting," said Joan. "But I guess you have a point. Maybe I'm a little keyed up about this baby. I don't know why. It's been raining so hard. I think I need to see him with my own eyes. I would feel better if I could just see him. I mean, look at this place. It's like the Munsters' house."

"Joan, that baby is fine," said Dan. "He's *strong*, he's healthy, he's got more blankets than anyone I've ever known."

"Maybe you could put in a good word for me," said Joan. "Maybe if you suggested it they would let me read to him. Tell them my church might do a benefit for him. Which is true, we might."

"I'll talk to them," said Dan, "see what I can do." He watched Joan Gower drive up to the highway, and then he went into the lobby, which was heavy with the smell of musty furniture. He gave the quilt to Nancy McLaughlin, the night administrator. She had her arm in a cast and explained that she had been knocked down by a rainy gust while trying to get from her car to her house. She took him to see Quinn. They had him on the second floor, which was painted yellow and gray. In a low room with bright lights, Dan's second cousin, the nurse Leslie Hartke, was giving Quinn a bottle.

"Hi, Dan," she said. "Want to feed him?"

Dan shook his head. "Just brought another quilt over," he said.

"This has been a bonanza for us," said Nancy McLaughlin, rubbing her cast with her hand.

"Oh, come on," said Leslie Hartke. "Feed the baby." So Dan washed his hands and sat down, and Leslie gave him the baby, and the baby's blankets, and the bottle. The baby took the bottle for a moment, looked at Dan with wide eyes, and began to cry.

"I remind him of Hy-Vee," said Dan.

On his way out, Dan paused with Nancy McLaughlin to watch some boys playing checkers in the common room. The boys wore pajamas and sat at a card table in the corner. The common room had high plaster walls, and the only sound was the melancholy click of the checkers.

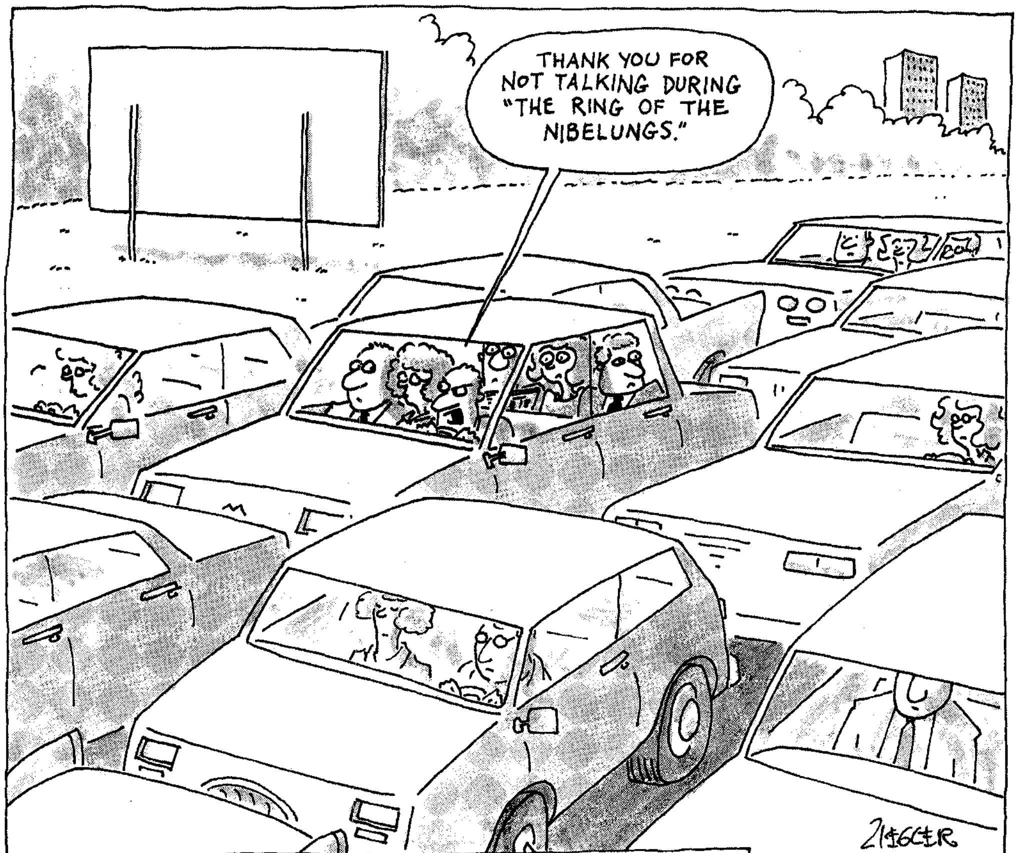
"King me," said one of the boys.

The other stared at the board. "Fuck!" he said.

"Checker time's over," said Nancy McLaughlin. "Good night now." After the boys had disappeared up the stairs, Dan asked her about Joan Gower.

"Not a happy woman," said Nancy McLaughlin. "She read me a verse, what was it, something about being shut up in the hands of my enemies."

Dan tried all the way home to decide whether Joan Gower was trouble or just overly dedicated to whatever it was she believed in. When you got down to it, Dan did not know what anyone believed in. He had told her he was comfortable with his own beliefs, but that was just to keep her moving. He didn't have any beliefs to speak of. A world that would deposit a child in a beer carton in the middle of nowhere seemed capable of you-name-it, but Dan did not think that you-name-it qualified as a belief. The trailer was dark in the


THANK YOU FOR NOT TALKING DURING "THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS."

OUR SHORT-LIVED CAR POOL

rain. Dan had left a Folger's can under the drip in the corner of the bedroom, and he emptied the can in the sink and put it back in place.

IN order to see the records of the Red Pine Clinic, Dan had to talk to Beth Pickett. She was a spindly old doctor who stamped around with her chin in the air. She had begun her career in 1917, as a nurse for a general practitioner in Chesley who travelled in a horse cart. A newspaper article once said she was like a pediatrician who had seen Grouse County medicine through its infancy and then decided to move in for good. She was insufferable, and the public loved her dearly.

Dan waited in Dr. Pickett's office, where the walls were crowded with homemade images of Dr. Pickett. She had been needlepointed, watercolored, and macraméd, although the last made her look like the trunk of a tree. She had been sketched and caricatured many, many times, and this made Dan wonder where all the cartoonists had come from, because he got around a lot and didn't remember meeting any.

Dr. Pickett marched into the room and sat down behind the desk.

"We don't think the baby was born in a hospital," said Dan. "We thought we'd take a list of the people who came in pregnant, and a list of the people who gave birth in the hospitals, and compare the two lists. It's a pretty simple idea."

"Well, it's not as simple as you think," said Dr. Pickett, "because when a woman comes into this clinic nobody sees the records. They're protected by legislation I went to the statehouse and got passed in the summer of 1966. A man named Clay drove me down. He was a big drinker. All the time I was talking to the legislature he was down at the Cardinal Hotel. Drank and drank and never got drunk."

"All I need is the names," said Dan. "Maybe I could just look at the names."

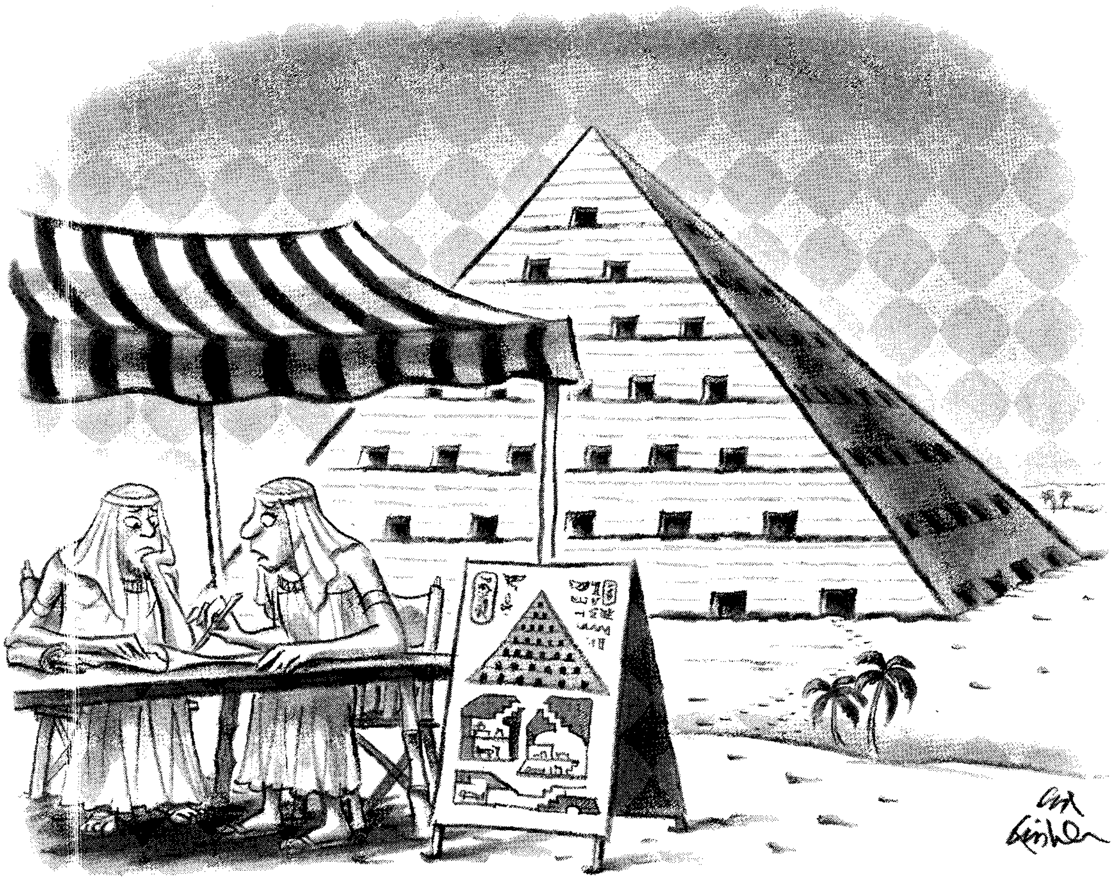
"No," said Dr. Pickett. "The names are in the records, and the records cannot be seen."

They went back and forth like this for a while, but however Dan could think to phrase it Dr. Pickett said no, and finally Dan said he could come back with a warrant if that's what it took.

Dr. Pickett pretended not to hear. "That's right," she said, "you come back anytime."

"Help me find this woman," said Dan. "Come on."

Dr. Pickett brought out some brandy and poured it into jam glasses. "I don't see what good that would do," she said, handing a glass across the desk, steering it around a plaster bust of herself. "When I went to medical school, I lived in Grand Forks, North Dakota, with Aunt Marilyn Beloit. This was 1921. Every house on her street was a bungalow, and they were all small and nicely taken care of. Aunt Marilyn was a singer who went by the name of Bonnie Boone, and she must have done all right, because she had all her suits tailored in Fargo. Anyway, also living in this neighborhood was a young woman, not married, who gave birth to a child and left it on the doorstep of a family named Price. Prices lived up the hill, and they didn't lack for money. Well, this was the way it was done in those days. Babies were left on doorsteps all the time, and it was not unusual to open your door in the morning and find that three or four had been deposited overnight. I'm exaggerating, of course, but it worked very smoothly, as I recall, and you didn't talk about it, but you didn't throw up your hands in horror, either. Anyway, one evening I took the trolley home, and as I was walking by this woman's place—her name was Grace, and she rented the back of a house—she asked me to come over and visit after supper. She was older than I was, but we were not that far apart in age, so I said yes. Well, it turned out that Grace was a bohemian. She had a piano and a pregnant cat and a big



"If the occupancy sign-up rate keeps dropping, we may be forced to remodel the whole damn thing for just one *luxury-class tenant!"*

• •

bottle of red wine, and her bed was a mat in the middle of the living-room floor, which I thought was an unusual arrangement. We had three or four glasses of wine, and got to talking and laughing, and the next thing we knew that big black-and-white cat crawled up on the bed and broke her water. Grace dragged out a suitcase, opened it, and lined it with towels. She put the cat in the suitcase, and that cat began to purr so loudly it sounded like singing. I was spellbound, but with the wine I could not keep my eyes open past three kittens. When I awoke, there were five, suckling in the suitcase, and Grace was playing the piano."

Dan waited for her to conclude the story, but that seemed to be it, so he said, "Did it ever bother Grace that she gave her baby away?"

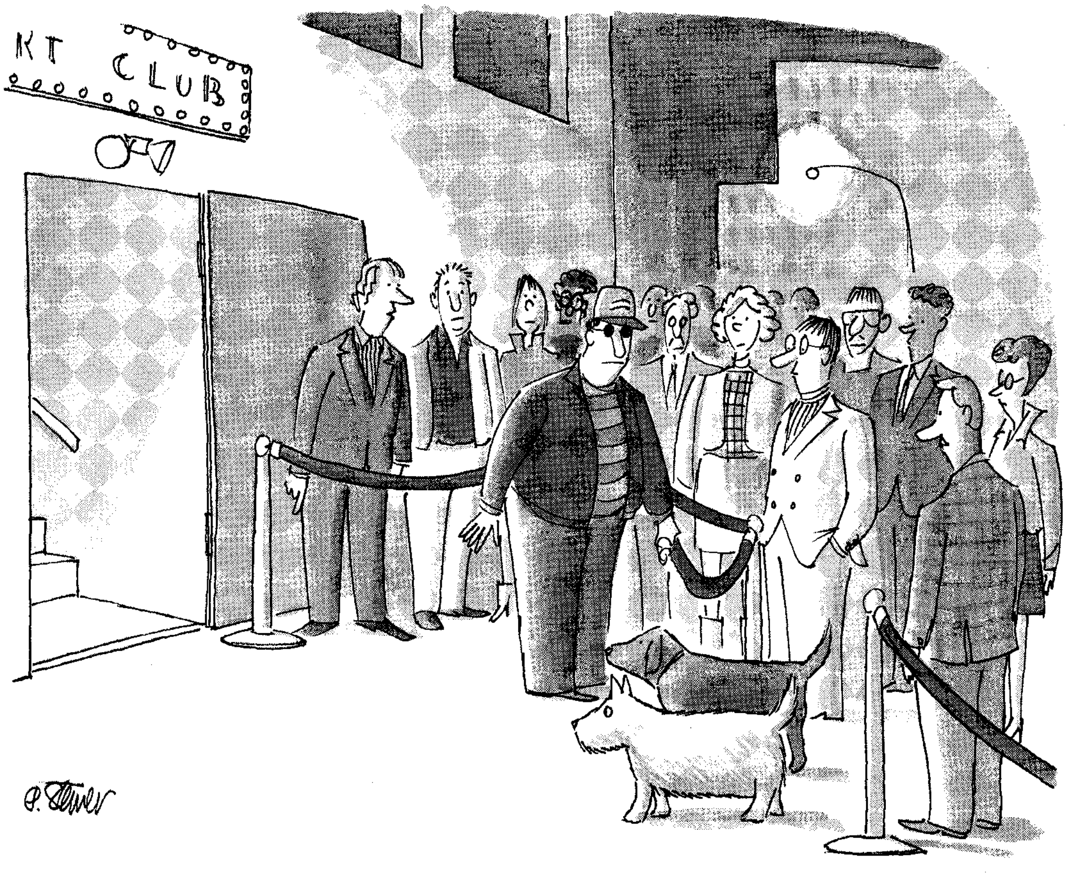
Dr. Pickett shook out a handkerchief and blew her nose. "It bothered her a great deal," she said, "and I believe she tried to get it back. But Jack Price was a judge, so you can imagine how that went over."

Claude Robeshaw did not give up on the water-tower issue, and the board of supervisors eventually agreed to a deal in which he would put up four hundred dollars toward the restoration and his son would pay off the rest by working after school for the sheriff's office. Dan would not have had to go along with this arrangement, but it did seem like the punishment would mean more to young Albert if he had to put in time; also, let's face it, sheriff was and remains an elected position in Grouse County, and Claude Robeshaw was a faithful Democrat, who once had Hubert and Muriel Humphrey to his house for supper.

The first thing Dan had Albert do was clean up the basement of the sheriff's substation in Stone City. This was a tiny storefront on Ninth Avenue that once had been a barbershop called Jack's. The reason the sheriff's department got no more than a barbershop's worth of space in the county seat goes back to 1947, when the sheriff was a popular fellow named Darwin Whaley. He was handsome and young and just back from the South Pacific, and the board of supervisors hated him. The supervisors got their own way about everything, and wanted to see that continue, and they decided that the thing to do with Darwin Whaley was stick him far from the rest of the government, where he would have a hard time finding out what was going on. So they built the sheriff's building off in Morrisville—where it is to this day—and for years the sheriff had no place whatsoever in Stone City, although the courthouse was there, and appearing in court and consulting court records were common things for the sheriff to do. It was in 1972 that the county made a deal with the dying barber, Jack Henry, to buy his shop and rent it back to him for one dollar a year until his demise. But Jack Henry surprised his doctors by holding on until 1979, at which time the sheriff (this would have been Otto Nicolette) finally got his barbershop.

The basement was full of everything a careless barber with one foot in the grave might care to throw down there: newspapers, hamburger crusts, magazines, sun-faded comb displays, pop bottles, torn seat cushions, burned-out clippers with tangled cords, radios with cracked faces, moldy calendars featuring bland farm scenes or naked women with scissors and comb. The worst was the hair tonic, which would take several days to find but which you could hear dripping everywhere, like underground springs. Albert went to work with a shovel and an aluminum basket. On the second day he uncovered two barrels full of mannequin heads—many more heads than one barber would need, you would think, but it turned out that each one was printed with dotted lines suggesting a different cut or style. This would have seemed touching to anyone who had been around when Jack was barbering, because he was known for having exactly one haircut in his repertoire and applying it equally to all customers. Albert carried the heads up the narrow stairs in the aluminum basket. They had the feel of an important archeological find, and Albert kept three for a use he had not yet determined, but the rest went into a dump truck parked in the alley.

The cleanup took place during a week when Dan was testifying before a grand



"The club scene is really changing."

jury in a drug case involving a restaurant called Rack-O's on Highway 31. Once, returning to the office, he found Albert dangling his legs over the side of the desk, smoking a cigarette.

"I just used the phone," said Albert. "I hope that's all right. I was calling Lu Chiang. She's the exchange student from Taiwan. They put her out on Kessler's farm."

"Long way from home," said Dan.

"You wouldn't believe how hard they make her work," said Albert. "She has to take care of these chickens all by herself. If it wasn't for her the chickens would all be dead. Candy Kessler stays in town every night, but Chiang has to go home to feed the chickens. She has to get up at six in the morning to feed the chickens. One of the chickens stayed out in the rain and got sick, and none of the Kesslers would speak to her until it got better."

"I never knew anyone with chickens where they weren't always getting sick," said Dan.

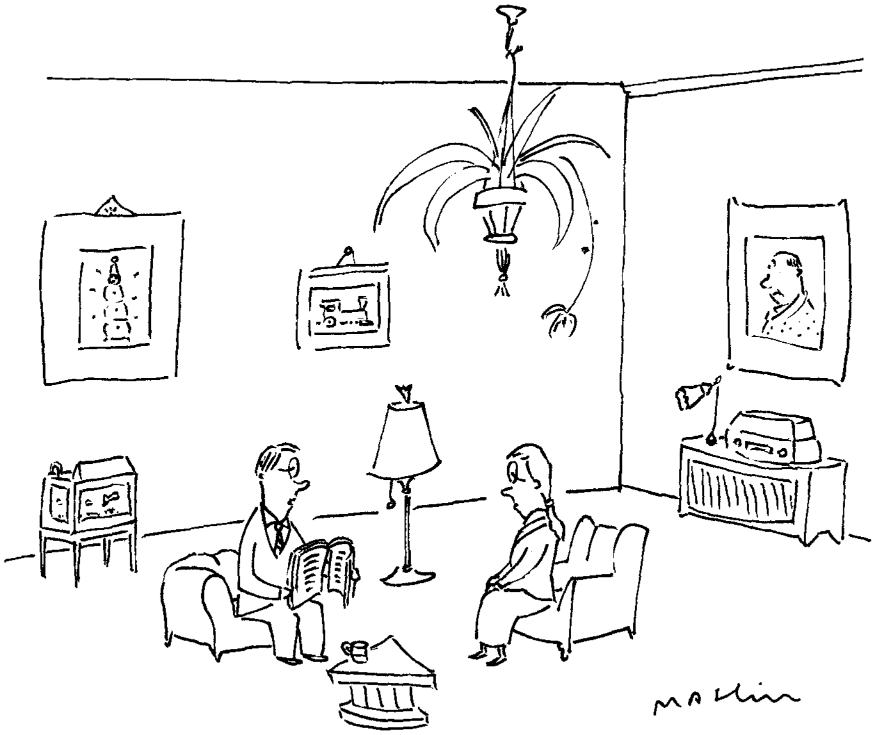
"There's a guy named Marty in Kansas City, but he just kisses the host family's ass," said Albert. "He says she knew this was a farm area when she left Taiwan, so too bad."

"Something came up about Taiwan the other day," said Dan. "Oh, yeah, that's where they make our radar guns. One of them went on the blink, and we had to mail it back. Forty-three dollars postage."

"Chiang said she's not getting a very favorable impression of America," said Albert. "I said, just wait."

THE rain let up gradually, day by day, and the weather warmed into a wave of Indian summer. Farmers got back to work, and the combines were going around the clock. You could see the headlights through the stalks at night, dust plumes during the day. On the highway, every other vehicle seemed to be a tractor pulling a green wagon full of corn. The sunlight was golden. Lu Chiang's chores became less burdensome, and she got to go up to Pizza Hut with Albert Robeshaw.

Meanwhile, Quinn had not been forgotten, and various towns and clubs and churches struggled, not in an undignified way, over the right to carry his banner. It was felt that something should be done, no question about that, and that one large thing would be preferable to a lot of small things. So it was decided that a Big Day would be held for Quinn on Sunday, October 14th, in the town of Romyla. A Big Day was what you called it when a town held a street event for any purpose other than to celebrate a well-known holiday. You could have a Big Day for sending a sick child to the Mayo Clinic, for new axes and boots for the fire department, or just for everyone to drink and dance on Main Street. Romyla was chosen because it had never had a Big Day, although it had conducted an Irish Fair for several years in the seventies, and was considered capable of holding a well-run event—unlike, say, Boris, which was regarded as something of a joke town, barely able to keep a tavern in business.



"Hope you don't mind, Charlene—I've always been more comfortable with a script in front of me."

They asked Dan to bring out the sheriff's-department cruisers for the parade, and they also asked him to take his turn in the dunking booth. Dan agreed to the cruisers, and bought some hard candy for him and the deputies to throw to the spectators. Ed Aiken was lukewarm to this idea, and Earl Kellogg said flat out that it was sissified for anyone in a cruiser to acknowledge the crowd in any way, and that this was doubly true when it came to throwing candy, to which Dan said, "And we wonder why people hate the sheriff's department. And I don't mean not like, I mean hate."

"Well," said Earl, "if you want to do something people would get a charge out of, they already asked you to sit in that cage where they dump you in the water."

"Lester Ward broke his collarbone that way," said Dan. "You want to try it, you be my guest."

"Lester Ward," said Ed. "Isn't he the guy with all the decoys in his yard? Why would anybody want to dunk him?"

"No," said Dan, "but I know who you're thinking of. That's Lyle Ward. Lester Ward's dead. He ran the hatchery in Pinville. You remember him—he always wore a hat."

"Oh, *Lester* Ward," said Ed.

DAN met Earl Kellogg and Ed Aiken in Romyla at ten-thirty on the Sunday morning of the benefit. They were all in their reflective sunglasses, and they stood in front of the Cotter Pin Tap watching the Methodist women unloading a van full of cakes for the cakewalk. The sun was bright, and it seemed that all the grass in town had just been mowed. Romyla had a hostile kind of pride that you didn't find anywhere else in the county, Dan thought. Earl Kellogg sneezed eleven times in rapid succession, and Ed pounded him on the back to help him stop.

A new red pickup pulled up with Claude Robeshaw, Lu Chiang, and Albert inside. Claude said good morning and went into the Cotter Pin, and Albert introduced Lu Chiang to Dan, Ed, and Earl. Lu Chiang had brown eyes and long black hair. She was one of those foreign students whose fresh clothing and generous expressions make the local kids seem edgy and strange. She, Albert, and Dan walked down the midway, which was in this case Main Street between the old telephone office and the tracks.

"Albert tells me you have a basement with heads in it," said Chiang.

"That's right," said Dan.

"It must be very comical," said Chiang.

"They're gone now," said Albert. "I threw them out."

"Now, Lu Chiang," said Dan, "how long does it take a person to get here from Taiwan?"

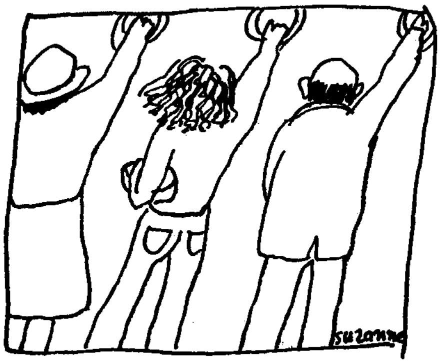
"The flight from Taipei to Tokyo was three and a half hours," said Chiang. "At Narita there was a long delay, and I fell asleep in my chair. Then I awoke and boarded a flight to Chicago, which lasted twelve hours. From Chicago there was a flight in a small, barren aircraft to Stone City, where Ron and Delia Kessler were waiting for me. I believe it was twenty-one hours from the beginning to the end."

Dan whistled. "Was this the longest you'd ever flown?" he said.

"Yes," said Chiang. "Seven hours from Tokyo the flight attendants appeared with facecloths for everyone."

"I can't even picture Tokyo," said Dan.

The parade was late because the Morrisville-Wylie marching band was late, but the band members finally arrived, in a yellow bus, and led the way playing "On Wisconsin," "Quinn the Eskimo," and "The Girl from Ipanema." They were followed by blue-ribbon rider Jocelyn Jewell on Pogo, by a group of Korean war veterans pulling a cannon, and by floats depicting the discovery of the infant in the grocery cart, the marriage of Julien Dubuque and Princess Potosa, and the complete line of Arctic Cat snowmobiles sold by Wiegart Implement in Wylie. The sheriff's cruisers ended the procession, and no candy came from their windows.



After the parade, Albert and Lu Chiang went down the line of musty blue tents, trying to win a prize. They threw baseballs at a row of stuffed cats that seemed to be nailed down, lost eight dollars at blackjack, and had their weights guessed almost to the pound in an unsuccessful attempt to win a plaster cow. Then they examined a red tractor that had been modified to run on L.P. gas, but it looked to their eyes like any other red tractor, and they wandered by the table of the Little Church of the Redeemer, where Joan Gower and a thin boy named Russ were giving away coin banks in the shape of a church to anyone who could recite a Bible verse from memory. Albert responded with the one about Caesar Augustus's decree that all the world should be taxed, and Joan said very good and handed him a church bank. Then she turned to Chiang, and when she learned that Chiang was a Buddhist she picked up a stack of pamphlets, thumbed off five or six, and pressed them into the girl's hands.

RAPALLO

Before the heavy hotel sink
I lost myself a minute.
I paused as people do who think,
And gazed at what was in it.

Rinsed from my swimming trunks, the sand
Wavered down, grain by grain,
To settle at the bottom, stunned,
Distinct on thick porcelain.

As if my happiness was tired
And sought that strange, mild pause,
It still observantly endured
And yet forgot its cause.

But then, from habit, I looked around
For what I thought it lacked.
Of course: for, without you as ground,
How could it stay intact?

Turned to miss you, amnesiac,
I was restored when you
Across the floor were given back—
Changing for dinner, too,

For those discoveries still ahead
To match those of our play
Upon the beach where we had led
All of a spacious day.

That summer I was twenty-three,
You about twenty-one,
We hoped to live together, as we
(Not to be smug) have done.

If, in four decades, matter-of-factly
Coming to be resigned
To separate beds was not exactly
What we then had in mind,

Something of our first impetus,
Something of what we planned,
Remains of what was given us
On the Rapallo sand.

Against our house of floors and beams
A mannerless wind strains
Down from the North, and cold rain streams
Across the windowpanes.

The structure creaks we hold together.
Water blurs all detail.
This wood will speak beneath worse weather
Yet than the Yukon's hail.

—THOM GUNN

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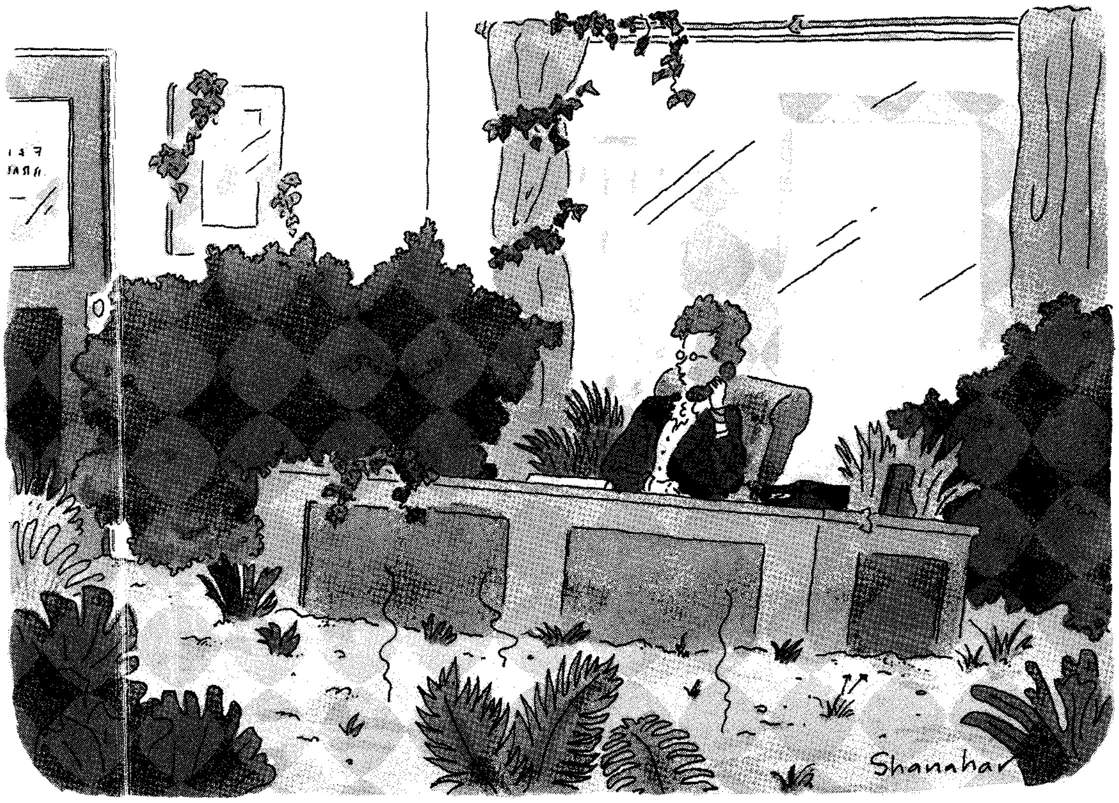

"Good morning. Fen, Boscage, Bracken & Spinney."

"I want you to have this literature," said Joan. "I want you to take these home to your family. This part is about the death on the Cross, and this shaded area has to do with the Resurrection. This is a beautiful message for people of all nations. And I'll bet when you get down to it you will find that Jesus and Buddha have a lot in common."

"I think the Buddha is much heavier," said Chiang.

"You just take these home," said Joan.

Albert and Chiang headed for the Cotter Pin in search of old Claude. Along the way, Chiang let the pamphlets drop into a green barrel, and Albert gave her the church bank he had won.

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THE Big Day in Romyla raised more than two thousand dollars for Quinn, but it turned out that he did not need it. A rich couple came down from Minneapolis one weekend and made him their foster child. Because of the privacy laws, not even Nancy McLaughlin of the Children's Farm could give out the identity of the couple, but it was Mark and Linda Miles, who, with some foresight, had made their fortune selling soy-based eye makeup in northern Europe. Quinn was renamed Nigel Bergman Miles and given a bedroom about the size of Dan's trailer, overlooking one of Minnesota's ten thousand lakes.

Meanwhile, Dan kept looking for Quinn's mother. He never got to see the clinic records, and had to make do with rumors, anonymous tips, and crank phone calls. He ended up with a list of thirteen names, and during the month of October he was able to clear eleven of them. One had given birth in St. Louis and put the child up for adoption, five had miscarried without providing adequate explanation to their neighbors, two were men with female-sounding names, and three were elderly nuns at Sacred Heart Academy in Morrisville.

That left two possibilities—a woman who would not discuss the case over the phone, and a woman who had no phone.

Dan ruled out the first woman when, in the middle of their interview, she excused herself to turn up the radio to hear the theme song from "Cats." This was at the laundromat where she worked, in Walleye Lake. Also, her story made sense and was verifiable. (It had to do with a troubled young man who once had a crush on her and now waged a relentless telephone campaign against her. Since the establishment of the Crimebusters Hot Line in Brier County, for instance, he had called up to link her name to well-publicized instances of arson, hit-and-run driving, and window-peeking.)

The woman with no phone was Quinn's mother, although she never admitted it. She lived in a house on a woody hill across from the county shed on the outskirts of Wylie. It was a house that had been moved to the site years ago, but it still looked out of kilter and always would. The doors would not close; winter wind would sweep through the cracks in the foundation. The house needed paint, and for some reason there was a rusted barbecue grill on the roof of the porch. There was no sign of children, no sign of animals, no sign of anyone except this woman, who was a little older than Dan had expected, wore a cotton dress, and had her hair tied up with a frayed green ribbon. She and Dan sat on the steps of the porch.

"I went to the doctor the one time," she said. "It wasn't for the baby. There was no pregnancy. That's where the confusion lies. It turned out to be a false alarm. I wrote it on my calendar."

"Who's your doctor?" said Dan.

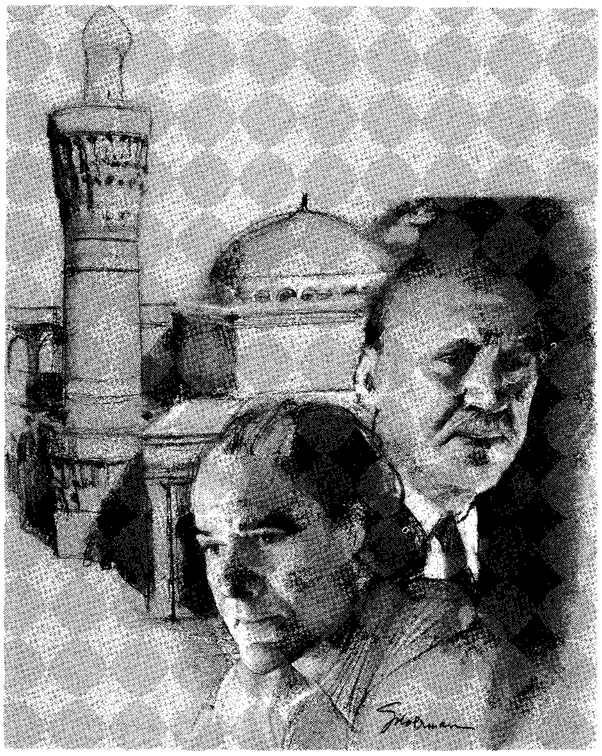
"He's on my calendar," she said.

She got up, went inside, and came back with a wall calendar from the coöperative elevator in Wylie. It did have writing on it, lots of it, but it was unreadable, and had been scrawled across the days without regard for when one ended and the next began. Dan got up. The woman's eyes were still—she was watching the orange county trucks across the road. "Let's go for a ride," said Dan, and she said, "Where to?"

—TOM DRURY

PROFILES

ARCHITECTS AMID THE RUINS



Kanan and Mohamed Makiya

ONE morning in February of 1987, an unsolicited manuscript arrived on the desk of Lynne Withey, an editor at the Berkeley office of the University of California Press. The manuscript bore the name Samir al-Khalil, but a covering note explained that that was a pseudonym. The manuscript itself—a vivid and often shocking account of Saddam Hussein's reign of terror both inside and outside Iraq—made it clear why a dissident "Iraqi expatriate" (the only further self-identification the author provided) might wish to remain pseudonymous.

Withey, who was new on the Middle Eastern desk of the U.C. Press, was particularly taken with the text's "combination of deep research and *fire*," as she later told me, and she admitted having also been fascinated by the "cloak and dagger" aspect of the whole project. She sent the manuscript out for academic peer review, and received several favorable reports; a specialist at Oxford said that it was a groundbreaking study of the Iraqi regime, and added that its author stood a good chance of getting himself killed for having written it. All correspondence between Withey and the mysterious al-Khalil was routed through a post-office box in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The U.C. Press had never published a pseudonymous text, and the directors worried a good deal over setting such a precedent. Finally, they asked al-Khalil to furnish the name of at least one reputable third party who could vouch for his actual existence, which he did; they then decided to go ahead with the book.

Samir al-Khalil's book, "Republic of Fear," was published in the spring of 1989, and was largely ignored. The author's depiction of the dire state of public, and even private, life in Iraq and his forebodings regarding Saddam Hussein's long-term regional ambitions went virtually unnoticed by the American foreign-policy establishment, which at that time was intent on a realpolitik rapprochement with Iraq, as the region's seemingly natural counterweight to Iran, the power that was still being seen as the main enemy. During its first year, al-Khalil's book sold barely a thousand copies.

On August 2, 1990, when Saddam invaded Kuwait, the book was one of the few authoritative texts available on the subject of the Iraqi tyrant. Suddenly, "Republic of Fear" was being reviewed everywhere, and usually with high praise. The New York *Times Book Review's* critic declared it "required reading for anyone with a serious interest in Iraq or in the political dynamics of dictatorship." Peter Sluglett, writing in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, found it "a sophisticated and brilliantly savage denunciation of Arab populist politics." Hardcover sales took off overnight, and within two months Pantheon had brought out a paperback edition, of which it eventually sold nearly seventy thousand copies. The book became a best-seller in Britain, and was translated into French, German, and Arabic as well. Al-Khalil was being cited everywhere. As the crisis mounted, he contributed frequent op-ed pieces, and even allowed himself to be interviewed on both radio and TV: he wore a wig and kept his back to the camera, and his voice was passed through a series of disguising filters. Many people were wondering just who Samir al-Khalil was.

All sorts of theories were bandied about, particularly in the small, inbred world of Iraqi-expatriate oppositional politics in Europe and America. Specific candidacies were advanced, one after another, and then dashed. Nobody knew; nobody was even close. One afternoon, Samir al-Khalil agreed to participate in a three-way satellite hookup over National Public Radio, with Adeed Dawisha, an Iraqi-expatriate political scientist working in Cairo, who was one of the people whose candidacy for the role of al-Khalil had been put forth. Before the taping began, Dawisha complimented al-Khalil on his book. "But, Mr. Khalil," he said, "I wish I knew who the hell you are."

Al-Khalil wasn't yet ready to reveal his identity, and certainly not over a transatlantic satellite connection, so speculation continued. In January, just before the start of the war, the University of California Press began circulating galley proofs of a second book by al-Khalil, entitled "The Monument: Art, Vulgarity and Responsibility in Iraq." Some perceptive readers began to suspect that al-Khalil might be an architect, for while "Republic of Fear" had established that Saddam's entire system repelled al-Khalil, "The Monument" showed that one of the things that most repelled him about that system was the dictator's penchant for grandiose neo-Fascist architecture, and more specifically the collusion of the Iraqi intelligentsia and the Iraqi artistic establishment in the realization of Saddam's megalomaniacal, multibillion-dollar schemes. For example, in various passages al-Khalil highlighted the work of Mohamed Makiya, the founding head of Baghdad University's School of Architecture and one of the foremost architects in the Middle East, who had started out in the fifties by creating exquisite, understated modern structures appropriate to the ancient archeological sites they surrounded but by the mid-eighties was submitting proposals, at Saddam's behest, for projects like a huge, lavish new Baghdad State Mosque.

After the Gulf War erupted, Samir al-Khalil came to feel that he could no longer hide behind a pseudonym. So finally, in March of 1991, he revealed his identity, and it turned out that he was indeed an architect. His name was Kanan Makiya, and he was the son of Mohamed Makiya.

KANAN MAKIYA was born in Baghdad in 1949. His father was born there thirty-odd years earlier—the actual year is uncertain. "When the British entered Baghdad" is how the elder Makiya's mother used to put it, but Kanan's father says that he thinks he was born in 1916, the year before the British entered Baghdad.

"I come from medieval Baghdad," Mohamed Makiya told me one day last spring, in London. The father has been based there since 1974, and the son, who has spent the last few decades travelling between England and America, currently keeps apartments in both the London and the Boston areas. I was sitting with the father in the office of his firm, Makiya Associates, which was not the bustling place it had been in earlier years. At one point, the staff had included more than fifty people, but the firm began winding down its operations during the latter half of the nineteen-eighties, in part because Saddam Hussein, engaged in his long war with Iran, had begun running out of money to finance his gargantuan schemes; in part because Mohamed Makiya had begun to have increasingly serious reservations about working for Saddam; and in part because Kanan, who for many years managed the office for his father, had left the firm over their seemingly irreconcilable differences.

Mohamed Makiya retained the firm's office space, however, and he still visits it regularly, often just to pore over an astonishing library of antique portfolios that fill the shelves along its walls: rich leather-bound volumes, some of them with spines longer than a person's leg, including eleven folio volumes from the official record of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt (1825), six volumes of David Roberts' "Sketches in the Holy Land and Syria" (1849), Prisse D'Avennes's sumptuous album "L'Art Arabe" (1877), and an enormous Russian illustrated survey of mosque architecture in Samarkand (1905). Throughout his career, Makiya has used this library as a sort of image bank, its myriad etchings and plans a trove of detail waiting for reclamation and transmutation. "Tradition isn't something nostalgic," Kanan has quoted Mohamed as saying. The quotation appears in Kanan's third book, "Post-Islamic Classicism: A Visual Essay on the Architecture of Mohamed Makiya," a coffee-table volume that he recently published in celebration of his father's work. (Kanan is clearly ambivalent about his father's achievements.) "In Islamic architecture there is a vocabulary which I find stimulating," the quotation continues. "It uplifts me because of its intrinsic abstract quality. You can never be a good 'modern' without having gone through the long path of tradition."

The morning of my visit, several volumes lay strewn across the floors and tables of Mohamed Makiya's conference room and private office, opened to ancient maps and vistas of Iraq's cities, and especially the Shia centers in the south—Karbala, Najaf, Kufa, Nasiriya. The Shiite rebellion that flared up at the end of the war had only recently been put down, and detailed accounts of the carnage and the physical mayhem involved were just beginning to filter back through the Iraqi-émigré grapevine; Mohamed was squaring those accounts with the images spread all about him. "That block there—I hear it's completely destroyed," he said. "The dome of that mosque there. . ." His eyes were glistening. A few minutes later, we were looking through a portfolio of etchings of ancient Baghdad—the Baghdad he had grown up in—and it was then that he made his remark about coming from medieval Baghdad. "I can tell you, this life"—he pointed to a dusty street scene—"I lived it. I didn't read it. I've lived seven centuries in my life, not seven decades."

Mohamed Makiya told me that he was born on the tenth of Muharram, which is the holiest day in the Shiite calendar—the anniversary of the defeat, in 680 A.D., of Husayn, the son of Ali, whom Shiites consider the true heir of the Prophet, and whose massacre outside Karbala brought about the schism between Shia and Sunni Islam. Mohamed was steeped in his family's Shiism from birth, he said—not in its strict religiosity but in its festive spirit. "For me, religion isn't so much a question of faith as it is one of culture—a tying back to one's ancestors—and I find it an absolute necessity," he said. While he isn't particularly observant religiously, he identifies with what he sees as "the Shiite spirit."

I realized that Mohamed was telling me all this in part as a criticism of his son, who considers himself a fervent secularist—if anything, an atheist, and certainly not a Shiite. It was one of their many disagreements. But in time I came to see that Mohamed Makiya was given to such pronouncements, moving quickly from some specific subject (that of his birth and upbringing, say) to the loftiest of speculations. In "Post-Islamic Classicism" Kanan notes, "Makiya venerates the past, and the far-away in general. At present he is working on a book he calls 'Images of Baghdad: Past and Future.' The present is always significant by its absence. This is reason enough not to see eye to eye with him on many things. Nonetheless, the consistency of his disregard for the world as it is is also somehow bound up in the specificity of his achievement in architecture."

Although Mohamed Makiya sometimes seems rooted in the Shiite south of Iraq, he was in fact born in the Sabbabigh al-Aal neighborhood of Old Baghdad, a Shia enclave then dominated by the magnificent, if crumbling, minaret of Al-Ghazl—a superb example of Abbasid-dynasty brick architecture, and all that remained of a thirteenth-century mosque that had once served as the caliph's own. Mohamed never knew his father, who was a textile merchant; he died of old age when Mohamed was only a year old. Mohamed and his mother and her one other son ended up living with her brother, who ran a modest grocery store. Mohamed described this uncle to me as a big man with a knife in his belt, who expected his nephew to quit school at the age of eleven and help out in the family business. According to Makiya family lore, the young English teacher at Mohamed's school came barrelling into the shop one morning, cornered the burly uncle, and berated him for taking such a gifted young boy out of school. The uncle relented and never interfered in the boy's education again.

Once the British had finally secured Baghdad, during the First World War, they decided to stay for a while. They yoked three of the defeated Ottoman Empire's more far-flung and underdeveloped provinces—Basra, Baghdad, and Mosul—into a single entity, gave it the name Iraq, and installed Faisal, a Sunni emir from the Arabian Peninsula, as its king. The British retained control over Iraq under a League of Nations mandate until the end of 1932, when the country achieved nominal independence. During their fifteen years in power, the British had tended to concentrate governmental authority in the same Sunni-minority classes that the Ottomans, who were also Sunnis, had favored—much to the annoyance of the majority, the Shiites. Faisal, for his part, tried to temper the country's fierce ethnic resentments and ended up being resented by almost everyone; he died, in despair, at the age of forty-eight, only a year after independence. His son Ghazi ruled over an increasingly restive country for the next six years, before dying in an accident, at which point *his* son, only four years old, was crowned Faisal II, with a pro-British regent, Abd al-Ilah, ruling in his stead.

Meanwhile, Mohamed was flourishing in school. He excelled in mathematics, and his scores on his graduating year's baccalaureate exams were among the highest in the country. This was particularly fortunate, because that year a liberal and modernizing Education Minister launched a program to take fifty of the country's brightest young students, regardless of sect, and send them abroad on full government scholarships. It was thus that Mohamed arrived in London in 1935. He spent his entire first year there learning English, preparing for the necessary matriculation exams, and, having gone almost overnight from a world of oil lamps and open sewers to one of electric lights and indoor plumbing, trying to recover from culture shock. After that, he was sent to the University of Liverpool to begin his serious training. With no particular conviction—at first, anyway—he chose to major in architecture. Some of his teachers doubted whether a boy from Baghdad would be able to master the subtleties of Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones, but by the end of his second year in Liverpool he was one of the top students in his design class. During holidays, he would go on bicycle tours and draw elevations of

churches and city streets. Slowly, the discipline was exerting a fascination over him.

"HE was already a fully formed architect by the time I met him," Mohamed's wife, Margaret, told me later that day. "Fully formed and very serious." Margaret had joined us for tea in an Indian café near Covent Garden, not far from the apartment where she and Mohamed now live. Walking in, she looked like a stout, no-nonsense British matron. In the course of our conversation, she remarked that Kanan was such a romantic, just like his father, and I asked if she hadn't been a bit of a romantic herself—an English girl who fell in love, gave up everything, turned her back on her family, and went off to live in Baghdad for what she thought would be the rest of her days.

"What's romantic about that?" she replied gruffly. "What could be more prosaic?"

They met in 1941, while Mohamed was doing a last year of postgraduate work in city planning at the University of Liverpool and Margaret was a second-year history student there. Her father was a strict headmaster in New Mills, Derbyshire, and her relationship with Mohamed encountered strong opposition at home. Forced to make a choice, she simply broke with her past. In 1942, Mohamed was accepted in the doctoral program at Kings College, Cambridge, and she joined him there the following year. Despite the war, this was an idyllic period: Mohamed continued to learn about modern architectural trends while plowing through his dissertation, whose title was "The Influence of Climate on Architectural Development in the Mediterranean Region," but he also spent time attending lectures by Bernard Lewis and Bertrand Russell and Harold Laski. He and Margaret didn't have much money to spare, but what little they had they spent on books.

In 1946, Mohamed received his doctorate and returned to Baghdad. A year and a half later, Margaret joined him there, and they were wed. A year after that, Kanan was born; a second child, a daughter named Hind, born in 1952, completed the family. Margaret was welcomed wholeheartedly by Mohamed's family—his mother adored her—but even so their first several years in Baghdad were difficult. "The thing you have to realize is that in 1946 there was no such vocation in Iraq as that of architect," Margaret told me. "The word didn't really exist in Arabic. There were words for contractor and builder—which was to say a sort of craftsman—but nobody had ever heard of somebody doing what architects do here in the West."

Initially, Mohamed got a job with the municipal authorities which amounted to a kind of city planning, but it paid barely enough to cover the rent on minimal lodging. Margaret also got a job. She taught English and history at the University of Baghdad. That job lasted for twenty-seven years, and in the early days she was earning more than twice as much as her husband. He opened an office on the side, but it wasn't as though he could just go out looking for clients. "That's not how things are done in the Middle East," Margaret said. "Everything's much more indirect and roundabout—a friend-of-a-friend, tentative approach, that sort of thing." When Mohamed

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did get work, there were no contracts, and often no detailed plans. He would have to improvise on the spot. A client frequently paid in goods, not money. Discussing the subject in advance was considered crass. Sometimes Mohamed was compensated with carpets; once, a sheikh in southern Iraq gave him a cow as payment. "And a rather nasty cow at that," Margaret recalled. "Used to kick like hell."

Most of the work Mohamed did in those early years was contracting rather than designing. In the spring of 1953, while he was supervising the erection of a low-cost housing project, the Tigris overflowed its banks, as it often did then, before dams were finally built to regulate its flow. The flood was the worst in many years, and the project's entire brickmaking operation was washed away. Though work crews were up all night trying to salvage what they could, tons of other material was ruined by morning. Mohamed was personally liable for the loss, and it took him and Margaret years to recover.

The children, however, were sheltered from the precariousness of life, and Kanan remembers his first ten years with particular fondness. The family was living in a bungalow in an area of Baghdad where British officers had lived during the war. The house itself was modest, just four rooms, but a yard that it shared with neighboring bungalows had huge eucalyptus trees and wildly overgrown gardens, which made it a child's paradise. Many of the immediate neighbors were other members of the country's gradually emerging technical intelligentsia, but just beyond the bungalows was a neighborhood of *sarifah* dwellings—the mud huts of impoverished migrants pouring in from the south. (During Mohamed Makiya's lifetime, Baghdad's population has risen from less than two hundred thousand to more than four million.) Kanan spent much of his early childhood playing with children from that neighborhood. His nanny was an Assyrian, and she took him to her home so often that he became, in effect, a member of her extended family. He was similarly adopted by his father's principal assistant, a big, one-eyed Kurd, who regaled him with tales from his north-country home.

In time, the family's life began to stabilize. As oil revenue started trickling into Iraq, in the mid-fifties, there were increasing numbers of offices to be constructed and houses to be designed, and Mohamed Makiya began to get increasing numbers of commissions. By 1959, he was even able to build a house of his own—a striking blend of International Style and purely local and traditional motifs, and featuring an ingenious round library. "That house had a wonderful intimacy," Kanan recalls. "It had no overall structure. It just grew and grew as our circumstances permitted, its morphology utterly organic—wall, brick, sheet glass—and at any moment you could hardly tell if you were inside or outside."

WHEN it came to Iraq's suddenly burgeoning modern cultural activities, the Makiyas were very much on the inside. Mohamed and Margaret, back at their apartment, showed me a photograph, from 1957, of Mohamed escorting the young King Faisal II through the first modern-art exhibition of the country's Artists' Society, which Mohamed himself had helped organize. Off to one side, in the photograph, stand Abd al-Ilah, the regent; Jewad Salim, Iraq's foremost modernist sculptor and artist; and Khalid al-Rahal, another major sculptor. Uniformed men lurk in the shadows. Less than a year after that picture was taken, the King and the regent were both murdered during a brutal military coup. As a public monument in celebration of that revolution, Salim created a large and striking bas-relief, the last masterwork of his career; al-Rahal, for his part, stayed on in Baghdad, became ever more renowned, and eventually designed some of the key monuments to Baathism and Saddam Hussein.

The 1958 revolution was a watershed in modern Iraqi history. The monarchy was abolished and a "republic" declared. Ironically, it was under the monarchy that Iraq had enjoyed a parliament—one of two principal legacies of its years under British mandate, the other being the Army. But in 1958 the Army overthrew the parliament, and "Republican Iraq" hasn't had a parliament since. The parliament had been a vaguely effective body during its first years, in the thirties, but as the decades passed it had become increasingly corrupt and had lost touch with the Iraqi people. So had the monarchy itself; it was generally regarded as far too pro-Western. Initially, at least, the revolution enjoyed enormous popular support.

But there were two factions contending for control of the revolution, and their often bloody intrigues formed the backdrop for much of Iraqi politics in the next decade. One faction was the pan-Arabists, who wanted Iraq to merge as quickly as possible with the newly formed United Arab Republic, made up of Egypt and Syria. (The Suez crisis had occurred two years earlier, and the charismatic Gamal Abdel Nasser's populist pan-Arabism was at its peak.) This faction consisted of some of the officers who had taken part in the coup and of various other political groups, including the Baath Party, a small, fanatical organization that saw itself as the true vanguard of any eventual pan-Arabist triumph. The opposing faction comprised most of the other Iraqi officers who had been involved in the coup, including its leader, Abdul Karim Kassem, and he now emerged as both Prime Minister and commander-in-chief. Their line was more specifically Iraqi nationalist—or "Iraqicist," as they put it—and was supported by a mass-based Communist movement, which claimed the allegiance of much of the Iraqi intelligentsia as well.

The following year, 1959, a Baathist hit squad, including Saddam Hussein, who was then twenty-two, botched an assassination attempt on Kassem, and Saddam fled to Egypt. Kassem managed to hold on (though in the meantime he turned on his Communist allies) until February of 1963. Then a bloody combined military and Baathist coup dislodged him. There followed an unstable succession of military regimes, one displacing the next right through the Six-Day War, in 1967—a calamitous event that undercut the prestige of military regimes throughout the Arab world. Capitalizing on that defeat, the radical wing of the Baath Party rose again, decrying the incompetent leadership of the military and hinting darkly at Fifth Column conspiracies. During the summer of 1968, the radical Baathists struck once again, and the regime they succeeded in installing then has survived to this day. At the age of thirty-two, Saddam Hussein, who had returned from Egypt, became the deputy chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council, in charge of internal security.

Even though governments tended to come and go during those years, Iraq's civil society remained fairly vital—in fact, perhaps the most vital anywhere in the Middle East. Writers and journalists and artists and teachers and architects were able to work more or less normally, and there was a vibrant political discussion. Later, things changed dramatically, and Kanan feels that failures of nerve and imagination by those same cultural figures played a considerable role in the change; but while he was growing up civil life was still possible.

The years from the late fifties through the early seventies were generally good ones for Mohamed Makiya. Many of the Makiyas' friends were far to the left, if not outright Communists, but Mohamed himself was nearly oblivious of politics; he was too busy pursuing his own projects. In 1959, he founded the University of Baghdad's School of Architecture, and throughout the next decade he served as its head, making it into one of the most highly

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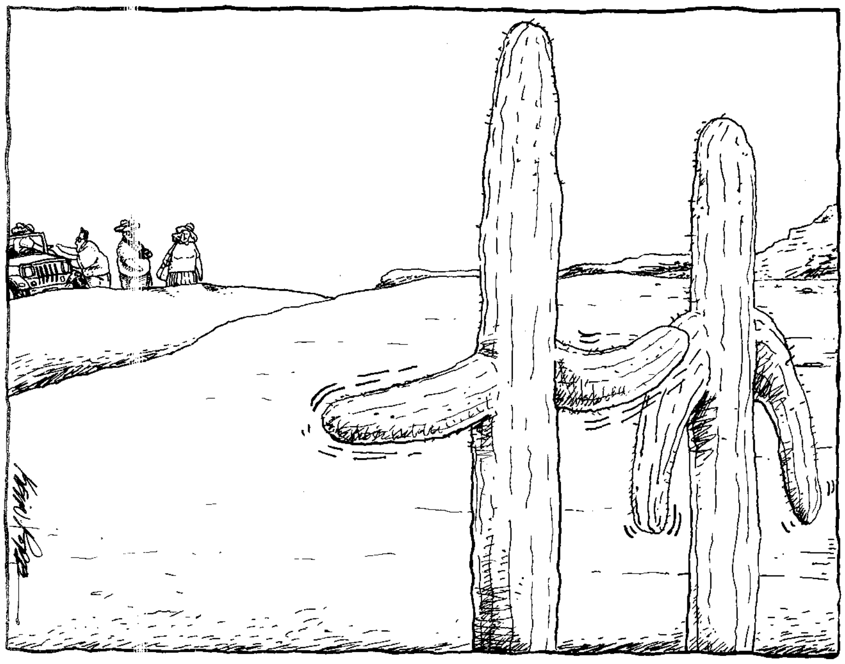

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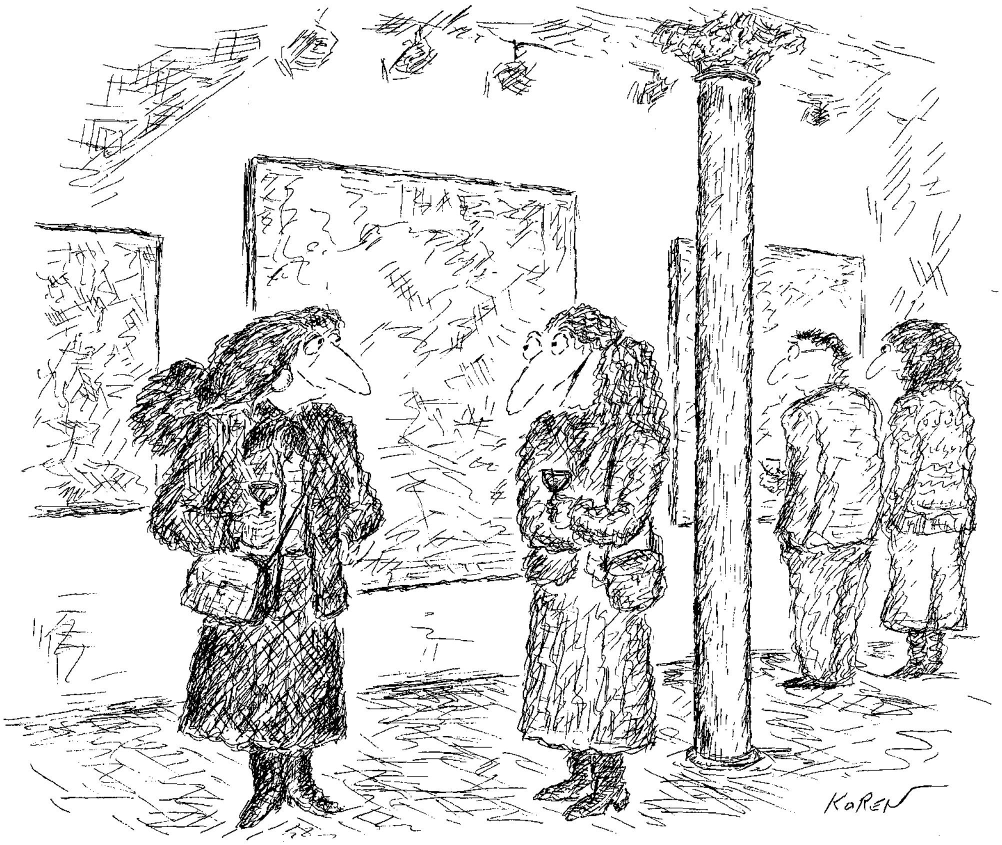

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respected faculties in the Third World and, in the process, molding an entire generation of Iraqi architects. He recruited teachers from Britain, the United States, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, among other places, but he also required the school's students to know their Iraqi architectural heritage, sending them out to draw elevations of Baghdad and of cities and villages and archeological sites throughout the country. Frank Lloyd Wright, Walter Gropius, and Buckminster Fuller were guests in his home.

In the early sixties, important commissions began coming Mohamed's way. One of the most important of these was from the Ministry of Religious Affairs to design a mosque around Al-Ghazl, the ruined minaret in whose shadow he had grown up. He jumped at the chance, but then held out for months in an attempt to wrest from the ministry a commitment for a larger site, in keeping with the importance of the minaret. He didn't get it. "I had to build a cathedral in an area suitable for a chapel," he complains, but he nevertheless succeeded. Kanan, who vividly remembers visiting his father at the site and watching him supervise the smithies forging grillwork and the stone-carvers etching calligraphic motifs into the bricks, has described the resultant structure, the Khulafa Mosque, as "a chapel that wanted so much to be a cathedral that it ended up looking like one." The mosque seemed to be at once completely contemporary and entirely integrated into its historical setting—an early instance of the quintessential Makiya style.

Mohamed went on to design bank buildings, libraries, private residences, and government ministries for Iraq. Perhaps his most ambitious project during the mid-sixties—certainly the most important to him—was the master plan for a modern university in the ancient Shia city of Kufa. "He spent a lot of time in those days hobnobbing with the turban types, trying to accommodate their requirements in a contemporary setting," Kanan recalls. Within Iraq, his only serious rival was another modernist architect, Rifat Chadirji, but now Mohamed's work began taking him outside Iraq as well: in 1968, he won an international competition for the Chamber of Commerce and Industry Building in Manama, Bahrain—the first of a number of commissions in the small Persian Gulf states, whose coffers were beginning to swell with oil revenues. He was becoming one of the most sought-after architects in the Middle East.

KANAN idolized his father, and during those years he took every opportunity to visit him at the sites of his various projects. He was struck by the difference between the extraordinarily gentle face Mohamed turned toward his family and the fierce and often angry one with which he pursued his professional aims. Meanwhile, Kanan himself was doing exceptionally well at school, especially in math. He attended the best high school in Baghdad, which was run by American Jesuits and offered instruction in both English and Arabic.

Like his father, Kanan was largely oblivious of politics, but he does recall two incidents from those years that helped to shape his later attitudes. The first was the 1963 coup, which occurred when he was fourteen. From the roof of his house, he was able to see jet fighters attacking the Defense Ministry. Even more disconcerting was what he saw on television in the days that followed. When many of Kassem's partisans continued fighting, refusing to believe the reports that their Prime Minister had been killed, the Baathists responded by repeatedly televising a lengthy film clip displaying his bullet-riddled corpse. As Kanan recorded in "Republic of Fear":

> Night after night, they made their gruesome point. The body was propped up on a chair in the studio. A soldier sauntered around, handling its parts. The camera would cut to scenes of the devastation at the Ministry of Defense where Kassem had made his last stand. . . . Back to the studio, and close-ups now of the entry and exit points of each bullet hole. The whole macabre sequence closes with a scene that must forever remain etched on the memory of all those who saw it: the soldier grabbed the lolling head by the hair, came right up close, and spat full face into it.
>
> The fear that the Baath were trying to instill in this and other instances was brutally direct. The centuries-old message was simple: he is dead, you had better believe it, we can do the same to you.

To an extent, the message had its effect on the young Kanan: it fostered in him a deep suspicion of the Baathists, and he never had any illusions about them after those 1963 scenes.

The second incident occurred in the midst of the Six-Day War, in June of

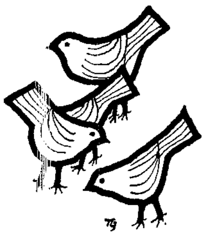
1967, when Kanan (by this time almost eighteen) was being subjected to incessant news reports of spectacular Arab successes on the battlefield, with hundreds of Israeli fighter planes already shot down. "I don't know why," Kanan said to me, "but I just remember immediately thinking, This is such bullshit, these are all such lies, we *deserve* to lose."

At the time, Kanan was finishing high school, and he very much wanted to study abroad. One of the Jesuits at his school encouraged him to apply to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was accepted, and he began classes in September of 1967. The Jesuits were expelled from Iraq the following year, after the Baath returned to power. The school was taken over by the Baath and now is attended primarily by the children of leading Party officials.

At M.I.T., Kanan continued to excel at math, but his passion shifted to the arts. He became obsessed with abstract metal sculpture, and the following summer, back in Baghdad, he embarked on a tutorial in wood carving with Mohammed Ghani, a major Iraqi modernist, who, as it happened, had had his first show in the Makiya home. At M.I.T., however, Kanan was soon gripped by another, and even more overpowering, passion—for political engagement. From fairly standard anti-Vietnam War activities he drifted into an increasingly serious involvement with the problems of his home region. He read voraciously and sought out mentors, and he soon found one in an Israeli mathematician named Emmanuel Farjoun, who was working on his doctoral dissertation in algebraic topology. Farjoun was an anti-Zionist socialist. As he told Kanan the first day they met—and subsequently told me, in London—he had been a misfit in the Israeli Army, which ended up assigning him to agricultural duties, "for everybody's sake." He was serving as a shepherd during the summer of 1967 when Israel launched the lightning preëmptive strike that initiated the Six-Day War. As he watched the Israeli jets streaking toward their targets in Jordan, Syria, and Egypt, he recalled, he was so disgusted that he felt that the Israelis deserved to lose the war. Thus, Farjoun, an Israeli who had wished that Israel would lose the Six-Day War, met Kanan, an Arab who had wished that the Arabs would lose. They became best friends, and have remained so to this day, forming and informing each other's politics, which back in the late sixties were Trotskyite and pro-Palestinian (if not particularly anti-Israeli). Their hope was for a revolutionary socialist transformation of the entire region, with Israeli workers and Palestinian workers and Lebanese workers and Iraqi workers all rising up together, united by their common destiny.

In the spring of 1969, Kanan met Afsaneh Najmabadi, an Iranian physicist, who was a graduate student at Harvard. She was born in Teheran in 1946, into a famous family of Shiite clerics and scholars going back several generations (her mother, a schoolteacher, had been among the first in her family to dispense with the veil), but Afsaneh was an atheist—or, to put it another way, physics had become her religion. She was a prodigious student, and when she graduated from high school, in 1964, she scored first in the entire country on the national math exams. She enrolled in the University of Teheran to study physics, but by the middle of her second year she realized—as she told me when I visited her in Cambridge, Massachusetts—that she wasn't going to earn any Nobel Prizes staying there. She applied to several American universities and was awarded a full scholarship to Radcliffe.

There Afsaneh continued her studies, advancing to graduate work in particle physics at Harvard in 1968, but she, too, was soon being drawn to politics—in particular, toward the incipient feminist movement, the anti-Shah campaign, and the Palestinian cause. One day in the early spring of 1969, she attended a teach-in on Palestine co-sponsored by Harvard and M.I.T., and there she came upon a young man deeply embroiled in a political argument. "He didn't look like an Arab," she recalled. "He had incredibly bushy brown hair in those days, like a halo, and I thought he must be an American Jew, and I was struck by the progressive stands he was advancing. I went up to him afterward and introduced myself, and told him where I was from. He gave his name—Kanan Makiya—and said he was an



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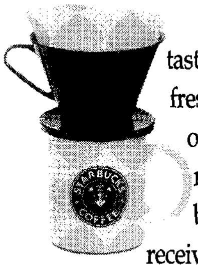

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Iraqi. 'But Shia,' he immediately added, to put me, an Iranian, at ease." They began dating and a year later they were living together, and Afsaneh now joined the Trotskyite movement.

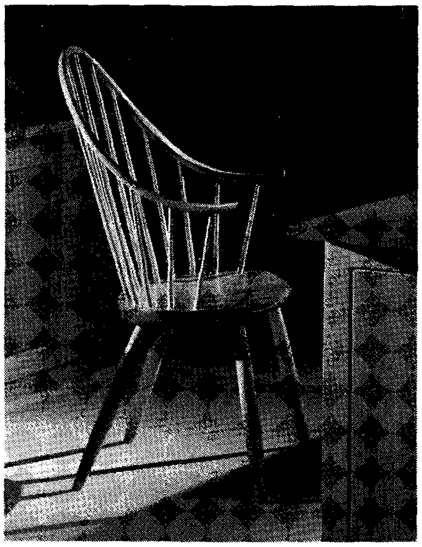
Kanan began to bend his academic studies in the direction of architecture—in part, perhaps, because of his father but also in part because politically he was having a hard time justifying his purely formalist aesthetic interests. Architecture offered a way of blending those interests with some kind of social utility. In 1971, he took a year off and spent it in Bahrain, as an apprentice in his father's growing operation there. Afterward, he returned to M.I.T. and completed his thesis for an architecture degree—"something," he recalls, "about how anything really worth doing architecturally can't possibly be done because of the conditions of late capitalism."

IT wasn't "late capitalism," however, that was threatening the possibilities of architecture in Iraq around this time. After the Baathists stormed back into power, in 1968, no sphere of Iraqi life was any longer allowed to exist outside politics. Everything, including architecture, became intensely political—and only one type of politics was allowed. Within months of the Baathist resurgence, Mohamed's beloved Kufa university project was shut down: the Baathists saw no reason to be encouraging Shia particularism, or, for that matter, any cultural expression outside their control. No sooner had they cancelled that project, however, than they tried to commission Mohamed to rebuild Babylon right on top of its archeological ruins. He immediately confronted the minister in charge. "I told him, 'This is crazy. You are asking me to turn Babylon into a tourist trap with a Ziggurat Hotel—this is a crime against history!'" he recalls. "The man was my worst enemy at the time—he was the one who had ordered Kufa shut down—but he listened, and I managed to convince him. Later, they killed him."

Other possibilities had begun opening up for Makiya—in Bahrain and Oman and Qatar. His Gulf practice was thriving, and he began spending increasing amounts of time in his Bahrain field office, supervising all those new projects. Luckily, he happened to be in Bahrain in the spring of 1972, when, back in Baghdad, his name showed up on one of the Baathists' lists of suspected Fifth Columnists. The Baath had been conducting periodic sweeps for some time, terrorizing the populace through successive discoveries of ever-wider conspiracies: Jewish traitors, Jesuit subversives, British agents, Iranian spies. People would be swallowed up, disappear for months or years, and often die in prison. Makiya had apparently been accused of being a Freemason, of all things. And though the charge was preposterous, Margaret did manage to get word to him not to return, and he didn't.

For her, a truly dreadful year followed. "I was like Isabel Burton," she recalls. "'Pay, pack, and follow'—that was her motto, and it became mine." As unobtrusively as possible, she worked to pack her family's belongings and ship them, one by one, out of the country. Every object, every book, had to be inventoried; every form required a separate protocol of signatures. "I was lucky," she says. "I'd been teaching twenty-seven years by that point—twenty-seven times, say, a hundred students a year. That made for a lot of contacts in the various ministries, and I had to draw on every single one of them." A few years earlier, the family had moved out of the house with the round library and into a new house, which Mohamed had constructed on piles on the bank of the Tigris River. (Kanan never saw it.) Now Margaret was having to sell their new house, under obviously distressed conditions. In any event, she finally managed to make it out, joining Mohamed first in Bahrain and then in Muscat, Oman, where he had taken on the job of redesigning the entire city.

Meanwhile, Kanan was completing his thesis for a master's in architecture at M.I.T., and Afsaneh had begun work on her doctoral dissertation at Harvard. At this point, however, she abandoned her scientific studies: she had done extremely well on her orals, but she had lost interest in physics and decided not to complete the dissertation, instead throwing herself wholeheartedly into politics. By that time, she and Kanan were tiring of the United States. Both Trotskyite and Middle Eastern-expatriate politics seemed far more vital and more sharply focussed in Europe, so in the fall of 1974 Kanan entered a yearlong postgraduate program in urban and re-



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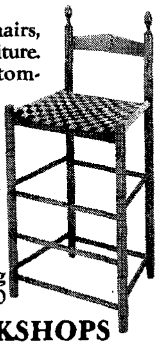

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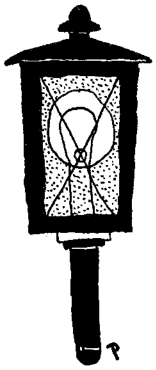
gional planning at the London School of Economics, and Afsaneh joined an active group of Iranian expatriates in London, who were beginning to coördinate protests against the increasingly wobbly regime of the Shah in Teheran. Kanan, for his part, spent much of that year working on behalf of the Kurds in Iraq, who during this period had mounted an anti-Baathist insurrection—an uprising that was championed, but only momentarily, by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and his main regional ally, the Shah.

That same year, Mohamed Makiya decided to establish an office in London, and Margaret decided to establish the family's new home there. (Mohamed was travelling continually in those years, from one Gulf project to another.) Kanan, who was far more practical than his father, shepherded the London office through its various registration procedures, helped find office space, and even began hiring a staff. After completing his year at the London School of Economics, he started working for his father full time, running the entire office, though not without some trepidation. "At a certain level, this was a ridiculous situation," Kanan told me during one of our talks. "There came a point—our work load was steadily increasing all through here—where I was in charge of coördinating the efforts of forty or fifty people, most of them far more experienced than I was. Actually, this situation was not an uncommon one in the Middle East during those years, as the oil money poured into all these essentially family businesses. But it was awkward." Still, by all accounts, Kanan was an unusually competent administrator.

And, by all accounts, Mohamed was an unusually difficult man to administer *for*. To him, his project was everything, and he could be curt and dismissive with both underling and client; Kanan's job was to pick up the pieces, to try to finesse the damage. His job was also to coördinate the office's work on upward of a dozen projects simultaneously—a library in Abu Dhabi, a mosque in Rome, a market in Qatar, various private residences in Bahrain, a housing complex in Oman. Almost from the start, Kanan abandoned any thought of making a creative contribution. "Can two artists hold the same pen and write?" is how Emmanuel Farjoun framed the problem for me. "Both Kanan and his father are artists at heart." So Kanan ceded the field to his father, but at times he chafed under that self-imposed restriction. And at times he chafed at doing this sort of work at all. On the side, he went on with his political work, writing long, sophisticated analytical articles on various Middle Eastern themes, for example.

In 1978, with a group of Lebanese friends—onetime Trotskyite colleagues who had returned from the Lebanese civil war shell-shocked and drained of illusion—he founded Al Saqi, an Arabic-language bookstore and cultural center in Westbourne Grove, in West London. (*Al saqi* means "the water bearer," and the store's insignia is a drawing of a water seller offering drinks to two children.) Al Saqi was intent on being as inclusive and nonsectarian as possible, and since the only other such outlets in England at the time were aligned with various warring political factions, Kanan and his friends found themselves under attack from all sides. But they persevered, and eventually they launched a publishing program as well, which they conceived of in part as a bridge between East and West, offering important Arabic titles in English, and vice versa. At one point, for instance, they decided to publish an English version of Tawfiq al-Hakim's great modern Egyptian novel "Maze of Justice." It turned out that a fine out-of-print translation already existed—by the former Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban. The directors met to try to decide what to do. Should they publish it and simply leave the translator's name off? Kanan insisted that they publish it and emphasize the translator's name, which is what they did. Meanwhile, Kanan's father opened an exhibition space in the back of the store that would specialize in Middle Eastern themes, and called it the Kufa Gallery. Mohamed and Kanan designed the bookstore and the gallery together, and Mohamed moved his own operation into the building as well.



Kanan spent a lot of his spare time on that enterprise, and a good deal of what was left on Iran. In 1978, Afsaneh began making extended stays in Teheran, and became increasingly involved in the political ferment there. The Trotskyites supported Ayatollah Khomeini as a way station on the path toward a more authentic revolution; after all, the masses couldn't be wrong. But Kanan and Afsaneh became less and less sure of the wisdom of that position. As Khomeini returned and the mullahs' ire was directed at women in particular, forcing them back into roles of virtually medieval servitude, Afsaneh grew restive. Kanan tried to alert their friends in London, but, by and large, he was ignored. Afsaneh, meanwhile, would return to Iran, rejoining her embattled colleagues, helping to edit their paper and organize their rallies, trying to salvage what she could.

The offices of Makiya Associates, however, were claiming more and more of Kanan's time; and he began to devote himself to a single huge project. "In 1976, we submitted an entry in an international competition for Kuwait," Kanan told me. "It was for—and this, I swear, was the client's name for it, prominently displayed on all the announcements and stationery and later on all the plans and blueprints—the Kuwait State Mosque and Multi-Storey Car Park. And, actually, that is perfect: it absolutely sums up Kuwait, that country of extravagant public piety and air-conditioned automobiles. Anyway, our entry won, and the further plans and the actual construction of the thing took up the better part of the next several years."

This was the biggest project Makiya Associates had yet realized. The firm had to work within certain client-specified parameters; the Emir, for example, wanted his own private entrance. And then Mohamed had certain requirements of his own. The parking lot was supposed to be underground, but he couldn't accept the idea that Muslims, prostrate in prayer and hugging the earth, as the Koran commands, would in truth be hugging a vault filled with six hundred automobiles. So he had to find a way to sequester the cars over to one side. Enormous complications arose as the project went along: foul-ups regarding the color of the setting concrete, impediments occasioned by the colossal air-conditioning ducts, cost overruns of all sorts, the interference of countless layers of bureaucrats.

Finally, after six years, the building was completed. The Emir arrived to survey his structure for the first time, took one look at the sleek swaths of barely adorned concrete—a key element of Mohamed's conception—and ordered a small army of mosaicists brought in from Morocco to make it look the way the king's palace looks there. Today, Kanan washes his hands of the whole affair, saying, "After the Emir's mosaicists had got through with the place, they'd given it all the patina of a cheap Tangier hotel."

THE Kuwait State Mosque, with its myriad complications, was causing a considerable drain on the finances of Makiya Associates, and the firm was actively soliciting projects elsewhere. At the end of 1979, Kanan was approached by a Lebanese firm to consult on the design aspects of a competitive bid for three thousand units of low-cost housing, including schools and other facilities, for construction in Baghdad. Kanan threw the office into this new project with enthusiasm. At the time, he had no moral compunctions about participating (the Lebanese firm's proposal eventually lost out), and even today he defends the decision, on the ground that this was in any case a valuable contribution to the lives of common people in Iraq. "Somebody had to do it, and it might as well have been done well," he told me. "I see no problem with that." Still, the project gnaws at him, because it might have been one of the factors that brought Mohamed Makiya's name back to the attention of Iraq's Baathist officials.

For 1979 was also the year in which Saddam Hussein consolidated his hold on power in Iraq, through a purge of his onetime senior colleagues in the Baath Party. Hundreds of them were killed, including fully a third of the Revolutionary Command Council. (In a move of typically ruthless cunning, Saddam arranged to have some of the surviving ministers and Party leaders execute their former colleagues, thereby assuring their complicity in the new order.) His authority thus in place, Saddam looked toward the future, where two imperatives focussed his attention. One was the sudden ascendancy of his archrival, Ayatollah Khomeini, earlier that year in neighboring Iran. Both men were aspiring to hegemony over Middle Eastern politics: Saddam as the head of a pan-Arab (though not particularly Islamic) coalition, one that would by definition exclude non-Arab Iran; Khomeini as the head of a fundamentalist Islamic revival, but one of a distinctly Shiite complexion (and hence one that would undercut Saddam in both his Sunni and his secularist aspects). At any rate, Saddam found it increasingly necessary to start covering his Islamic flank, as it were. To his rapidly proliferating and ubiquitous images—one day he would appear in dashing military garb, the next in the sleekest of European-cut trappings—he added the simple white robes of the humble Muslim penitent. He began frequenting mosques, including the superb little mosque that Mohamed Makiya had created early in his career around the thirteenth-century Abbasid minaret. In passing, Saddam asked his aides, "Who did this?"

Second, Saddam was looking toward 1982, the year when Baghdad would serve as the site of the triennial Conference of Nonaligned Nations and he himself would assume the mantle of that movement's leader for the next three years—in effect, as he saw it, he would become the leader of the entire Third World. The 1979 nonaligned meeting had taken place in Havana, and Fidel Castro would be visiting Baghdad to acknowledge the transfer of leadership. With this conference in mind, Saddam surveyed his capital city and found it wanting. He and his Baathist colleagues had two years in which to transform it into a gleaming modern metropolis worthy of the coming convocation. No expense would be spared: oil revenues were booming, and whatever sums were necessary would be diverted to the task. As Mohamed subsequently heard the story, Saddam summoned his aides and asked them which Iraqi architects could be called upon to spearhead such a program. "There are two," he was told. "One is in"—in prison, that is. This was Mohamed's old friend and rival Rifat Chadirji, who was serving a sentence on trumped-up charges of economic sabotage. "And one," Saddam's aides continued, "is out"—a reference to Mohamed.

And so it was that on a morning late in the spring of 1980 an envelope postmarked Baghdad arrived in the London offices of Makiya Associates. It contained a letter from Samir Mohammed Abd al-Wahhab, the mayor of Baghdad, to Mohamed Makiya, informing him that the Iraqi government had decided to rebuild Baghdad and was inviting him to come home and participate in the planning, and perhaps even the running, of the entire operation.

"With that earlier housing project, I'd always felt that it seemed safe, interesting, nothing directly to do with the regime, nobody would have to physically be there, and, anyway, what could be wrong with a simple housing project?" Kanan told me one afternoon. "But this one—it was obvious from the start what it was. A letter coming from the highest levels of the Baath Party, from the Mayor of Baghdad, a famously crude and thuggish man, one of Saddam's most loyal operatives. I was against it from the start. My father's feelings were mixed. On the one hand, he, of all people, was aware of the sheer risks in terms of security—he hadn't forgotten what it was like having his own name appear on that list. He was aware, as we all were, that this was a tough regime. And yet, for my father, this was also a dream offer—the reconstruction of Baghdad! It embodied everything he'd fantasized about and worked toward since he founded the School of Architecture at the university. It drew on both his architectural and his city-planning sides. It was perfect.

"But, as I say, it was scary, too. We went round and round. We hesitated. We argued. We procrastinated. Finally—it was getting into the summer now—we decided to decline the offer, but even that was scary, because how did you do so without offending them, and what would they do if you did offend them? We ended up sending a polite note begging off, on the ground of my father's health. We said he was unfortunately too ill to take on such a challenge at this time."

Almost immediately, Makiya Associates received a second dispatch, this time by telex and not from the Mayor's office but from the Revolutionary Command Council itself, repeating the offer and adding several explicit guarantees: The past was to be put away. He would be met at the airport and housed in the finest hotel. "We assure you of your safe return," the telex read, and it was signed by one of Saddam Hussein's top aides, Tariq Hamad Abdullah, who included his personal phone number.

“‘We assure you of your safe return,’” Margaret Makiya commented in recalling the telex. “That was the most chilling part.”

“Now we were really thrown into consternation,” Kanan told me. “I was still against it, but my father felt that he had to go. Others were telling him it would be more dangerous for him to refuse than to accept—he still had family and friends in Iraq. That business with the phone number was particularly unnerving—and very Middle Eastern—because we all knew, and we knew that they knew, that for him to call would in effect be for him to agree to go. And he couldn’t very well not call—because, I mean, how sick could you be that you couldn’t even call? They bulldozed right past all our excuses.”

A few weeks later, in August of 1980, Mohamed Makiya took a first-class seat on an Iraqi Airways jet bound for Baghdad. Father and son agreed from the outset that, no matter what, Kanan would not join him on this trip to Baghdad or any other. Not only was Kanan against the whole undertaking to begin with but it was likely that his various opposition activities in exile were known to Baathist security agents, and, besides, he could face immediate conscription if he returned.

“I arrived at dawn,” Mohamed told me in recalling that trip. “What can I say? In Baghdad again for the first time in almost ten years, the sun coming up—it was all very moving. There was a man there from the Office of the Presidency to meet me, which was a bit frightening. He whisked me through customs, he had a car waiting outside. He kept my passport neatly tucked in his shirt pocket, which was scary, and laid a revolver on the seat between us, which was even scarier. He quickly drove me to the city’s best hotel and installed me in an eighth-floor suite with a magnificent view of the river. And a few minutes later I was being taken to the Presidential Palace to meet with Hamad Abdullah. While I was sitting there in the waiting room, two of Saddam Hussein’s bodyguards came in. ‘Why would somebody like you leave here to go work in Kuwait?’ one of them challenged me. ‘Yeah, leave a country like ours with such a great army?’ the other said. Nervously, I tried to explain that the Iraqi image outside the country was also important.”

Eventually, Mohamed was taken in to meet with Hamad Abdullah; four other members of the Revolutionary Command Council joined them, and presently the Mayor of Baghdad as well. Hamad Abdullah assured Mohamed that he was there as their guest, saying, “We are proud of you.” (“Hamad Abdullah was very nice and kind,” Mohamed recalled. “Later, they killed him.”) The Mayor told Mohamed that the country had built up a huge cash reserve, and was ready to devote billions of dollars to returning Baghdad to its former Abbasid glory. Could he develop a general proposal and have it ready within a week? Hamad Abdullah then informed him that in four weeks the government would convene a four-day conference on the theme of tradition and modernism in the reconstruction of Baghdad. Would he stay on for the conference? Could he recommend any other participants? They wanted to start working immediately on a waterfront-renewal project in downtown Baghdad. Did he have any ideas? And they wanted to rebuild the neighborhood around the Khulafa Mosque.

Mohamed was drawn in. Working by telex with his London office, he did throw together a general plan in a week. He took time off to revisit key historical sites, like Samarra and Basra, in an act of spiritual and creative replenishment. He talked with old friends. He continued meeting with city officials and planners, many of them former students of his. He informed the Mayor that he wanted to maintain his base in London, and wanted not to be chief architect for the entire scheme but only to design specific projects for it. Meanwhile, Saddam Hussein ordered Rifat Chadirji released from prison, and Chadirji agreed to serve as the Mayor’s counsellor in charge of the reconstruction of Baghdad, on the condition that he be allowed to leave the country after the meeting of the nonaligned nations in 1982.

Mohamed remained in Baghdad for the four-day conference, which opened on September 19th, and took place in the Presidential Palace, with scores of top Party and state planning officials participating. Every few hours, Saddam Hussein dropped in briefly, and then left again. “At one point, I was in the

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middle of giving a talk, and suddenly I noticed one of the ministers gesticulating frantically," Mohamed recalled. "Saddam had just walked in, and the protocol apparently was that I should stop, and start all over again, from scratch. I stopped and waited until he had sat down, like a professor waiting out a tardy student, but then I just went on from where I'd paused. The minister almost went mad with his frantic exertions. One of the other days, there was a big luncheon, and I was trying to hang back unobtrusively, but someone came up and told me that the President himself wanted me to join him at his table. I was taken there and told to be seated—we were the only two at the table. He was very polite, very clever, but he would never allow any cross-chatter while he was conversing—in fact, everybody was expected to simply stand around awaiting instructions. It was all very eerie, all his Cabinet members standing around stiffly like that, like servants—people like Tariq Aziz. Hussein didn't even bother to introduce them." Tariq Aziz went on to become Iraq's Foreign Minister.

"So, anyway, he was in and out of the conference the whole time," Mohamed said. "Listening, interjecting, commenting, summarizing. In the end, only his comments were allowed to stand. The fourth day, however, he didn't show up, and, in fact, the whole conference was moved to a different place. Something seemed to be going on, but I couldn't figure out what. Early the next morning, however, I was awakened by a terrible whooshing noise. I rushed to my balcony, and there below me—I was *above* them—two Iranian fighter jets went zooming by on what must have been their first revenge flights. It turned out that Hussein had launched his war against Iran during the night. He must have been planning it all through the conference, and yet he'd had the time and the confidence to attend almost all our deliberations, and he never gave any indication."

MOHAMED had intended to fly back to London in a few days, just as he had arrived—on Iraqi Airways, first class. One look at those two Iranian fighters streaming by, however, and he changed his mind immediately; he joined an overland taxi caravan to Amman, Jordan, that very afternoon, so he could fly to London from there.

Back home, the arguments between Kanan and his father took a serious turn. "I said we shouldn't be doing this," Kanan recalled. "We just shouldn't be doing it. My father would answer, 'This is for history. It's not for the people there now. It has nothing to do with them—they'll be gone. This is for Iraq—it's for the future.' And, in a way, in all this he was simply being consistent with his usual approach: he always showed total disdain for the client—because he wasn't doing this for them, it was always for the future! Architects are such megalomaniacs."

Though a lot has happened in the decade since—a lot more tearing, a lot of mending—the argument still seemed fresh, as immediate and pertinent as ever, when I was talking with Mohamed Makiya in his office. "I wanted to work for Iraq again," he told me. "For the previous eight years, I hadn't been able to. I'd been working everywhere else in the Gulf, only not there, not in my own home. Iraq was *my* home, not theirs. They said as much themselves. The Minister of Public Works, whom I had known when he was a student at the university, came up to me and said, 'This is *your* golden age, not ours.' I felt I owed something to my country: here my homeland was, momentarily blessed with the opportunity of all that wealth from the oil boom, and there I was, with my forty years of experience and skills, the blessing of having been sent out from the country to acquire those skills. I *owed* it to my country—it had nothing to do with the regime. What did they matter? They'd be gone. But who knew if Iraq would ever have such an opportunity again?

"And even people who opposed Saddam would come up to me and whisper that I should do it. 'If you don't do it, imagine the alternative if they get one of their sycophants to do it,' they'd say. There was all that, and then, as the years went by and several of these commissions were won by way of international juried competitions, there was simply this feeling of pride in being an Iraqi artist competing against all these international eminences and besting them, defying the conventional prejudice against Iraqi inferiority. I also had to think of my office as a whole—over forty co-workers. They didn't care if it was Saddam or Margaret Thatcher or whoever—it was work. But for me, mainly, it was that I'm an architect, this is what I do, I create—I love to create, and these were the greatest opportunities of my creative life. The authorities were giving me a completely free hand, and I was in the position to be doing all of it for my country."

When I asked Mohamed about his approach to the project, he said, "The history of the place has to shine through every aspect of the design." In the case of Iraq, he was naturally drawn to the period of what he took to be the country's greatest archeological glory—the Abbasid era. In several of his submissions he was explicit on this point. Other architects submitted charts, plans, site elevations, simulated vistas, a maquette or two. Mohamed did all that, and then submitted an entire treatise as well, including long expositions of history, complete with maps showing the vast sequential expansions of Iraqi rule, culminating with the founding of Baghdad as the seat of the Abbasid caliphate in 762. The text evoked, for example, the glory of a time when "travellers came [to Baghdad] from all over the known world in search of an education or fortune or to witness the Caliph Al-Muktader and his parading force of 160,000 horsemen and footmen, 7,000 slaves, 700 chamberlains and 100 lions."

"This was my father to a T," Kanan commented to me. "He wasn't pandering, not in the least. That vision was always the authentic wellspring for his work, long before the Baath." Nevertheless, it dovetailed perfectly with the Baathist vision and, in particular, with Saddam Hussein's own vision of Baghdad as the once and future center of the world. "The glory of the Arabs stems from the glory of Iraq," Saddam had proclaimed in 1979. "Throughout history, whenever Iraq became mighty and flourished, so did the Arab nation," he went on, alluding to the Abbasid hegemony. "This is why we are striving to make Iraq mighty, formidable, able, and developed, and why we shall spare nothing to improve welfare and to brighten the glory of Iraqis." For Saddam, however, the model of the Abbasid caliphate was to be emulated in more than its physical expanse and geopolitical strength: he was also attracted by the Abbasid style of governing—all power radiating from the center, the caliph, with everyone else subservient.

WHEN Mohamed got back to London, he and his staff set to work. Kanan's misgivings having been overridden, the Makiya Associates office began pouring its creative energies into projects for Baathist Baghdad. The first was an elaborate proposal for the downtown waterfront area; then came a detailed set of designs, undertaken in conjunction with a prominent German architectural firm, for Al-Rashid, a modern university, which the Baathists were preparing to start from scratch. No problems here, for the work was completely apolitical, with the exception of a few odd requirements, such as the fact that no building in one area of the Al-Rashid campus could exceed a certain height, lest its top-floor occupants be able to look down upon a neighboring nuclear-research facility.

The same could not be said for Mohamed's major triumph during this period: victory in an architectural competition to design the Baath Party headquarters. As far as Mohamed was concerned, of course, this was simply going to be a particularly important government building—albeit one with its own odd requirements, such as a bomb shelter. He had no doubt, he now says, that by the time it was built the Baathists would be long gone. And, in fact, he went out of his way to ventilate the design, providing, for example, large open courtyards and soothing fountains. This was the Party's administrative headquarters, not its police headquarters. The interior was to be filled with conference halls, not torture chambers. Still, it was the Baath Party headquarters—and Kanan was dead set against the firm's having anything to do with the project.

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From the start of his father's new involvement in Iraq, Kanan moved to establish firebreaks of various sorts, both between the office and the Baath and between him and the office's work. In the former instance, he set up ever more elaborate arrangements for delegating work to other firms and to subcontractors, so that Makiya Associates itself would have minimal exposure inside Iraq. As for the latter, he brought new people into the firm, so that he could arrange to have nothing to do with any design aspects of the work. "I didn't draw a single line," he assured me, before adding dolefully, "I just organized the whole thing."

Kanan had considered leaving outright. "He knew that he was central to the administration of the whole office," Afsaneh recalls. "He knew that if he had just quit he could have brought the whole thing to a halt." At the same time, he was devoted to his father: he couldn't do that to him.

Throughout this period, he saw his father every day at the office. In addition, they lived next door to each other in Wychcomb Studios, and their fights spilled over from office to home. "The most bitter experiences of my life were the terrible fights between Mohamed and Kanan around that time," Margaret confided to me. Emmanuel Farjoun similarly recalled that Kanan was "flipping out," and added, "The pressures were enormous. He didn't approve of the work the office was doing. In fact, he was agonizing over it. No doubt he'd have had to leave someday, in any case. The Iraqi business was just bringing matters to a head."

Afsaneh was not in much better shape. Luckily, she hadn't been in Iran the day Saddam attacked: if she had been, as the wife of an Iraqi (and a leftist activist to boot) she might well not have made it out alive. Rather, she instantly realized that as the wife of an Iraqi she could not return to Iran. (During the following months, she was able to get her parents out.) Still, even before Saddam's invasion her idealism regarding Iran and her hopes for her country's regeneration had faded substantially. She and Kanan had been among the first members of their leftist group to see that Khomeini's fundamentalism was not merely an incidental step on the path toward a more radical revolution—instead, it *was* the revolution. And that realization was devastating. On her last trip to Teheran, in July of 1980, she recalled, she had had to wear a scarf over her head; the city was rife with rumors of vigilante violence. "It was terrible," she told me. "But that wasn't the worst part: One day, three weeks into that last visit, I was walking along a city street when, for some reason—a draft or something—my scarf slipped, momentarily uncovering my head. For a moment, I panicked—I felt a tremendous surge of fear. But do you know what I really felt? I felt *ashamed*. I felt profound shame, and that feeling *really* scared me."

After September of 1980, Afsaneh went through a period of desolation in London: not only had all her political hopes been dashed but many of her fellow-activists had been lost in the mael-

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strom—imprisoned, executed. And now, in addition to everything else, her homeland was at war with her husband's, the two sides piling up corpses along their common border in an almost unprecedented frenzy; and, in addition to *that*, her husband was in misery about the work his firm was doing for the man who had started it all. If the urgencies of the world had once drawn her out of academe, its horrors now drove her back in: she threw herself into a second Ph.D. program, this time in sociology, at the University of Manchester, and she got her degree in less than two years. At the same time, she retreated into family life: she became pregnant, and Kanan's and her first child—a daughter, Bushra (the name means "good tidings" in Arabic)—was born in 1981; a son, Naseem, was born four years later.

In any event, it was clear to both Afsaneh and Kanan that it was past time to be cutting their ties to Makiya Associates. Kanan worked as quickly as he could, but it still took him over two years. He had to establish a board of directors to oversee the operations of the office (he retained a position on the board); he had to bring in new people; and, most important, he had to find someone who could take over his own day-to-day managing role and had to train that person in all its intricacies. Finally, in 1983, they did leave. They headed back to America and settled, for the time being, in a house in the Riverdale section of the Bronx, where Kanan began work on a book.

THE seed for the book had actually been planted a couple of years earlier, in London, when one of Kanan's former Trotskyite colleagues, Neil Belton, who was then an editor at Verso–New Left Books, commissioned him to prepare what both of them thought was going to be "a quickie"—a straightforward report on Iraq that would "explain to people the peculiar intensity and violence of Iraqi nationalism," as Belton described it to me in London recently. Belton and Kanan had initially assumed that the manuscript would take about two years to write, and that its interpretation would be grounded in good, solid Marxist categories, such as competing class interests and the debilitating contingencies imposed on development by the capitalist world order. "It ended up taking quite a bit longer," Belton said. "And, of course, what finally emerged was something very different from what we had expected."

"So New Left Books came up with this offer," Emmanuel Farjoun recalls. "A seemingly light commission for your standard, general programmatic overview. But Kanan's a serious guy. He read and he read. The book continued and the war continued. The whole scene in the Middle East got worse and worse. He discovered things as he went along, discovered the inadequacy of his earlier way of looking at things—of *our* earlier way, because he ended up taking me with him. He was incredibly tenacious. And I think that a part of what was driving him was surely the shame he'd felt in working on those Iraqi commissions back in his father's office. He felt a deep guilt, and the book, in part, was his way of coming to terms with that."

"There's a great irony here," Afsaneh remarked to me one day. "Because the truth is that before 1980 Kanan hadn't been all that involved in Iraq. Lebanon and Palestine and, later, Iran were far more to the fore in what we were struggling over. But then it was as if the Baath came to him. If his father had not been invited back to Iraq, Kanan would probably never have written that book. It was his being involved, even tangentially, in designing the Baath Party headquarters that actually got him thinking, seriously thinking, about the Baath."

And there was a further irony. Throughout his years of running his father's office, Kanan, who was in charge of setting everyone's salaries, had behaved as any self-respecting socialist would have under the circumstances, and set his own salary ludicrously low—even below that of the office secretary. When he was establishing the board of directors to oversee things after his departure, however, he awarded himself a sizable stipend as a member of that board, in justifiable compensation, as he saw it, for all his years of undervalued service—a sort of pension. Thereafter, he would be getting a slice of the office's annual profits—enough, for example, to allow him to go off and write a book about Saddam Hussein. In effect, Saddam Hussein became not only the principal subject of Kanan's book but, unwittingly, its principal sponsor as well.

Kanan felt that, with the exception of Afsaneh, Emmanuel, and a few other close friends, he couldn't speak with anyone about what he was doing. Perhaps his fears for his own safety and his family's were exaggerated, but the deeper he got into his research the less reason he had to think so. Those were years in which Iraqi agents were regularly going around the globe killing people they thought of as enemies.

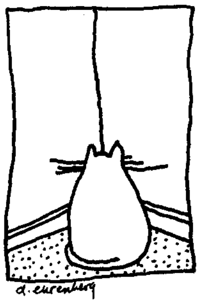
In beginning the book, Kanan was able to pore through his own files, which were substantial. On top of that, he began visiting libraries—notably, while he was still in London, the superb collection of the University of London's School of Oriental and African Studies, and also his neighborhood public library.

"It was in my neighborhood library that I stumbled upon Hannah Arendt's 'Origins of Totalitarianism,' and it completely bowled me over," he recalled. "I devoured it and all her other books, and then, it seems, the books of everyone she ever referred to—Benjamin, Valéry, Auden. Arendt and Auden were completely unknown in Arabic, and I lobbied hard over at Saqi"—the London bookstore and publishing house he had helped found—"to get them to bring out Arabic translations of 'On Violence' and 'The Poet and the City,' which they've recently done. All those people became tremendously important to me."

Later, in America, Kanan unearthed a large cache of Baath Party pamphlets and documents in the New York Public Library. ("Who knows how they got there?") Despite their bombast and rhetorical excess, these papers became a central resource for his work. In a "Note to the Reader" he offers several "general assumptions about political behavior" that have informed his labors. First among these is his contention that "what leaders, parties, and citizens think and expressly say about politics matters." He explains, "The words that people use are not a 'reflection' of some hidden reality; they are themselves part of that reality. . . Despite the proclivity of those in public office to propaganda, rhetoric, chicanery, and lies, on the whole even they usually end up saying what they mean and meaning what they say."

Kanan also took to frequenting seminars at the New School; one was on Hannah Arendt's "The Human Condition," and another one set him to reading Hobbes. "I realized that I didn't know any of the classics," he told me. "I had read all of Marx, Trotsky, Lukács, but none of Plato, Aristotle, Rousseau, Locke"—a situation he proceeded to rectify. Leaving Riverdale after a year, Kanan and Afsaneh returned to their old haunts, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Afsaneh began teaching at several of the local universities and writing for academic journals, and Kanan began attending seminars at Harvard, most notably those given by the political scientists Judith Shklar and Stanley Hoffmann. "I just started sitting in on everything either of them taught, completely illegally," he said. "I'm sure they had no idea who I was or what I was doing there." He also spent long sessions in the Widener Library.

As engrossed as Kanan had become, he was plagued by misgivings. Guilt-ridden before over the work he had been doing for his father, he was hardly less guilt-ridden now over having abandoned him. "In the Middle East, relations with fathers are incredibly complex and *never, ever,* get questioned," Kanan told me one day. "A son is expected never to criticize his father. You can be as militant as hell in every other aspect of your life—in fact, such militancy is prized—but you never turn it inward and attack your father."



A few months after their return to America, Kanan and Afsaneh had invited his parents to visit them in Riverdale. The day before that visit ended, Mohamed came upon part of his son's manuscript, and stayed up late into the night reading it. The next morning, as they were waiting for a taxi to take them to the airport, an obviously tense Mohamed exploded in the worst rage that any of them had ever experienced. Betrayal! How could his son betray him like this? Oddly, Mohamed wasn't as much upset by the attack on Saddam Hussein or the Baath—that didn't seem to bother him at all—as he was by what he saw as a vicious slur on Shiism in the pages he had read, a gratuitous slur on religion itself. "You should never do anything to insult your father's religion, no matter what you think," Mohamed scolded Kanan. "Don't you know that in doing so you are striking at the root of everything?" Kanan didn't even know what his father was talking about: his references to Shiism had been straightforwardly secular, but then that may have been part of the basis of Mohamed's fury. (Kanan had also been critical of Khomeini's actions in Iran, and one of the stranger aspects of this whole period in their lives, according to Kanan, was that Mohamed, the Shia, continued to maintain a certain reverent regard for Khomeini the entire time he was working for Saddam.) From there the fury spilled in all directions: how such a book could compromise the office's work (Kanan assured his father that he would publish the book under a pseudonym); how Kanan had betrayed him by abandoning the office; how he had never really been devoted to the office at all; how he had probably enlisted in the first place just to obtain a work permit; and so forth. It was a horrendous scene, culminating in a complete rupture of relations: they neither spoke nor wrote to each other for the next eight months. Even today, almost a decade later, they're still trying to sort it out. They talk about it, both marvelling, but the memory impinges and they wince.

"The fact that I'd broken with my father is not unrelated to how I was simultaneously breaking with my earlier politics as well," Kanan concedes, referring to Marx, Trotsky, Lukács. He and his friends were clearly undergoing a radical reëvaluation of everything they had previously taken for granted: Lebanon, Palestine, Iran, Iraq. "All of us were reeling from the way the world was not conforming to our expectations," Kanan told me. "I mean, for instance, in Lebanon my friends and I—especially my very close Lebanese friends—had all started out supporting the so-called progressive forces, the coalition of the various leftist, nationalist, and Palestinian groupings in their uprising against the Christian Maronites. But it quickly degenerated—like the Spanish Civil War, only worse. By the end, all those involved were identical, each faction its own little mafia, every one of them doing equally horrible things to everyone else. Or Iran: over and over again, the left got it wrong—within our organization, Afsaneh warning and nobody wanting to believe her. Afsaneh and I finally broke with our Trotskyite allies over Iran."

In May of 1984, he wrote to his friend Emmanuel, "Could it be possible that a Marx today in a Middle Eastern political context is far less of a revolutionary than, say, a Voltaire?" He expanded on this theme for me. "We in the Middle East had taken over certain themes from the West wholesale—Germanic nationalism, Marxism, the imperative toward industrialization—but we'd never experienced the Enlightenment, in which these themes needed to be grounded if they were going to make any real sense. Liberalism is a nasty word in the Middle East, but I came to feel that liberalism in the sense of the fight for individual rights, the claims of the part as against those of the whole—that that was precisely what needed to be asserted in the face of the Baath. It wasn't so much any economic category, for example, that needed to be put at the top of the agenda as it was, say, the category of violence."

Kanan also set out to avoid echoing accounts of Iraq's history and its current impasse that laid the preponderance of blame for them on Western imperialism. Such Western influences had had a profound and often profoundly debilitating impact on the region's development, he acknowledged, but nowhere near as debilitating as the resultant rhetoric usually implied ("That rhetoric is always going right off the charts"), and in any case those influences had been nowhere near as important during the past several decades, when Iraq had largely shut itself off from the world. No, he insisted, Iraqis, and Arabs generally, had to dispense with their zealously guarded sense of themselves as history's victims; they had to start taking responsibility for the debacle of their own politics, if for no other reason than that only in doing so could they then begin to imagine themselves as the possible authors of their own salvation.

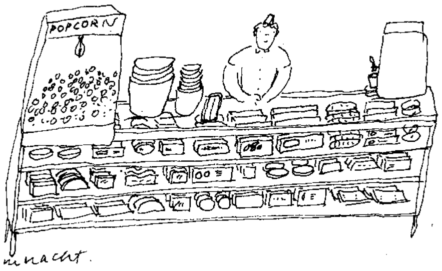
THE manuscript that would eventually become "Republic of Fear" began with a harrowing depiction of institutional violence in Baathist Iraq, surveying the state and Party structures (police, military, surveillance networks, prisons, torture chambers) devoted to maintaining "security"—or, rather, to guaranteeing that every Iraqi citizen perpetually feel insecure and isolated. The ideal of such a regime, Kanan wrote, is "the transformation of everybody into an informer."

Next, he set out to explore how his homeland could ever have come to such a pass. His approach was, in effect, one of excavation; indeed, true to his own vocational origins, he seemed to cast an architect's eye over the history of Iraq, examining its deep foundations, highlighting its far-flung symmetries, finding and testing its key stress points. He was, in sum, pursuing a conceptual deconstruction of the regime for which his father was simultaneously busy elaborating visionary constructs.

In all this, Kanan's extended analysis of the development of the Baath Party ideology played an important part. He saw in the Baath the pan-Arab populist world view taken to its logical extreme—the notion that freedom, for example, existed only within the group, since one could be truly free only in one's true Arabness, "Arabness" being defined as anything the Baathists chose to say was Arab, while anybody they chose to subjugate was by definition not Arab and hence not worthy of freedom. Kanan demonstrated how from the beginning the Baathists saw their politics as one of love—that is, the unquestioning dissolution of the individual self into the idealized mass.

Kanan acknowledged the remarkable extent of modernizing development that had occurred under the Baath. But if, for example, more and more people were now able to read, it was also the case, Kanan noted, that, owing to the pervasive censorship, more and more they were able to read *only* one thing. Similarly, while Kanan was willing to grant that Iraqi women had had their status raised almost to the equal of men's—in fact, to a degree unprecedented in the Arab world—he also noted that this had occurred within the context of a political system in which both men and women had been utterly denuded of intrinsic rights.

He went on to explore the way in which the logic of Baath governance—fear progressively feeding upon itself—dictated a relentless concentration of power into smaller and smaller circles, and finally into the person of just one man, the absolutely revered leader, Saddam Hussein: "the only genuinely free man in Iraq." That leader—and hence the entire state, whose essence he personified—Kanan portrayed as fundamentally delusional, imagining enemies everywhere and acting *on* those imaginings in an endless vortex of self-fulfillment. In his final chapter, on the Iran-Iraq War, Kanan analyzed the way in which the two regimes—one based on "faith" and the other on "love"—though they had entirely succeeded in enforcing their respective deranged world views within their own borders, had collided disastrously in trying to extend those world views beyond those borders.



When Kanan finally sent a copy of the finished manuscript to Verso–New Left Books, Belton didn't know what to make of it—it certainly wasn't the book that he thought he had commissioned—and he rejected it. Kanan then launched out on an ever more dispiriting search for a publisher. Part of the difficulty was that hardly anybody cared about Iraq to begin with, but even among those who were open to publishing a book on such a manifestly peripheral subject—essentially, the university presses—this particular manuscript seemed just too idiosyncratic in its approach: it wasn't attempting to describe Iraq so much as to find its meaning, and hence it seemed to require specialized knowledge of the place, thereby further narrowing the potential audience. Many of the academics who read the book admired it, but still it languished, caroming about for almost two years, hitting one rejection after another—until the day it landed on Lynne Withey's desk at the University of California Press.

THE Iran-Iraq War ground on through the early eighties. In London, it was turning the work of Makiya Associates inside out. At first there had been a tremendous hurry to complete the proposals, designs, and layouts for dozens of buildings, so that construction on all of them could begin in time for the Conference of Nonaligned Nations. But, with the war continuing, the nonaligned movement decided to shift the location of the conference, since it couldn't very well hold its meeting in the capital of one of its principal members while that state was at war

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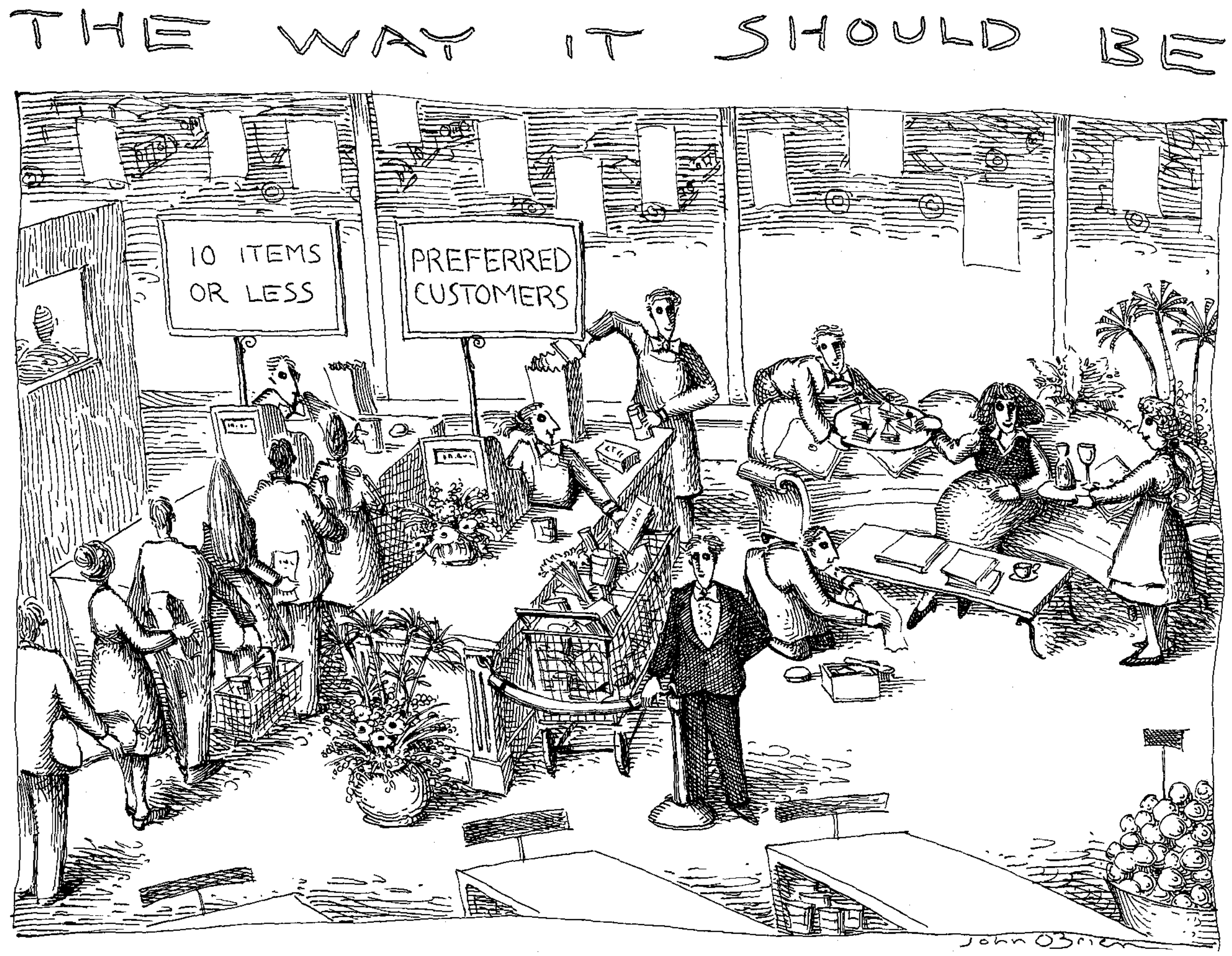

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with another of its principal members. So the nonaligned nations met in 1983 in New Delhi; and meanwhile, in Baghdad, the sense of urgency that had animated many of the projects began draining away—and so, for that matter, did much of their funding. Money that was supposed to have gone into the rebuilding of Baghdad was instead being lavished upon the demolition of Iran.

But Saddam Hussein was still having his big ideas. In 1982, in part to further cover his Islamic flank in his confrontation with the Ayatollah, he had announced an international competition for a Baghdad State Mosque—one that would, naturally, have to be among the grandest mosques in the world. For example, the Islamabad Mosque, in Pakistan, could contain upward of thirty thousand faithful in simultaneous prayer, so Baghdad's mosque would have to be at least as big. That was the brief. Mohamed, for his part, felt that it lacked ambition.

Architects from all over the world—including Robert Venturi, from the United States, and Ricardo Bofill, from France—converged on Baghdad. Many of them complained that the mosque's proposed site was a mistake—too far from the center of the city, in a sprawling, raggedly developed backwater to the west. But Mohamed noticed that the site happened to lie almost directly over the spot where Abu Ja'far al-Mansur, the eighth-century Abbasid caliph who founded Baghdad, had erected his great, round walled fortress of a city, with a mosque and his own palace at its very center. This coincidence afforded Mohamed an occasion to tap directly into the entire Abbasid legacy: not only would he design a mosque unprecedented in its scale but he would reorient the entire city of Baghdad in the process, returning it to its roots, imposing a new structure on its present slapdash expanse. In effect, he solved the problem of the mosque's off-center site by simply making it the city's new center. The treatise he submitted in conjunction with his proposal began with an evocation of the glorious moment over a thousand years ago when Abbasid Baghdad briefly constituted the center of the world; it went on to a detailed analysis of the entire city as it currently existed, and outlined how it might be transformed, looking toward the year 2000, by the construction of this new focal point, from which residential and industrial and commercial and cultural districts would radiate in a vast new urban conception, the whole to be interlaced with a picturesque network of canals and waterworks. This was unquestionably architecture with a sense of scale.

A sense of scale, however, was something distinctly lacking in the three-day televised conference at which the competition entries were judged. According to Mohamed, each contestant was allowed to make only a twenty-minute presentation, without slides. Saddam Hussein himself drifted in and out of the proceedings, his mind seeming to be only half there. In the end, it looked as if the commission would be awarded to the Jordanian entrant, with the French submission as runner-up. (It turned out that those selections were being advanced by Saddam himself, primarily because at the moment he happened to be involved in delicate diplomatic overtures to both Jordan and France and required all the leverage he could muster.) Then this outcome was suddenly reversed, and word came down that six of the seven contestants should somehow pool their efforts into a single new plan. (The Japanese contestant was excluded, because he alone had chosen not to come to Baghdad to present his submission in person.) Mohamed Makiya and Robert Venturi both refused to participate in such a travesty. Mohamed fumed to the competition's functionaries, "This was my present to the city as a Baghdadi, and I won't participate in a bazaar of distributed spoils." Within a few years, the entire project expired of its own ludicrousness.

Mohamed, meanwhile, was offered a sort of consolation prize—the inside track on an international competition for a project that was perhaps of even greater importance to Saddam personally: the Military Parade Ground outside Tikrīt, his home town. With the war still raging, he had decreed that each province would have its own military parade ground where he could review his troops marching, as they would no doubt be doing any day now—phalanxes a hundred thousand strong.

Of course, the question haunting this competition was why any rational person would want to come out into the middle of the desert simply to watch a hundred thousand troops marching by under a merciless sun. The preposterousness of that premise, however, proved seminal to Mohamed's solution. Drawing for his formal inspiration on an Abbasid ruin in nearby Samarra—a square-walled structure diagonally bisected by a rutted path—Mohamed proposed having the parade tarmac cut through a mammoth square pavilion at a similar angle. As he went along, the avenue itself took on less and less importance, shrinking in width from scheme to scheme, while the surrounding walls took on volume, incorporating splendid cultural venues—cinemas, theatres, art galleries, poetry-reading amphitheatres, libraries, nooks for religious meditation. The required cantilevered reviewing stand was there, but much more important in Mohamed's conception was the world of cultural possibilities he managed to fit in underneath the stand. The central military parade tarmac was relegated almost to the status of a back alley compared with the cultural concerns spread throughout the structure. "They had commissioned a military

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parade ground," Mohamed told me, "and I gave them a mosque."

Alone among eight international competitors, Mohamed was invited to have a personal audience with Saddam Hussein. The President had clearly been studying Mohamed's submission carefully. "I put it bluntly," Mohamed recalls. "I said it would be better for his own pride to have a social rather than a purely military ground, and he nodded. 'Come,' he said. 'Let's sit over here.' And he came out from behind his desk and we sat in two easy chairs over to the side. I asked him why children should visit the archeological wonders of antiquity. If the people of Samarra were alive today, what would *they* be designing? The point is to compete not only with one's contemporaries but with antiquity itself. Here we are speaking of the rugged north of the country, so we move from clay to stone—to the strength and nobility of stone. He kept nodding. I was there for three-quarters of an hour, selling the project, and he appeared to be buying. He asked several smart and pertinent questions—about the blankness of the walls, for example—and I explained my reasons. He struck me as a very intelligent man, very. He sees himself as the soul of Arabism, and, gazing upon the maquette of the parade ground, he saw himself as the author of the whole project. As I was leaving, he turned to one of the senior aides who had been standing stiffly over to the side the whole time, and said, 'See? Who but an Iraqi could think like that, with such a depth of understanding? In the future, we should use only Iraqis, or, if we use foreigners, have them work under Iraqis like this.' And presently it was announced that our office had won the competition."

And thus they continued, the architect and the tyrant, each convinced that he was the one who was using the other. But the war continued as well, draining lives and funds, and Mohamed's festive parade ground in Tikrīt was never constructed.

KANAN had returned to London. His marriage with Afsaneh suffered a crisis in the spring of 1986, just as he was completing the book, and they separated soon afterward, with Afsaneh staying on with the children in Massachusetts (where she was now a postdoctoral fellow at Harvard's Center for Middle Eastern Studies). They remained good friends, however, and he frequently returned to visit, lodging at her house for weeks at a time, partly so as to retain his ties with the children. Eventually, he got an apartment of his own nearby, and he currently spends about half the year there.

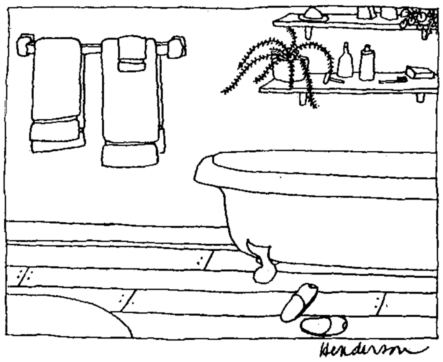
While he was in England in 1986 and 1987, the next major phase of his career opened out unexpectedly. He took to visiting his father's office again, catching up on its activities and mending wounds. The office was by then beginning to wind down. With the war still dragging on, Saddam had run out of money. Mohamed, meanwhile, had become more and more distressed over the character of the regime he had been dealing with for more than five years. "Around this time, my father entered an increasingly religious phase," Kanan told me. "He returned more deeply than ever to his Shia roots. Visitors began calling him at home—Shia men so observant that they wouldn't even acknowledge my mother's presence, let alone shake hands with her." Whether Mohamed's retreat from Saddam was part of the cause or the effect of this deepening Shia involvement is not entirely clear. It is clear, however, that his final break with Saddam was precipitated by the fate of Sayyed Mahdi al-Hakim, a greatly revered Shia clergyman and fellow-exile in London. In January of 1988, Baath agents lured Mahdi al-Hakim to an Islamic conference in Khartoum, Sudan, and assassinated him, in the lobby of the Hilton Hotel there. The Iraqi-expatriate community back in London exploded in anger. A protest march was organized, and Mohamed, for the first time in his life, took part in such an event. Marching past the Iraqi Embassy, he knew that in all likelihood he was being photographed and his association with the Baath was thus being irretrievably sundered. After the march, he started letting the Kufa Gallery be used for anti-Saddam meetings.

During his visits to his father's offices, Kanan had begun leafing through the plans and layouts that had been generated in his absence—he paid particular attention to those for the Baghdad State Mosque and the Military Parade Ground in Tikrīt—and one afternoon he realized, to his horror, that these were the most significant works of his father's career and, indeed, summations of everything that had gone before. He resolved to write a book about his father, in part to help sort out his own contradictory feelings. And it was just as he was setting out to do so that he began hearing rumors about another military parade ground, Saddam's own, in Baghdad: the Monument. Saddam had announced his intentions regarding the structure in a speech in April of 1985, which outlined the Monument's form and scale. It was to consist of a Victory Arch, which was to be constructed, according to his own design, to celebrate the Iraqi victory over Iran—a victory that at the time of the commission wasn't even remotely in sight. A pair of sixty-foot-high bronze arms would seem to erupt out of the earth on either side of a vast parade ground, brandishing a pair of mammoth gleaming steel scimitars, which would meet a hundred and forty feet above the tarmac. The arms themselves were not to be sculptured by any artist; rather, they would be created by engineers working from plaster casts of Saddam Hussein's own arms. No Iraqi factory was going to be able to handle the commission, so the arms would instead be forged at the Morris Singer Foundry, in Basingstoke, England—one of the art world's largest and most distinguished foundries. Once the arms were implanted in the ground, Saddam's conception went on, their base would be overstrewn with five thousand Iranian war helmets, fresh from the front. As Kanan would subsequently note, "To look at the helmets in the knowledge that their scratches, dents, and bullet holes were made by real bullets, that actual skulls might have exploded inside, is just as awe-inspiring as the knowledge that these are not anybody's arms but the President's own."

At first, Saddam had put Iraq's eminent sculptor Khalid al-Rahal in charge of realizing his vision. When al-Rahal died, his role was assigned to Mohammed Ghani, the man who had been Kanan's private tutor in wood carving during his first summer break from M.I.T. All during this period, Ghani was making regular visits to the Basingstoke foundry, and as Kanan began hearing rumors about the project he became more and more fascinated by it. "It was Saddam's obsession," Kanan explained, "and it became mine." At parties, he questioned Iraqi visitors about the Monument's progress. He got in touch with the foundry, claiming to be a journalist doing a piece on Iraq and incidentally asking for photographs, but he encountered "an absolute wall of secrecy," he said, "as if this were some sort of military project of the highest order." The client demanded "extreme security," he was told emphatically. Kanan also spoke with the occasional journalist who had managed to get into Baghdad. He collected bits and pieces as he could. Meanwhile, his curiosity expanded to include some of the other monuments that were being built, the trajectories of other artists, the collusions of other architects (both Iraqi and foreign), the fate of cultural life generally under the Baath Party.

He intended to link all these themes with the work of his father—his father in the wider context, his father as an instance of the wider scene. Eventually, he ended up dividing the two discussions after all, and writing two books—"The Monument," under the name Samir al-Khalil, and "Post-Islamic Classicism," under his own name. But he remained consumed by ambivalence, and both texts seem strangely torn between love and misgiving.

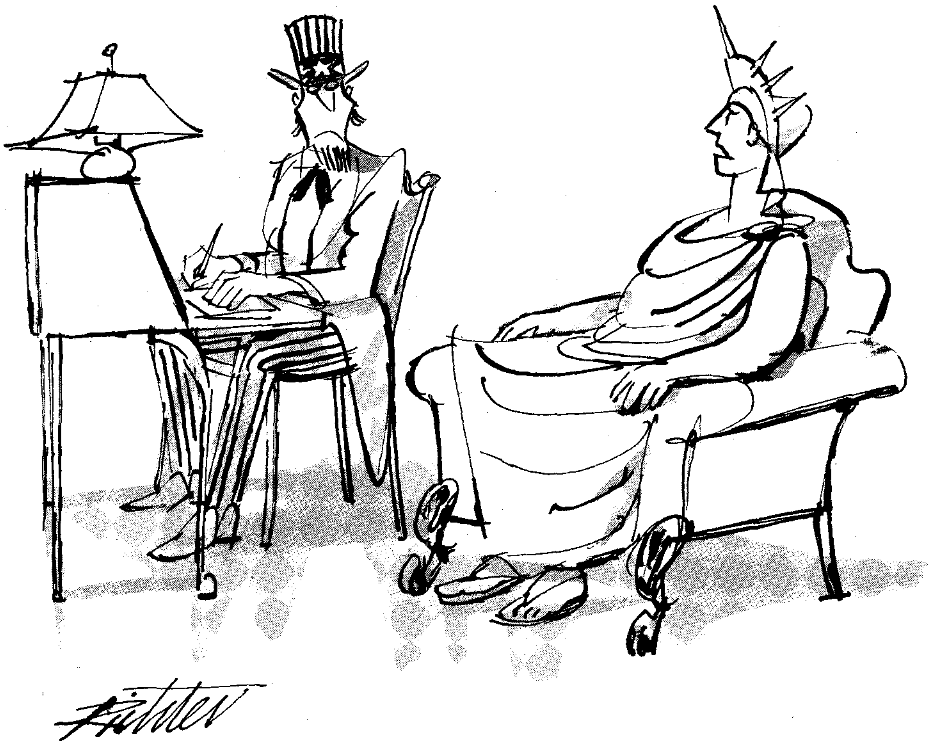
During this period, meanwhile, Mohamed still could not let Baghdad go. Even after his practice there had closed down, he continued to be flooded with visions. In notebooks, on random scraps of paper, on a napkin, a tablecloth, he jotted down his schemas and sketches, only now he was expanding from the point where his State Mosque proposal had left off. He was reconceiving the entire city, concocting new plans for entire neighborhoods, contriving new conceptions of the relation of courtyard to home and home to neighborhood and neighborhood to township, of river to city, of walkers to roadways. "A Thousand and One Images of Baghdad" he titled a manuscript into which he began pouring these visions—visions that night after night were keeping him up.



WHILE Kanan was working on his two new books, "Republic of Fear" was gradually moving toward publication at the University of California Press. Looking for a British outlet, Kanan showed the galleys to Neil Belton, who was now working at Hutchinson Radius, and Belton decided to publish the book. During its first year, however, it sold even fewer copies in England than it had in the United States. The few copies that *were* sold seem all to have been bought by members of the Arab-expatriate community, where the book caused quite a sensation, and where the pseudonymity of its author inspired both curiosity and suspicion. People speculated, variously, that he must be a Jew, a Mossad agent, a Saudi agent, a C.I.A. agent, or a lapsed Baath Party member. Some saw him as a self-hating Iraqi, others as a proud Iraqi patriot.

Kanan finished the manuscripts of "The Monument" and "Post-Islamic Classicism" almost simultaneously and sent them off to publishers, and then grew despondent at how poorly "Republic of Fear" was being received outside Iraqi circles. In part to rouse himself from that despondency, he conceived the idea of a book of essays on the great cities of the Middle East—Cairo, Beirut, Baghdad, Mecca, and, notably, Jerusalem. But before Kanan could begin working on that project, Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait. Kanan happened to be in London on August 2nd, the day of the invasion, and suddenly he was famous—or, anyway, his pseudonym was. A few months earlier, Belton had decided to go ahead with a paperback edition of "Republic of Fear," despite the hardcover edition's meagre sales. That first paperback edition had reached the stores at the end of July, and it now sold out in a matter of days; subsequently, twenty-five thousand copies were printed and sold. In the United States, the University of California Press hardcover edition sold out almost overnight, and Pantheon rushed to issue its paperback edition in October.

Though Saddam's invasion of Kuwait horrified Kanan, it did not surprise him. If anything, the last chapter of his book, with its dissection of the political psychology of the Iran-Iraq War, had virtually predicted such a



"You're a fine one to talk about my spending!"

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move. From the outset, Kanan felt that the invasion was an absolutely fundamental challenge, particularly to the Arab world—and he was convinced that Saddam would not be deterred, in all likelihood, by anything short of war. As an instance of one sovereign Arab state's simply swallowing up another (in complete violation of all the canons of pan-Arabist mutual regard), Saddam's actions were unprecedented—as momentous for the region, Kanan felt, as anything since the fall of the Ottoman Empire, including the Suez crisis and the Six-Day War. As far as he could see, Saddam was making a power grab of historic proportions: he was not going to be satisfied with Kuwait alone; he was taking advantage of what he saw as the moral bankruptcy of the Gulf states and the strategic exhaustion of the West to begin extending the Baathist hegemony, and, in time, the Baathist yoke as well, throughout the region. He was intent on becoming a major world player.

"Everyone I respected, anyone who was a friend or whom I'd ever want to have as a friend, it seemed, immediately gravitated toward the peace position," Kanan told me. "And with almost every fibre of my being I longed to be there with them. Only, in this instance I couldn't be. It was an incredibly painful time."

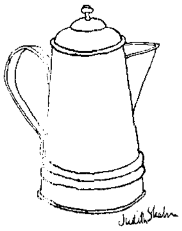
Kanan became increasingly anxious—and, again, publicly so—after October, as President Bush raised allied-troop levels on the ground and then forced his arbitrary January 15th deadline through the United Nations Security Council. Though Kanan had foreseen the probable necessity for some sort of war, this was decidedly not the sort he had envisioned. (He had hoped that the sanctions would be allowed to continue in place, sapping Saddam of his strength, until such time as the Arabs themselves finally recognized their true interests and took the lead in evicting him from Kuwait.) And yet passages from his own book were increasingly being marshalled by editorialists and politicians to justify the rush to battle. At one point, Kanan received word through his publishers that some prominent members of Congress would like to meet with him, and he agreed to such a meeting. Among those present were members of the so-called bipartisan group that was moving to back the President's initiative, and the meeting left Kanan unnerved. Some of these people, he felt, didn't care in the least about Iraq; their bloodlust was rising; they were going to get to kill Arabs and decisively weaken Arab strategic interests. That was all it was for them. Now it was Kanan's turn to experience how one's own heartfelt labors could momentarily come to serve the requirements of people with altogether different agendas and intentions.

Kanan was in Cairo on January 17, 1991, when he got word of the start of the allied air campaign, and he greeted the news with considerable ambivalence. For the next several days, he later told me, he walked the streets of Cairo, listening to a transistor radio as he wandered. On the one hand, he was experiencing a sense, verging on elation, that Saddam had finally miscalculated so disastrously that now his days must definitely be numbered. On the other hand—and as the weeks passed, this feeling became more and more pronounced—he was horrified by the scale and the intensity of the bombing program. (His father, like many other Iraqi expatriates in London, was similarly distressed. For all his misgivings about Saddam, Mohamed couldn't understand why the allies had to take out all those bridges over the Tigris, for example, and most particularly one key suspension structure, which, as an architect, he had long prized. "What was the military sense in that?" he later asked his son in anguish. "All that did was hurt common people in their daily lives, all that did was deface our common heritage.")

By the middle of February, Kanan had returned to the United States and, still under his pseudonym, was again regularly speaking out on radio programs, but he was beginning to feel an increasing pressure to dispense with the subterfuge; that is, to break out of his isolation, to speak in his own voice. In part, the security constraints that had formerly prevented his doing so seemed to be lifting: Saddam Hussein and his security agents surely had more important things to worry about at the moment than Samir al-Khalil's true identity, and, besides, there was a good chance that they would all soon be removed from power. His cover was beginning to unravel in any case: an Egyptian newspaper was publicly speculating that Samir al-Khalil was a prominent Iraqi architect. Sometime later, he would even hear that the Baath had concluded that the meddlesome Samir al-Khalil must in fact be Kanan's father, Mohamed.

But most pressing of all for Kanan during the latter days of February was his growing horror at the shape the war was taking and at the Bush Administration's seeming indifference to its sure aftermath inside Iraq. Although President Bush had always maintained that America had no quarrel with the Iraqi people, the brunt of the war's terrible violence was being borne in the first instance by a conscript Army ranged in the Kuwaiti theatre's front lines, most of whose members had no desire whatsoever to be there, and in the second by the Iraqi population as a whole, whose sacrifices over generations to build up a basic technological infrastructure were being systematically laid waste in a matter of weeks. President Bush had urged the Iraqi people to rise up and overthrow "Saddam Hussein, the dictator," but his State Department was refusing any contact with the Iraqi-expatriate opposition community, members of which were desperately angling for such a meeting, so that they could present their various visions of a federated, democratic future for the country.

Kanan wanted to be able both to speak out openly against these trends, lending the weight of his now considerable prestige to the argument, and to meet openly with fellow Iraqi oppositionists, to take part in their dialogues, and to help further their programs. Just as he was preparing to emerge from clandestinity, in late February, the war was suddenly over, although fighting continued for some weeks, in the form of uprisings by the Iraqi people, both in the Shiite south and in the Kurdish north, against the regime they clearly held responsible for their country's debacle. The Iraqi people rose up, but the allied forces froze in place, trying their best to act as if they had had nothing to do with the developing chaos.



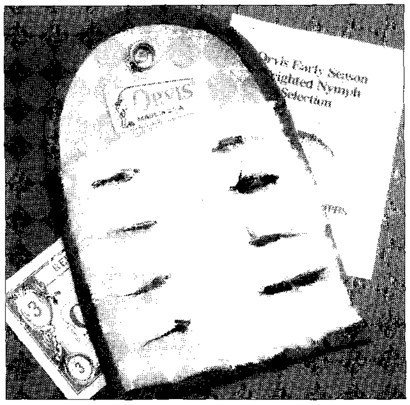
It was against this backdrop that, on March 7th, at a symposium put together by Harvard's Center for Middle Eastern Studies, Samir al-Khalil made his first flesh-and-blood public appearance, along with three prominent Iraqi oppositionists who had recently flown over from England in yet another futile attempt to make contact with the State Department. The center had had time to put up only a few posters advertising the event, but Samir al-Khalil's name was a definite draw—most of those in the know realized that by appearing he would be giving up his anonymity—and, as the meeting convened, hundreds of participants showed up, most of them Middle Eastern expatriates, many of them with copies of al-Khalil's book tucked under their arms (for autographing purposes), and the entire event had to be moved outside of the meeting room to a large foyer. Kanan was extremely nervous. His life was literally being turned inside out: a decade of the deepest and most circumspect seclusion was being transformed overnight into the most public of exposures.

"It was a very moving event," Professor Roy Mottahedeh, of Harvard, who was one of the evening's organizers, recently recalled. "All four of the speakers were tremendously eloquent. Besides Kanan, we had a Kurdish leader and two Shiite activists, one of them a prominent mullah. Everyone in the room was mesmerized, as much as anything by the wonder of why these people hadn't been heard from all along. The speakers were clearly both thoughtfully coherent and passionately concerned. And then Kanan spoke, last and longest, and the audience was completely focussed, entirely intent."

Finally, Samir al-Khalil had a face—a surprisingly young one, it turned out. He was of medium stature, mildly stooped, with a large head, going bald but with dark thick curls fringing the sides and back; he had dark-brown eyes, high and prominent cheekbones, vaguely sunken cheeks. His voice was unusually mellifluous—a British-American accent laced with Middle Eastern undercurrents. It was a quiet voice, and people leaned forward to hear.

Near the end of his talk, Kanan called on the United States to suspend its ceasefire negotiations with the Iraqi military and instead march on Baghdad immediately and flush out Saddam Hussein and his cronies once and for all. This proposal (coming from a prominent Arab intellectual) met with a wide spectrum of responses that evening—most favorable, generally, among Iraqi expatriates, least so among Palestinians.

Kanan went on to raise his challenge in a variety of forums—on "Nightline," in *The New York Review of Books*, and in the *Times*—during the ensuing weeks, and it rankled his onetime allies on the left. "Out of despair comes mental pandemonium" was the columnist Alexander Cockburn's tart diagnosis in *The New States-*



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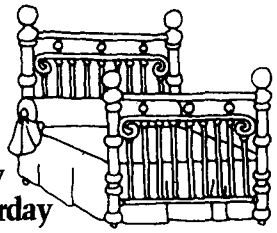

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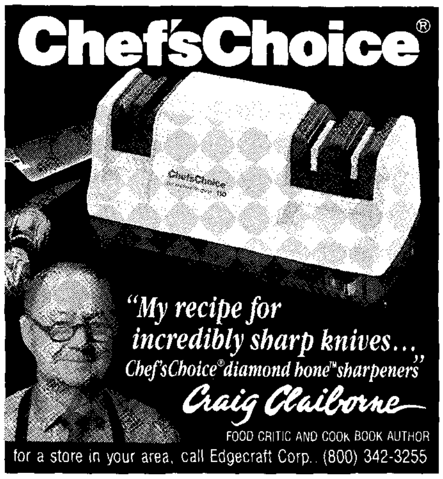
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man. And Edward Said, the Palestinian intellectual and Columbia University professor, told an interviewer, "What struck me as extraordinarily sad, not to say desolate, was his appeal to the United States, which had just devastated his country militarily, to enter further into Iraq and unseat Saddam Hussein. . . . He is intelligent, fluent, but unable to attach himself to anything but an issue of the moment, with no realism in perspective. He's suddenly discovered he's got to do something, and what does he do? He appeals to the United States . . . to come and rescue him! It's astonishing."

Much later, when I mentioned Said's interview to Kanan—by then, most of the American troops had returned home—he said, "Let's even impute the worst motives to the Americans—let's assume their march into Baghdad would have occurred with full imperialist and colonialist banners flying. Still, it would have been better than what we have now, if for no other reason than that tens of thousands of lives would have been saved. Saddam's security forces would have been broken up and their reign of terror terminated, the sanctions could have been lifted and food allowed to flow in, the Army Corps of Engineers would have been in there repairing irrigation canals and reviving the country's agricultural sector, the medics would have been in there vaccinating children and regenerating the dialysis machines. Said and his friends were all eager to denounce me and to claim I'd gone mad. But how was what I was proposing so very different from what they themselves were demanding around the same time—that the United States Army ought to intervene to protect the Palestinians in Kuwait from the terrible reprisals being visited upon them by the returning Kuwaitis? If such humane intervention was appropriate on behalf of the Palestinians in Kuwait City, why wasn't it just as appropriate for the Shia citizens of Basra, just sixty miles away?"

KANAN returned to England in April, and it was soon thereafter that I first visited him and his father in London. It was a remarkable time to be doing so, for if Samir al-Khalil was a controversial figure in the Arab world generally, he was enormously valued by his confederates in the Iraqi-expatriate community. Some people began treating him almost like a confessor; victims of the Baath who had somehow escaped the country, with dismal tales of violation and repression, and had found a sheltering validation in the pages of "Republic of Fear," wanted to meet its author and unburden themselves of their own tales. Kanan became a sort of one-man clearing house of desperate narratives.

During this time, he began collecting ever more detailed descriptions of the Iraqi *intifada*—of the postwar uprisings and their suppression. He resolved to title the volume that now began taking shape in his mind "Cruelty and Silence." The cruelty had been terrible—and, disturbingly, it had been equally terrible on both sides. The silence, though, had been the most brutalizing occurrence of all, and here he was referring to the failure, as he saw it, of the worldwide Arab intelligentsia to even acknowledge, let alone come to terms with, the scale and significance of the debacle.

In late April, he called a series of meetings of London's Iraqi-expatriate opposition at the Kufa Gallery. (His father attended every one, sitting in the back, puffing thoughtfully on a pipe.) At the first meeting, Kanan proposed a document and a signature-gathering campaign for it entitled "Charter 91," in homage to its Czechoslovak antecedent—Vaclav Havel's Charter 77 campaign, which, against all odds, had eventually triumphed in 1989's Velvet Revolution. His fellow-oppositionists seemed enthusiastic, if a bit wary. They asked him to work up a draft in consultation with as many interested parties as he could find, and it was to this project that he devoted much of the late spring and early summer. In August, he emerged with two single-space typed pages, which read as a sort of countertext to "Republic of Fear"—a new foundation, as it were, laid out across the ruins. Boldly asserting at the outset that "people have rights for no other reason than that they exist as individual human beings," it spelled out Iraq's need for a system of democratic government based on an acknowledgment of those rights and on a radical toleration for difference—a toleration extending even to minorities of one. The document called for the establishment of a parliamentary democracy and an independent judiciary, the banning of torture, a moratorium on capital punishment, and a drastic diminution in the role of the Army and the security forces. It concluded with a coda, inviting signatures: "By its existence this Charter is proof that the barrier of fear has been broken: Never again will we Iraqis hang our heads in shame and let violence rule in our name." The first signature on the document was that of Mohamed Makiya.

The charter is an impressive, humane document, but, in the light of the bloodthirsty vengeance and vicious counter-reprisals that have characterized Iraq since the war, it runs the risk of seeming otherworldly. I recently asked Kanan whether his vision of a Republic of Tolerance wasn't wildly unrealistic in the current Iraqi context.

"It's precisely the *intifada* that gives me hope," he replied. "I mean, of course the uprising opened up the prospect of awful sectarian violence farther down the line, as the Baath regime eventually crumbles. In some places, apparently, the government tanks had anti-Shiite slogans spray-painted on their flanks, and the Shiites, for their part, were sometimes targeting Sunnis as such. One heard a lot of that. Which is odd, because, to give the Devil his due, the Baath had initially endeavored to modernize the entire country right past such sectarian distinctions. Phrased differently, what they had done was to try to atomize everyone right out of such categories as creed or family or sect—individuals were consistently terrorized into experiencing themselves exclusively in relation to the center, the glorious leader, or, alternatively, as part of a mass, 'the great Arab masses.' And it largely worked. All sorts of traditional sectarian institutions either were coöpted or did break down over time. But a strange countermovement started as well, because an individual living in fear of everything has to fall back on something, and there was a tendency to fall back on these primordial sectarian and ethnic identifications—a sort of sectarianism from the bottom up. There has been, for example, a marked decline in intermarriages during the Baath years. And it was the extent and the virulence of that sectarianism whose face one saw briefly with the terrible violence of the *intifada*."

Kanan went on, "But, as I say, it was that very violence that gives me hope—because Iraqis were offered a chance to see the horrors they are capable of, the horrors to which the Baath has reduced them. They're never going to embrace the ideal of toleration because of some sudden revelation concerning the 'better' way offered by the West. Rather, if they ever do so it will be in the same way the West chose it during the Enlightenment: because the alternative—in the West, the wars of religion—had simply become too horrible to bear, to conceive. That's the hope I still have for Iraq—that, faced with such an alternative, it can rediscover its destiny as a richly various and pluralistic society, a meeting ground of all sorts of creeds and groupings. That's the hope that sustains me."

ON my last day in London, I was again talking with Mohamed Makiya in his office. He had been walking me through the designs for the Baghdad State Mosque and the Tikrit Parade Ground, and the plans lay strewn about the desk between us. I asked him whether he was now glad that they had never actually been built.

He sighed. "Yes, of course, yes, no, yes," he said. "Try as I might have to avoid it, to have them be for all Iraq, they would probably have been seen as glorifying him—that *war criminal*. I mean, if he's not a war criminal, who is? And had they been built . . ." He was silent for a few moments. "And, anyway, the plans exist. Perhaps someday people will be able to return to them, to draw on them. It's not important." His voice trailed off.

"I was so embarrassed when Kanan left the firm, so hurt," he said. "I thought that his leaving was for other reasons. I thought, What is he doing over there, just taking care of the children while his wife goes off to work? He's wasting his life. But I was wrong. Because anything that can help bring democracy to Iraq, that's worth a thousand of these." His gesture took in all the plans on his desk. "That's what will make thousands of others possible." Then, jabbing a finger in the direction of a copy of "Republic of Fear" lying on a side table, he said, "*That*. That was the important thing. That's the most important thing our family ever did for Iraq."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

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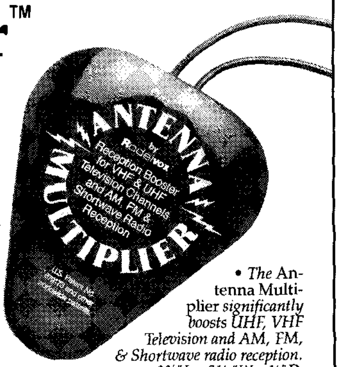
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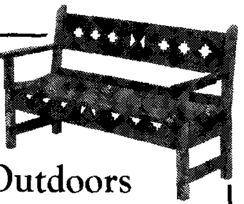

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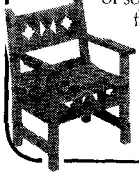

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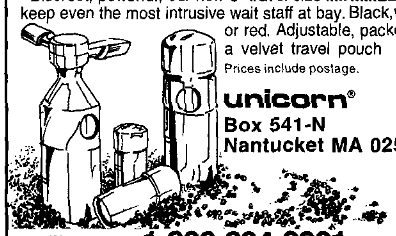

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JAZZ

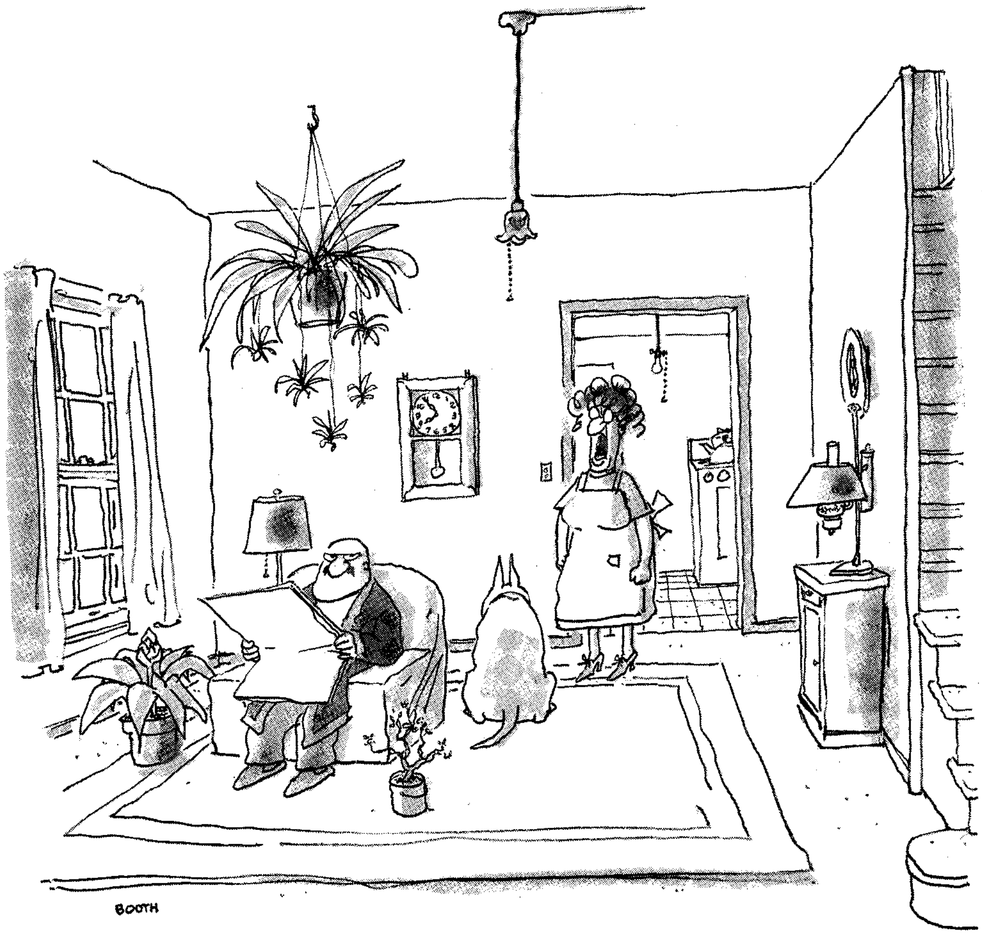
Bird Lives

CHARLIE PARKER, abetted in the late thirties and early forties by such elders as Art Tatum and Lester Young, and by such contemporaries as Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Thelonious Monk, and Bud Powell, forever changed the face and form of jazz. Gillespie and Roach, the only survivors of this revolutionary wing, have become establishment superstars, but Parker, who died in 1955, still overshadows them. (Parker would have made merry with the fame of Gillespie and Roach. He once introduced Gillespie onstage as "my worthy constituent.") Although the public barely knew of Parker during his short, misshapen life, musicians revered him; he and Louis Armstrong are probably the most imitated jazz players. He was obsessed by his music, and he was obsessed by the pleasure principle—in his case, drugs, alcohol, and sex. The best part of his career lasted less than ten years; he was only thirty-five when he died. The furnishings and customs and rules of daily life meant little to him, and his famous, melodramatic death—he collapsed in the East Side apartment of the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, to the sound of a thunderclap—was fitting. So was the immortalizing graffito, "Bird Lives," that appeared across the country almost immediately.

Parker has also been kept before us by Gary Giddins' elegant biographical essay "Celebrating Bird," by Clint Eastwood's cumbersome movie "Bird," and by a seemingly endless flow of recordings, many of them made, under adverse conditions, on primitive equipment by Parker followers. The newest Parker recordings of this kind have been issued by Mosaic, under the title "The Complete Dean Benedetti Recordings of Charlie Parker." They have been legendary for years, and though their release is not, as the liner notes claim, "a find on the level of the uncovering of King Tut's tomb," they are startling and invaluable. The recordings were made in March, 1947, at the Hi-De-Ho Club, in Los Angeles; in March, 1948, at the Three Deuces, on Fifty-second Street, in New York; and in July, 1948, at the Onyx Club, also on Fifty-second Street. The album contains two hundred and seventy Parker items, spread out over seven CDs. Some are a few seconds long, and some last more than six minutes. (The set is available only from Mosaic Records, 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.)

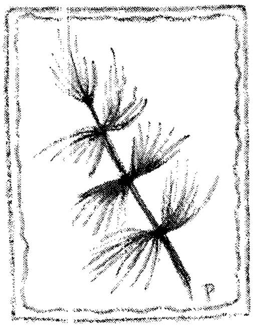
The legend of the Benedetti recordings went this way: Dean Benedetti was an obscure drug dealer who followed Charlie Parker everywhere he went and recorded on a wire recorder everything he played. Benedetti then died or disappeared, possibly in Europe, and the recordings vanished like the Holy Grail. The truth, as the jazzologists Phil Schaap and Bob Porter reveal in the Mosaic liner notes, is this: Dean Benedetti was born in Utah, of Italian parents, in 1922. He went to jail briefly in the mid-forties, in California, for possessing marijuana, but he was never a dealer. He became a saxophonist, and organized a good bebop band, which included the pianists Russ Freeman and Joe Albany and the trombonist Jimmy Knepper. He seems to have spent just fifteen nights recording Parker, although it's possible that there were other occasions. (And he never used a wire recorder.) Benedetti drifted out of music in the early fifties and moved to Italy, where he died of a muscle disease in 1957. He left his Parker trove to his older brother Rick. Eleven years ago, Rick Benedetti told Bob Porter that he had Dean Benedetti's recordings, and four years ago, after fruitless negotiations with other record labels, Benedetti sold them to Mosaic.

Parker was as close to being in mint condition as he would ever be when Benedetti recorded him at the Hi-De-Ho Club. He had recently been confined for six months in Camarillo State Hospital after setting fire to a bed in his hotel room in a drug-induced stupor. He hadn't played in the hospital, and when he started again his



"I don't know who you are!"

playing was fresh and strong. He was apparently free of drugs, although he was drinking. (The stories about Parker's ability to drink and still play well were widespread. Russ Freeman remembers him at an after-hours club in Los Angeles called Jack's Basket. "One night Bird was drinking heavily and Lucky Thompson was on the stand playing," Freeman told Bob Porter. "He was so drunk his head was lying on the table. Lucky finished and Bird [got up and] started to play. This is a man who was out of his brains, [but] he played like something from outer space. I just sat there with my mouth hanging open.")



Art Tatum and Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins were the first rococo players in jazz. They rained runs and glisses and arpeggios, but they respected bar lines and the foursquare rhythms of Jo Jones and Sid Catlett. Parker sailed over the bar lines and loosened the old rhythmic ways. He started and ended phrases in weird places, inserted daring, luxurious silences in his melodic lines, and let his tone, which was casual and "human," fall where it might. Parker is often said to have been the greatest of jazz improvisers, and it is easy to understand why. The older melodic improvisers often substituted tricks for technique. Or they depended on timbre and slyness (Dicky Wells, Vic Dickenson), on epigrams and elegance (Count Basie, the trumpeter Joe Thomas), on emotional turbulence (Wild Bill Davison, Sidney Bechet), on melodrama (Roy Eldridge, Trummy Young), or on dynamics and melodic larking (Erroll Garner, Pee Wee Russell). Parker had unlimited, homegrown technique, and he had great musical intelligence. You have to listen hard to his solos to get past his blunt, vibratoless tone, to grasp his almost mathematical progressions, and to keep up with his astonishing velocity. He could convert a standard like "Embraceable You" or "Star Dust" or "The Man I Love" into a brand-new song of beauty and complexity. He never gave the listener emotional baths, but he came close on slow blues. He had grown up in Kansas City, where the blues were in the light and air, and he knew how—with whispers and asides and preaching phrases—to take his blues down as far as Bechet and Art Hodes and Buck Clayton took theirs.

The Benedetti recordings are not always easy to listen to. They were made on fragile metal-based disks and on early paper tape, and the recording conditions were rarely congenial. Hassled by waiters and club managers, Benedetti was forced to set up his machine in awkward places. At the Onyx, he worked in a cramped space beneath the bandstand, directly under Max Roach's drums, which rattle and roar, making Parker often sound as if he were playing in the next room. But the ear adjusts, as it does to the old pre-electric recordings from the twenties, and soon you are at the Hi-De-Ho and the Deuces and the Onyx. In a way, the Benedetti recordings are most remarkable for being *there*, for catching the roughness and boredom and jubilation of typical nightclub performances, for making it possible to hear the *work* that jazz musicians put into making their music. There are slightly under two hundred items from the Hi-De-Ho, and because Benedetti, single-minded and economical, turned off his machine when Parker was silent, what we hear is Parker, Parker, Parker. But there are glimpses of the rest of the band, which was excellent; it included Howard McGhee on trumpet, Hampton Hawes on piano, Addison Farmer on bass, and Roy Porter on drums. Parker plays a number of ballads that he never recorded in a studio. There was a vocalist at the Hi-De-Ho, and there may have been dancing, for these ballads—among them "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance," "It's the Talk of the Town," "Prisoner of Love," "I Surrender, Dear," "The Very Thought of You," and "Body and Soul"—move in slow motion. But Parker never lets them collapse. He plays melodic variations, he disappears into complete improvisations, he slips in and out of double time. Many of the rest of the numbers are bebop pieces, which were often reworkings of standards: "Wee" was based on "I Got Rhythm," "Donna Lee" on "Indiana," "Ornithology" on "How High the Moon,"

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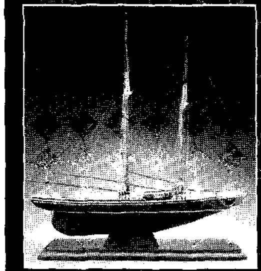

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"Hot House" on "What Is This Thing Called Love?," and "Groovin' High" on "Whispering." Parker sounds utterly relaxed at the Hi-De-Ho. He uses silence in his solos as if it were sound, and his tone is fuller than it has ever been. You can hear him thinking. And he doesn't gesticulate and show off as he would do later in his career.

Many of the seventy or so items that Benedetti recorded a year later on Fifty-second Street are hampered by their poor sound. Parker was back on drugs, and, for that or other reasons, he sounds very different. (The famous band he had at both the Deuces and the Onyx included Miles Davis, Duke Jordan on piano, Tommy Potter on bass, and Max Roach on drums.) His tone is frequently harsh, he plays strange shouts and semi-shrieks, he falters here and there, and he uses old Parker licks. There are also patches of wild, headstrong brilliance. By that time, Benedetti was recording entire numbers. There are a couple of wonderful, long "How High the Moon"s, a blueslike "September Song," and, best of all, a "Well You Needn't" in which Thelonious Monk, who wrote the tune, sits in. He and Parker rarely played together, and it is a revelation to hear how composed and mannerly Parker is as he works his way through Monk's spiky, dictatorial background chords. Davis is far more fluent throughout than he was in studio recordings at that time, and Roach makes it clear that, at the age of twenty-four, he had it all together. He also, in contrast to his current cerebrations, swings hard.

Mosaic's album booklets are generally lucid and to the point, but the Benedetti booklet is somewhat chaotic. In the listing of the titles, which are divided into sixty-four sections, each Parker fragment is preceded by a letter; the actual CDs, of course, give each fragment a number. But the photographs in the booklet are fresh. There is one of an apple-cheeked, teen-age Jimmy Knepper, and two of Parker on Fifty-second Street in the mid-forties. He is with Ben Webster in one and with a tenor saxophonist named Fred Greenwell in the other. In both photographs Parker looks like a frightened rookie who has just been asked to play with the big boys.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

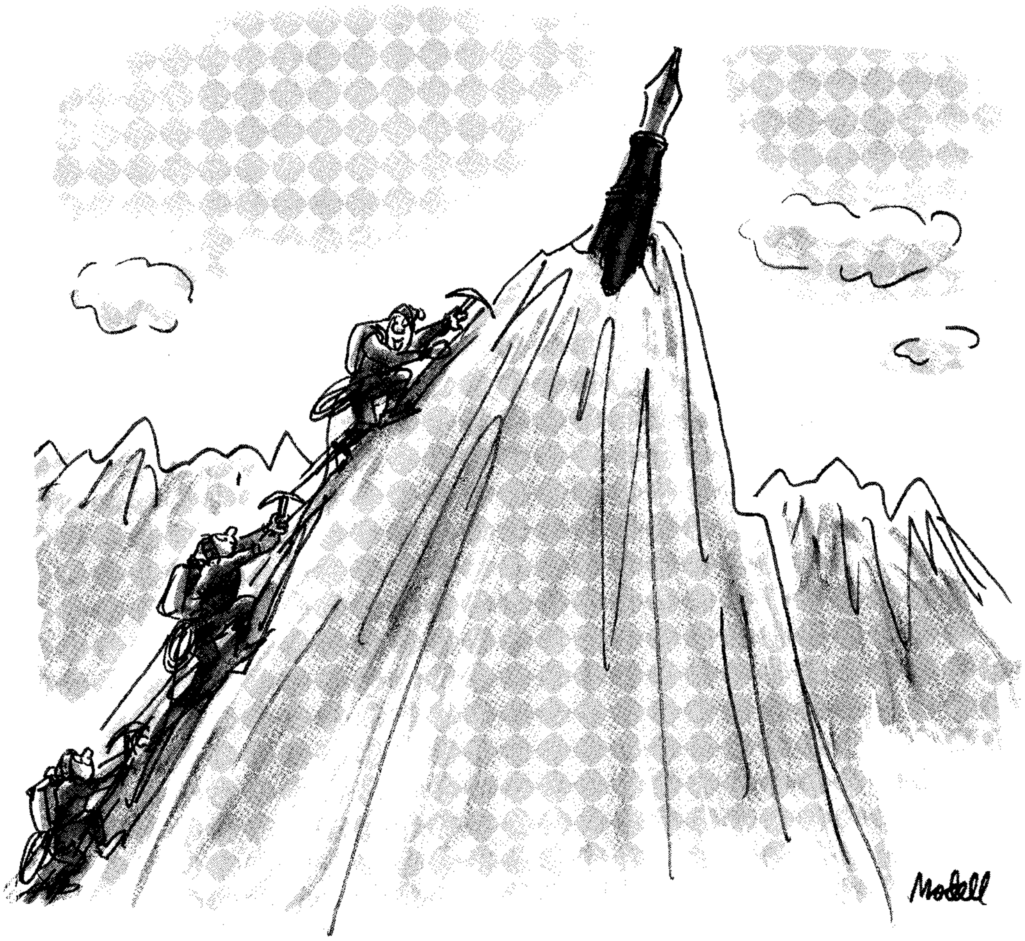
LETTER FROM LONDON

AT the Conservative Party Conference in early October, the Prime Minister made a joke. In truth, he made several, and they were hard to miss, because John Major has not yet mastered one of the refinements of public comedy, which is to smile after you make the hit rather than beforehand. But there was one particular jest that merits recall and annotation. The Labour Party had held its annual conference a week or so previously, and Mr. Major allowed himself the traditional accusation that the Opposition had been purloining some of his Government's ideas. He continued, "They don't even hide it when they steal some of my clothes. Did you see how many of them were wearing gray suits last week? Have they no shame?"

The first point to make is that Mr. Major's idea of a joke—or, more exactly, his speechwriters' idea of the sort of joke that is appropriate to Mr. Major—is very different from his predecessor's idea of a joke. Mrs. Thatcher, for most of her sovereignty, showed no public awareness of the existence of humor. A joke for her would be a sign of feebleness, an attempt at consensus politics, something uneconomic and possibly subversive, like a bottle of foreign mineral water on the table at a Downing Street banquet. Hefty sarcasm was about as far as she went in this field until almost the end of her period in office, when there was a last-ditch attempt to project a new, caring, human Maggie in place of the Robocop figure previously running the show. So occasionally she relaxed into the sort of wordplay that would stun a rhino: attacking Jacques Delors, the president of the European Commission, she maintained her furious opposition to federalism, which included "federalism by the back Delors." Even in the joke she remained aggressive and dismissive. Whereas the quip Mr. Major delivered to the conference was modest, self-deprecating, and voter-friendly.

The second point to consider is the reference to the gray suit. Mr. Major had several problems when he took over, in November of 1990, one of them being that hardly anyone knew who he was or what he was like. Down the Thatcher years, there had been a number of young aspirants unofficially tagged as Possible Successor. It was an arduous post, rather like being the court favorite of Catherine the Great, and those whose summer of favor ran out were left occupying a difficult—even risible—position; some, like John Moore, left politics altogether. But Mr. Major had the good fortune to be the lucky figure left standing by the sole remaining chair when the music stopped. As he settled onto the seat cushion molded firmly by the capacious derrière of another, and found the arms a little higher than he'd imagined, he had an immediate tactical problem. Mrs. Thatcher had been removed because enough members of her party thought that her domineering dogmatism had become electorally counterproductive. On the other hand, Mr. Major had been the candidate of the outgoing leader and the diehard Thatcherites. So he had to keep the "Business as Usual" sign up in the window while redecorating the place and updating the stock: instead of barbed wire and rifles, the family store would in future sell chocolate bars and liniment. And in terms of personal image—where, admittedly, there was less room for maneuver—Mr. Major also had a dilemma. If he tried to play the decisive, uncompromising leader, he could only come across as a pale substitute for his predecessor; if he took his time and went back to the antiquarian system of consultation, of being prepared to change your point of view when presented with a convincing argument, he would be accused of indecision. The new Prime Minister has had an occasional stab at audacious leadership—such as proposing a safe haven for the Kurds while others were still dozing—but the style didn't really suit. Instead, Mr. Major has broadly followed the honorable political line of not doing anything in particular unless it's otherwise inevitable, while proclaiming that there is Still Much to Do. He is therefore frequently denounced by the Opposition as a ditherer.

He has also been denounced as dull,



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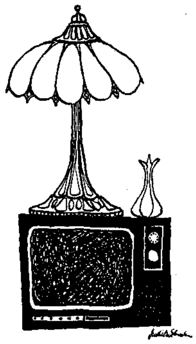
boring, and uncharismatic. But in certain political times (and in the context of your predecessor) these characteristics are not necessarily negative. Add to this that all sides agreed early on that Mr. Major was a decent, honest chap, the sort of bloke who liked to watch the cricket with a cup of tea to hand. He didn't have anything threatening, like a hot academic record, a furtive interest in modern sculpture, or a tendency to use long words in his speeches. He was the sort of P.M. who, it was usefully allowed to leak out, would stop his official car and tuck into a humble meal at a humble motorway restaurant known by the resolutely uncharismatic name of Happy Eater. In other words, the natural process of political presentation and self-presentation was under way: limitations were made into normality, normality into virtue. And so when at his first Tory conference as leader—which could also prove his last, since an election must take place in the first six months of 1992—Mr. Major acknowledged his self-image as a fellow in a gray suit, he was acknowledging what could not be changed and was now declared to be what the country requires. Call me a dull dog if you wish, he seemed to be saying, but that is what I am: self-made, hardworking, unspectacular, trustworthy, the very spirit of middle England. Snobs may claim that Mr. Major resembles the sort of chap you get to see if your bank manager is too busy to spare you the time, but snobs have fewer votes than the people who would prefer to see this *sort of chap* rather than the bank manager himself. The Prime Minister has not, so far as is publicly known, visited the Toulouse-Lautrec show at the Hayward Gallery (he has until January 19th), but were he to do so he might be pleased by one of the artist's most elegant and daring lithographs, "The Englishman at the Moulin Rouge" (1892). It shows a correctly dressed middle-aged man accosting two young women. The background is bright yellow and bright blue; the principal female figure has startlingly red hair and a dress of delicate green. Thrust into this surround of cheery color, the Englishman is depicted in monolithic gray. His suit, hat, tie, gloves, and stick are gray; his hair, mustache, face, and ears are gray. The tone washes ineradicably through him.



And the final point to make about Mr. Major's joke is that it contains some truth. We have now entered that final, wearisome stage before a general election when the contending parties are keenest to avoid mistakes, when image becomes more important than policy, and when the gap between Labour and Conservative in terms of promised programs tends to narrow. Hence the accusation of clothes-stealing. For this year will see the Battle of the Men in Gray Suits. Long gone is the time of nobs in grouse-moor tweeds versus yobs in cloth caps; now everywhere you look is a seal-beach of gray. The two parties are shuffling closer to one another, like gawky cadets on parade, each keeping eyes front and pretending that the other one is doing the moving. The rough aim for each party in the next election is to present itself as an efficient, forward-looking organizer of a market economy who yet displays the correct degree of social concern. The Tories know that their decade-long fling with Thatcherite ideology must come to an end—that it is time to dig out from the attic the old mothbally uniform of pragmatism, and also make sure that not too many hospitals close down in the coming months. The Labour Party, having lost three elections on the trot and having seen the so-called socialist Eastern bloc collapse, has (according to your point of view) either junked most of its long-held principles or finally adjusted to the realities of the world. For instance, just when Gorbachev was making the world safer, and serious disarmament was beginning, the British Labour Party reversed its non-nuclear policy and declared that it loved the bomb—or, at any rate, loved it a little bit, though, of course, less than the Tories did, and anyway it was a mistake to go naked into the conference chamber and Labour would, of course, be more responsible, more caring bomb-users than the Conservatives in the unfortunate event . . . And all because at election after election it had become painfully clear that the British voter didn't much care for a stance of principled emasculation. Similarly, the suave and seamless enthusiasm for Europe currently displayed by the Labour Party contrasts ironically with the huffiness and fretful insularity of earlier years. But then Europe is where self-respecting men in suits congregate nowadays. In Europe, they wear power gray.

Britain has no fixed electoral term—only a five-year limit within which the Government must face the nation. So if you are elected with a small majority you might swiftly dash back to the voters for a more generous and useful endorsement, and if things are going badly you might hang on until the last possible minute. This flexibility gives the Government a tactical advantage; instead of the parties' gearing their efforts to a known month, there is much posturing on both sides about announcing the date. The spectacle often resembles the start of a playground fight where the two opponents dance around trying to look tough, one of them shouting, "Come on, I'm ready for you, let's see what you're made of, scaredy-cat," while the other strikes a nobler pose, ignoring the taunts and declaring, "*I'll* be the one to say when the fight begins." Such ritualistic behavior is intensified at the time of the party conferences. This autumn, there were authoritative leaks that the Prime Minister would definitely—well, almost definitely—go to the country before the end of the year, yes, certainly in November, that is, unless he changed his mind.

This will-he/won't-he atmosphere was heightened by the appearance in late September of the newest TV commercials from the two parties. If Major versus Neil Kinnock is the main scrap in the coming months, we shouldn't ignore a tasty little scuffle lower down the bill: that between Hugh ("Chariots of Fire") Hudson, a supplier of Labour's TV advertising, and John ("Midnight Cowboy") Schlesinger, brought in to beef up the Conservative effort. Given the near-moribundity of the domestic film industry, which for the past decade has been told by the Government to stand on its own wheelchair, there is a cinematic as well as a political interest for the viewer. If it is not quite a head-to-head battle—Schlesinger has been brought in more as a troubleshooter, a last-minute rejigger, whereas Hudson was committed from the start—it promises slightly higher production values at least. Not that the first round of commercials exactly stays quivering in the memory. The Schlesinger film had sunrises and sunsets, a newborn baby, and Mozart's Twenty-first Piano Concerto: Tory Britain, we deduced, was peaceful and pastoral, energetic but also somehow elegiac. Hudson's Labour riposte was a toiling piece of agitprop, in which a couple of eager parents (Mr. and Mrs. Voter) went to the school for a report on their boy (the Conservative Party) from the headmaster (God, perhaps), only to be told, with plodding predictability, "The Tories have come bottom of the class" and "Quite frankly, I wouldn't let them run the tuck-shop."

In the Conservative commercial, the Prime Minister was seen in a brief sound bite speaking of "a nation at ease with itself." Such soporific complacency is, of course, traditional Tory policy: in 1957, Prime Minister Macmillan, echoing—or perhaps stealing—the 1952 Democratic Party slogan, assured voters that "most of our people have never had it so good." The Thatcher years were in many respects an aberration, for the idea that the national way of life needs shaking up and kicking around comes hard to a Conservative; the corny image of the nation as a sleeping lion, with the emphasis on the sleeping, is much preferred. Eighteen months (the time from Mrs. Thatcher's departure to the latest possible election date) was not long for John Major to shake off this new, ahistoric image of the Tories as a radical, reforming party; and shaking off the image was much connected with shaking off Mrs. Thatcher—with persuading her to keep her mouth shut.

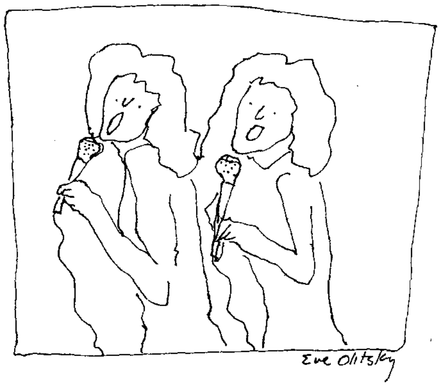
But Mrs. Thatcher has never been good at keeping her mouth shut—indeed, bawling out trade unionists, the unemployed, foreigners, and other miscreants has been part of her enduring appeal to the British public. Since her retirement as P.M., she has had her memoirs to think about—the selling, that is, not yet the writing. There has also been the setting up of the Thatcher Foundation, a kind of international think tank, whose officially registered objectives are of narcoleptic generality, and were much better summed up by the lady herself: the foundation's aim, she said, was to "perpetuate all the kinds of things I believe in." The project got off to an inauspicious start when the Charity Commissioners refused it tax-relieving status, on the ground that spreading Mrs. Thatcher's word could not by any stretch of the rules be considered a charitable activity; the foundation is now also registered, unpatriotically, in Switzerland, where it is much harder for journalists to discover which foreign billionaires are putting up the moola. The start-up target was twelve million pounds per annum, and Mrs. Thatcher has spent a good part of the last year on the stump among the very rich: the Sultan of Brunei is said to have promised five million dollars the other week. These trips naturally involve pleasant bits of flummery, like the acceptance of honorary degrees. She got one in November from Kuwait University (having been turned down for one a few years ago by Oxford: a unique snub to a Prime Minister). In her acceptance speech she revealed a hitherto unsuspected backer for her world view. "Leafing through Tennyson's works, as I sometimes do in the early hours, looking for inspiration," she had found lines that encapsulated the Thatcher philosophy: "This main miracle, that thou art thou / With power on thine own act, and on the world." Tennyson's poem "The Two Greetings," a rather maundering celebration of the birth of a child, is in fact entirely devoid of any political subtext; but, no doubt, we should just be grateful when any verse sets off a ping on a politician's late-night sonar.

d. ehrenberg

THE traditional way of keeping an ex-Prime Minister busy—that's to say, out of harm's way—is to shunt him or her off to the House of Lords. It was always an irritation to Mrs. Thatcher's Parliamentary acolytes that her Tory predecessor, Edward Heath, resisted both the Lords and a tempting ambassadorship, preferring to stay in the Commons as a spikily disapproving remnant of an earlier, more liberal Conservatism. The shunting off of Mrs. Thatcher, if agreed on in theory, is proving no less tricky. The idea of a sweet transition to ermined dotage came unstuck when it emerged that Mrs. Thatcher did not have in mind what her immediate predecessors understood by retiring to the Lords. Apart from Heath, who stayed in the Commons without even the promotion of a knighthood, recent Premiers—Wilson, Callaghan, Home—have taken life peerages. Mrs. Thatcher let it be known that, far from accepting such a half-baked recognition of her services to the nation as a mere personal ennoblement for the rest of her days, she wanted the full hereditary works. "WAY CLEARED FOR THATCHER TO BECOME COUNTESS OF FINCHLEY," said a front-page headline in the *Times* of October 3rd, and the whole potentially embarrassing issue of hereditary peers' having a hand in democratic government came to the fore again. It's true that Harold Macmillan accepted an earldom, but he held out for more than twenty years after leaving the Premiership, and took the honor, at the age of ninety, only, it is said, out of boredom. Winston Churchill, a regular—indeed, fetishistic—figure of reference in Mrs. Thatcher's speeches, even turned down a dukedom. In her case, there is an extra element. The prospect of her son's proceeding cozily from Mr. Mark to Sir Mark to the Earl of Finchley and thus becoming one of the nation's legislators is one to appall the meritocrat and delight only the satirist. Thatcher Junior's heavy-handedness has already put off several likely supporters of the Thatcher Foundation, including Charles Price, the former United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. A good example of Mark Thatcher's delicacy of approach came on a recent fund-raising tour of the Far East, when he offended one Hong Kong millionaire with the memorable instruction "It's time to pay up for Mumsie."

The fact that even the nature of Mrs. Thatcher's thank-you present from the Conservatives became an issue—one commentator remarked that the title Countess of Finchley was "the heraldic equivalent of a pair of furry dice bouncing around in the back of a state coach"—shows what a contentious figure she remains. Even a year after her departure from office, her capacity for provoking fission in her own party is unmatched. At the Tory conference, for instance, it was judged unsafe to let the lady address the delegates and the nation directly. However, it would have been over-brusque to suddenly declare her a nonperson, so she was allowed a brief appearance in the conference hall—a vision bite, if not a sound bite. The ovation she received for her nonspeaking walk-on part lasted five minutes and was measured at 101 decibels. The keynote speech of John Major received applause of four minutes and twenty-eight seconds, reaching the lower decibel level of 97.5. (Lesser ministers garnered one to three minutes, with noise levels in the low 90s.) Interestingly, the only speaker to raise greater hysteria than the silent Mrs. Thatcher was one of the men who brought her down, Michael Heseltine; he got the clapometer up to 102.

Mr. Major's need and desire to show difference from the previous leadership declared themselves in the choreographing of his appearance. Low-key and feel-good in style as he is, he entered the hall from the rear, shaking hands with grass-roots Tories on his way to the rostrum. After his speech—or, more exactly, after the subsequent patriotic singing of "Land of Hope and Glory" (and the 100-decibel, five-minute-and-fourteen-second ovation which *that* set off)—he returned to circulate below the salt. As for the speech itself, an indication of its New Tory Tone can be had from Mr. Major's reference to Churchill. For ten years, Mrs. Thatcher appeared to own the copyright on allusions to Winston, as she familiarly called him: only she could smoke the cigar and doff the gray homburg, because she, too, had fought the foreigners on the beaches, urged blood, sweat, toil, and so on. Mr. Major's Churchillian moment came when he was discussing government education policy. The wartime leader's praise of the R.A.F. Fighter Command's performance in the Battle of Britain ("Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few") was tweaked into a comment on the current Premier's thin scholastic record and the curiosity it has provoked among journalists: "Never has so much been written about so little." It was jauntily downbeat, unrhetorical, human.



But unrhetorical is what Mr. Major is, and what he is best advised to stay. Agreeable drabness of diction will offer fetching contrast not just with Mrs. Thatcher but also with his immediate opponent, Neil Kinnock, who, despite having curbed some of his orotund tendencies, is always likely to lapse back into Welsh windbaggery. The only moment of near-rhetoric in Mr. Major's text came when he embarked on that painful but necessary part of a political keynote speech, My Vision of the Future (though My Vision of Next Week might have been more characteristic, and perhaps more voter-useful). He was hinting at a possible change in the inheritance tax: "I want," he claimed, "to see wealth cascading down the generations." This seemed all wrong; in Mr. Major's world, nothing does or should *cascade*. Waterfalls are much too dramatic: a metaphor from irrigation or, better still, plumbing would have seemed apter. And though Britain under Mrs. Thatcher has been coarsened and desensitized about the notion of great, vulgar gouts of money, the Niagara splash of cascading wealth still has an unmerited—indeed, American—sound to it.

For the rest of his fifty-seven-minute speech, Mr. Major played safe, with bumbling banality and uncontentious hopefulness. "I should like to live in a world where opportunity is for everyone, where peace is truly universal and where freedom is secure," he declared, thereby distinguishing himself from few other politicians in the Western World except intransigent Brezhnevites and members of the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Major wants a strong Britain, a secure defense, respect for the law, good education, lower inflation, a crackdown on crime, European partnership (while protecting Britain's autonomy), a classless society, and a free health service for all. Mr. Major's "vision" of "freedom and opportunity" sounds—even if it does not quite mean—the same as everybody else's; it is as flat as a pavement, and this is its appeal. Received wisdom states that those who occupy the middle of the road in politics risk getting run down from both directions. But in Britain today all the political traffic keeps its snout firmly planted on the big white line; few see the appeal of the gutter, and the verges are being returned to cow parsley, the shrew, and the wren.

Mr. Major, both in public and in private life, has no vivid characteristics, no suspected vices, no dangerous passions. He is a satirist's nemesis. Attempts to call him Major Minor and other variants on Joseph Heller have largely petered out; old Major, the prize Middle White boar in "Animal Farm," seems no help. One early interviewer, catching the Prime Minister in a relaxed moment when his pants had ridden down an inch or two, spotted that Mr. Major's shirt was tucked into his undershorts. Whether this sartorial inelegance is a matter of habit or was the forgivable maladroitness of a busy politician has remained unverified, but it did give the country's most pugnacious satirical cartoonist—Steve Bell, of the *Guardian*—a welcome point of entry. He draws Mr. Major in his Lautrecian gray suit but with his undershorts—unstylishly pouchy Y-fronts, of course, not boxers—worn over his pants. Occasionally in the life of Bell's strip, the P.M. persuades his other ministers, as a demonstration of loyalty, to wear their undershorts publicly after the same fashion. It is a pleasant thrust, but such is Major's unconfrontational nature that the caricature no longer seems particularly fierce. This graphic reversal of over- and underwear has come to seem almost cozy: downbeat, unrhetorical, human—yes, all that.

IT is to Mr. Major's advantage that very little cosmetic work has had to be done on him. Mrs. Thatcher fixed her voice, her hair, her clothes; George Bush called upon the valuable coaching skills of Roger Ailes. ("There you go again with that fucking hand!" he once berated the President. "You look like a fucking pansy!") All Mr. Major has to do is remember to tuck his shirt into the correct garment, and there he is—Prime Minister. When you see him in the flesh, what is extraordinary is that he looks exactly as you would imagine, neither taller nor shorter, drabber nor sprucer, jollier nor gloomier. In the short term, this ordinariness—or simplicity—will probably benefit Mr. Major. We seem, domestically, to be living in ordinary times at the moment. Our new Archbishop of Canterbury, George Carey, is a very ordinary man—one who on attaining office gave his first national press interview not to the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph* but to *Reader's Digest*. Mr. Major's equivalent was to give a quite magnificently platitudinous interview this summer to *Hello!* magazine. This is a publication that specializes in not embarrassing celebrities, unless they have the wit to be embarrassed by glutinous fawning. Princess Di's brother was caught with his trousers down not long after his marriage, and ended up indecorously trading sexual insults across the press with his ex-girlfriend; *Hello!* was where the Viscount's rehabilitation could begin. *Hello!* (the exclamation mark in the title aptly reflects the magazine's tone of excited innocence) likes to look to the future, prefers tragedy to smut, and interviews from the kneeling position. So John and Norma Major, quizzed about the sort of things they liked to do on their holidays in Spain, were able to reply very much in the spirit of the journal. Thus John: "Well, first of all I get a bit more sleep than I'm used to. I've even been known to have a Spanish siesta! And a very good invention it is too." Asked to expatiate on the national characteristics of the locals, Mr. Major responded, "The Spanish are a very warm people. When I became Prime Minister I received a number of charming letters from Candeleda—even a sausage." *Hello!* avoided the potentially criminal aspect of this sunny avowal—the question of whether the gifted sausage was raw or cooked. If raw, its importation, even by a Prime Minister, would be in breach of Her Majesty's Customs and Excise regulations.

Barbara Shelley

So Mr. Major's game plan from the Tory conference to the forthcoming election is one for which he seems by nature well suited: that of not doing anything rash. The Labour Party, despite appearing to demand a general election in the autumn, can remain privately content that it has been put off beyond the winter. The longer Mr. Major goes on, the greater the chance of some blissful foul-up. There is an encouraging tradition of recent British Prime Ministers' being brought down by a tough "winter of discontent" (a phrase that has suffered a rare linguistic reversal: a metaphor in Shakespeare's original use, it has now been turned back into a realistic description). Both Heath and Callaghan fell after hibernal turmoil. On the other hand, the trade unions are now in a much weaker position than they were a decade ago. And the longer Mr. Major continues, the less he will look like a stopgap and the more like a genuine, sausage-eating Prime Minister.

But it all depends on the avoidance of trouble. Trouble with a "T," and that usually stands for Thatcher. If the Tories damped her down at their conference, she burst spectacularly into flame again at the end of November. The occasion was a Commons debate in the run-up to the European Community summit at Maastricht, where the next stages of political and monetary union were to be decided. With the three main parties more agreed on the progress of integration than they are probably prepared to admit, the exchange could have been a comparatively peaceful affair, with just a few bits of fake warfare. Instead, the occasion marked the rancorous reëntry into domestic politics of Mrs. Thatcher, first in the Commons debate and subsequently on television.

In the debate, she was very much her old self: imperious, finger wagging, basic—at one point even referring to "my Foreign Secretary," as if she were still running the show. She scornfully dismissed the idea of a single European currency, and brazenly suggested a national referendum on the matter if the three main parties all agreed on being Europe's lackeys. The Tory Cabinet sat through this blast in silent embarrassment, each member reflecting, perhaps, as her late-found Tennyson put it, that she had "Gorgonised me from head to foot / With a stony British stare." But her performance in a television interview on prime-time news two days later was both more revealing and potentially more damaging. She seemed angrier and also more anguished, like a dowager who has handed over the running of her estate to the next generation only to see her favorite stretch of woodland being sold for timber and the lake drained to make room for a

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theme park. Her line was populist, sentimental, and fuelled by national fantasy. "Have a little bit more faith in your own fellow-countrymen," she instructed her interviewer at one point. "It was we who rolled back the frontiers of socialism, and we were the first country to do it." Viewers were reminded, "It was the chimes of Big Ben that rang out across Europe during the war. I do not want our powers taken away." She ended with another appeal to her totemic figure: "What ever happened to the British lion of whom Winston said it was his privilege to give the roar? And Winston said in 1953, 'We will be with Europe but not of it, and when they ask us why we take that view, we will say we dwell in our own land.'"

All very fine to point out the irony of Mrs. Thatcher's sudden conversion to the joys of the referendum; as Douglas Hurd, no doubt displeased at being labelled "her" Foreign Secretary, reminded the House of Commons, it was she who had argued most persuasively against the Euro-referendum proposed by Harold Wilson in 1975. And all very fine to doubt the impact of some thirty-eight-year-old phrasing ("Where do you stand on the hard ecu?" "Oh, I prefer to dwell in my own land"). The fact is that Mrs. Thatcher—whether from injured pride or true belief—looks to be suffering from a dangerous attack of idealism. When professional politicians start murmuring about "putting my country before my party," it is usually time to call for the padded van. However, Mr. Major's performance at Maastricht in early December succeeded in pacifying the Europhobes of his party while pleasing the Europhiles. Mrs. Thatcher initially pronounced herself "absolutely thrilled" with the deal he brought back. The Prime Minister himself commented with enthusiastic homeliness that it had been "game, set, and match" to Britain; and since every other European head of state was busy celebrating a different victory in his own way, nobody minded this British claim to a sporting Agincourt. The Government's version of events was that there had been some pretty rough street fighting over there in Holland but that the P.M. had rolled up his sleeves and punched his weight. "Federal"—the dreaded f-word, currently much more offensive to men in gray suits than the more colloquial f-word—had been deleted from the treaty; Britain had won special dispensation on monetary union, and had also been allowed to opt out of the "social chapter" (a section covering workers' rights, such as a minimum wage and equal opportunity). To doubters, Mr. Major resembled a driver who had been issued with a license and then proceeded to argue vigorously that he should only be permitted to drive his car in the slow lane, while Mr. Kinnock had much fun with the P.M.'s lack of true Euro-commitment. "Opt-in, opt-out, shake it all about—it's obviously the hokey-pokey clause," he taunted in the two-day Commons debate over Maastricht. A week after the summit, Mrs. Thatcher herself began to seem rather less than "absolutely thrilled": she did not speak in the debate, and abstained from voting, along with eleven other Tories (seven voted against). Still, at least she did not utter or act against Mr. Major, and, since her power to influence his job prospects over the next few years is undoubtedly greater than that of either President Mitterrand or Chancellor Kohl, some would say that his political priorities at Maastricht had been correct.

So for the moment Mrs. Thatcher is shutting up, if in her own way. However, Mr. Major and his colleagues would be advised to insert a fallback or opt-out clause in their current election strategy. This would involve a series of pressing invitations to Mrs. Thatcher from foreign billionaires. Large sums of money would be promised to the Thatcher Foundation, in return for the acceptance of enforced hospitality, which would always take place up-country, beyond the reach of fax and telephone. And if this fails to work Mr. Major should perhaps take up a little late-night Tennyson himself. There he might discover the poem "Hands All Round" and the following advice:

> That man's the best Conservative
> Who lops the moulder'd branch away.

—JULIAN BARNES

•

Wohlafka made her Metropolitan Opera debut in 1978. Since then, she has performed two dozen roles on the Met stage, including several PBS "Live at the Met" broadcasts. She made her Carnegie Hall debut last year and recently sang the title role in Bellini's "Norma in Hong Kong."—*Arnold Ropeik in the Trenton Times.*

The precursor of "Nixon in China."

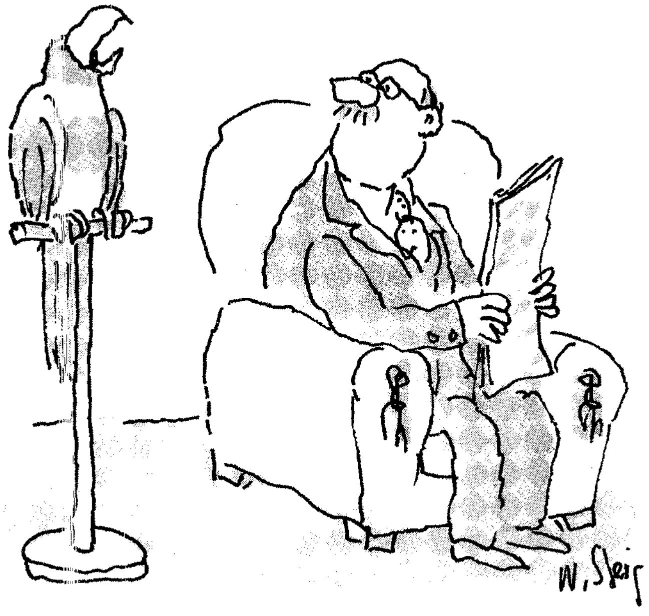
BOOKS

The Dissenter

Oliver Wendell Holmes was appointed to the United States Supreme Court by Theodore Roosevelt in 1902, when he was sixty-one. Though Holmes had already published, in 1881, "The Common Law," a book that revolutionized the study of law in America, and though he had served for twenty years on the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, three of them as its chief justice, he had no national reputation worth speaking of in 1902. When the nomination was announced, the *Times* declared that Holmes' work stood below that of "the country's jurists of the first rank."

Holmes was not appointed as a reward for his intellectual attainments, of course. Like any other justice, he was appointed because he fitted a bill of particulars which had little to do with either intellect or attainment: he was replacing another New Englander, Horace Gray, and therefore satisfied the regional requirement that sometimes figures in the selection of Supreme Court justices; and, as a Massachusetts judge, he had written two opinions that gave Roosevelt the impression that he was pro-labor and could therefore be counted a safe anti-business vote when cases arising out of Roosevelt's trust-busting crusade came before the Court.

A year after Holmes' appointment, such a case did arise. James J. Hill, the railroad entrepreneur, and J. P. Morgan, who was Hill's banker, had consolidated all the existing railroads in the American Northwest into a single company, called the Northern Securities Company. Roosevelt's Justice Department brought suit against Northern Securities under the Sherman Antitrust Act, charging that Hill and Morgan's mammoth new company constituted a "combination in restraint of trade"—in common terms, an illegal monopoly. The government won its case in federal circuit court; Hill and Morgan immediately appealed, and in 1904 a majority of the Supreme Court voted to uphold the verdict.



"Meow."

Holmes dissented. He didn't see, he wrote, how trade was restrained just because railroads once owned by different companies were now owned by the same company. The merger might end competition between formerly independent railroads, but the Sherman Act didn't say anything about competition. It outlawed only combinations that inhibited commerce, and in Holmes' view there was nothing inherently inhibiting about consolidation. If two grocers serving the same neighborhood decided to combine their businesses, would that be illegal? It was, he thought, simply a prejudice against size that led the government to treat railroad tycoons differently from grocers, and that was not a distinction he believed the Court was obliged to recognize.

Roosevelt, though he had won the case, was furious. He had interviewed Holmes before putting him up for the job, and had thought that they had an understanding on these issues. More than that, the Holmeses had become friends of the First Family; they were frequent dinner and theatre guests of the Roosevelts. "I could carve out of a banana a judge with more backbone than that," Roosevelt is supposed to have complained, and he threatened never to invite the Holmeses to the White House again. He relented about the invitations; but Roosevelt was not a man who liked to be embarrassed, or who kept his displeasure to himself. The rift was widely discussed, and it made Holmes, at long last, a household name.

That a man who is usually thought of as a great liberal should have first come to widespread public notice by voting to uphold the right of Jim Hill and J. P. Morgan to gobble up all the railroad business between the Great Lakes and Puget Sound is likely to make us wonder whether there weren't more sides to Justice Holmes than legend suggests. Liva Baker believes that there were, and her new biography of Holmes, "The Justice from Beacon Hill" (HarperCollins; $29.95), goes a good way toward giving us Holmes in all his apparently contradictory aspects.

Holmes came as close to being a folk hero as any judge in American history; he is almost surely the only judge in American history to be the subject of a Broadway play, Emmet Lavery's "The Magnificent Yankee," which appeared in 1946 and was made into a movie in 1950. But "The Justice from Beacon Hill" is only the second complete biography of Holmes to make use of all the available archival material. It follows Sheldon M. Novick's "Honorable Justice," which was published in 1989. We can probably expect still more Holmes biographies, and the reason is that in 1982, after nearly fifty years of work, efforts to produce an official, authorized biography were finally abandoned, and the field was declared open.

Those earlier efforts were not entirely fruitless: Mark DeWolfe Howe (a professor at Harvard Law School and former secretary to Holmes) published two installments of a biography, which take the story to 1882, when Holmes was forty-one and was just about to embark on his forty-nine-year judicial career. They cover, that is, less than half their subject's life; but they are

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the foundation of what would probably have been one of the great intellectual biographies of the century, and it is only the mildest criticism to say that neither Baker's book nor Novick's approaches Howe's standard. Holmes lived to be ninety-three; he knew many of the leading intellectual and political figures of his time, both in this country and in England; he wrote, it has been estimated, more opinions (about two thousand) than any other judge sitting in courts of last resort; he carried on a voluminous and brilliant correspondence; his influence as a legal philosopher persists, and so does the debate over the true character of his politics. And he had a short but dramatic career as a man of action. This is a field that can be plowed a few more times before it is exhausted.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes was the son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the man who, among many other accomplishments, invented the notion of the Boston Brahmin. A "harmless, inoffensive, untitled aristocracy" was Dr. Holmes' description of the Brahmins: they were the members of New England families who could trace their ancestry to Colonial times, who shared a religion (in the middle of the nineteenth century it was Unitarianism) and attended the same college (Harvard), and who had, as the term indicates, a sense of belonging to a superior caste. The Holmeses were Brahmins, and so were the Olivers, the Wendells, the Jacksons, the Eliots, the Bradstreets, the Quincys, the Lees, and the Cabots. The younger Holmes was related to them all.

As her title suggests, Baker regards this heritage as the central explanatory fact—both the plus and the minus sign—of Holmes' character: when he behaves like a mandarin, she thinks that he is displaying his genealogy; when he behaves like a liberal democrat, she thinks that he is reacting against it. "His natural inclination was to look at the world from the perspective of a typical nineteenth-century provincial Bostonian, to apply the standards of the genteel tradition," she writes. "At the same time, a more cosmopolitan creature struggled within him for dominance. . . . A part of him resisted change; another part of him was willing to tolerate it. Emotionally, he clung to the introverted world his forebears had created; intellectually, he was questing, catholic, adventurous."

The gentility was tested early. Within days of the attack on Fort Sumter in the spring of 1861, Holmes, just turned twenty and sympathetic to the abolitionist cause, enlisted, walking away from Harvard in the middle of his final semester. He soon joined the 20th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Regiment, and he fought for three years, and in some of the bloodiest battles of the war. He was shot and seriously wounded three times: in the chest, at Ball's Bluff, a famous Union debacle, in 1861; through the neck, at Antietam, in 1862; and in the foot, at Fredericksburg, in 1863. Even after the third wound, which he later said he had prayed would require amputation, so that he could be discharged, he returned to the front, and he did not retire until he had completed his three-year commitment, in July of 1864. By then, the 20th Massachusetts had been dissolved; it had lost more men in the course of its existence than had made up its original number.

Holmes' wife, Fanny Dixwell (whom he had known for most of his life, and married in 1872), thought that his service in the Civil War was the only thing that prevented him from becoming a "coxcomb," and Holmes himself never ceased to regard it as the great experience of his life. He habitually noted the anniversaries of his battles in his correspondence ("Ball's Bluff 61 years ago yesterday—Oct. 22, 1922"), and he liked to drink a glass of wine on the anniversary of Antietam. After his death, his friends found two ancient uniforms in the closet of his bedroom; pinned to them was a note reading, "These uniforms were worn by me in the Civil War and the stains upon them are my blood."

Holmes, who stood six-three, had a military bearing and loved to use military metaphors in his speeches and his conversation; he didn't mind being referred to good-naturedly as Captain Holmes; and he wore his enormous military mustaches all his life. It is therefore sometimes forgotten that he also hated the war. He suffered terribly during it, not only from his wounds and because of the deaths of many of his comrades but also because, despite appearances, he was not by nature a warrior. He was a bookish young man who liked to argue about philosophy at the dinner table with his father, and the entire experience of soldiering was a trial to his spirit. By the end, he had completely lost his original enthusiasm; he told his parents that he thought the effort to defeat the South was hopeless and ought to be abandoned. The young Holmes emerged from the war purged of illusions. This seemed to him a valuable lesson to have learned so painfully, and he was careful never to acquire any again.

AFTER the war, Holmes attended Harvard Law School—which in those days, Baker tells us, had no academic admissions standards and no exams, and accepted any student willing to pay his way—and then joined a Boston firm. He also began writing reviews and scholarly articles for a new journal, the *American Law Review*, which had been started by his friends John Ropes and John Gray (the founders of the well-known Boston law firm). Holmes eventually became the editor of the *American Law Review* himself; his articles helped win him an invitation to deliver a series of lectures at the Lowell Institute, in Boston; and these became "The Common Law."

"The Common Law" was published in 1881, and it has never gone out of print. Its chief contribution to American legal philosophy is its argument that legal principles are not rooted in nature or in the ancient past but instead evolve in response to social, economic, and political change—that (as Holmes' famous sentence has it) "the life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience." But the book is dense and technical, and its significance was not immediately apparent to everyone. It had to be praised in England, Holmes later lamented, before its importance began to be recognized in the United States. Still, it was a small success, and Holmes was invited to join the faculty of the Harvard Law School. Then, in December, 1882, when he had just begun to teach there, he received his appointment to the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court.

Holmes was an ambitious man. He had not aggressively campaigned for a court seat: he was not a self-promoter. But he was quick to accept the governor's offer—so quick that he didn't bother to consult his Harvard colleagues, who had naturally expected him at least to finish his first year with them. One of those colleagues, James Bradley Thayer, commented in his diary, "He is, with all his attractive qualities and his solid merits, wanting sadly in the noblest region of human character,—selfish, vain, thoughtless of others." It's a judgment that is repeated in the private writings of other people who knew Holmes well. William James, for instance, once complained of Holmes' "cold-blooded, conscious egotism and conceit," and on another occasion described Holmes as "a powerful battery, formed like a planing machine to gouge a deep self-beneficial groove through life."

Holmes was indeed singularly disengaged. His conversation (like his father's) was famously brilliant: he "would catch a subject, toss it into the air, make it dance and play a hundred tricks, and bring it to solid earth again," one acquaintance wrote. He was charming to every woman he met, acquired a reputation for it, and cultivated the reputation he acquired. And his letters are bravura performances. But the letters are also, as Baker notes, "almost interchangeable. . . . No great misunderstanding would have occurred if a letter to [Harold] Laski"—the left-wing English political writer, who befriended Holmes during his Supreme Court years—"had been missent to Alice Green or even Felix Frankfurter. His idea of intimacy was strictly intellectual."

The single exception, Baker suggests, is the correspondence that Holmes addressed to Clare Castletown. She was the wife of an Irish M.P., Bernard Edward Barnaby Fitzpatrick, the second Baron Castletown, and Holmes began seeing her regularly in 1896, during a summer trip to England and Ireland, which he made, as was his custom, without Fanny. (She was reclusive, and hated ocean travel.) Holmes and Lady Clare fell in love. Whether the affair was consummated is not known (Baker thinks probably not, though her reasons are speculative); but Holmes sent her a stream of love letters. (He wrote many of them while he was sitting on the Massachusetts bench listening to oral argument. This was a way of concealing the affair from his wife, but attending to his correspondence on the bench was also a habit of Holmes'; he found most oral argument boring and predictable.) He carried in his pocket, he wrote to

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Clare, a handkerchief that had somehow become soiled—"a little infinitesimal dark smear"—during one of their romantic encounters. He saw her again in the summer of 1898, and renewed the correspondence when he returned; but shortly afterward, Baker reports, the letters to America, and Holmes' expressions of love, tapered off. The feeling seems to have been stronger on his side than on hers almost from the beginning, and Baker thinks Clare may have felt that Holmes had become too possessive, and called the affair off (though their friendship continued). Holmes destroyed virtually all her letters.

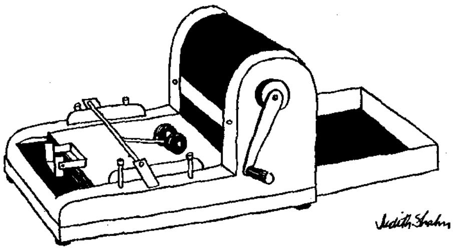
Holmes' letters to Clare are certainly passionate. "O my dear what joy it is to feel the inner chambers of one's soul open for the other to walk in and out of at will. It was just beginning with you. Do not cut it off because of a little salt water." And: "I feel as if we should begin where we left off, no matter what time had elapsed. Meantime let us talk straight in our letters as you do so adorably in the one which I have received and which I hug to my bosom." And: "I long long long for you and think think about you." But there is also something weirdly disembodied about them (or, at least, about the portions quoted in Baker's and Novick's biographies), as though there were nothing personal about the affair except for Holmes' extraordinary ardor. If we had her letters to him, we might get a more rounded sense of the relationship, but in his letters to her she is, in a sense, not really there.

Baker devotes almost half her book to Holmes' career on the Supreme Court. The first of what have come to be considered his canonical opinions was his dissent in Lochner v. New York, which he wrote when he was sixty-four. The free-speech opinions for which he is celebrated—the majority opinions in Schenck v. United States (creating the "clear and present danger" test for the punishment of political expression) and Debs v. United States, and the dissent in Abrams v. United States—were written in 1919, the year he turned seventy-eight. His dissent in Olmstead v. United States, arguing against permitting evidence obtained by illegal wiretapping to be introduced in a criminal trial, was written when he was eighty-seven. His dissent on behalf of Rosika Schwimmer, a Hungarian woman denied American citizenship because of her politics, came a year later. He served on the Court with almost undiminished capacity until he was ninety; resigned in January, 1932; and died two days shy of his ninety-fourth birthday. "Old age," he remarked after reaching his eighty-fifth birthday, was "unquestionably the happiest period of my life."

Holmes found in Washington the intellectual companionship he had largely missed during his years as a Massachusetts judge. He had known Louis Brandeis in Boston, but when Brandeis was appointed to the Supreme Court by Woodrow Wilson, in 1916, he and Holmes grew closer, and often joined their opinions in important cases. Holmes' friendship with Frankfurter dates from the same period, and so do his friendship with Laski and his relationship with the young editors of *The New Republic* (founded in 1914), who made Holmes the judicial hero of their style of liberalism.

These companions were all much younger than Holmes—Frankfurter was more than forty years his junior, Laski more than fifty—and several of them were Jews, a circumstance to which Holmes was indifferent, but which seems to have mildly alarmed some of his old Boston friends. It is easy to peer too deeply into the psychology of these friendships, but Edmund Wilson may have been right when, reviewing the 1953 publication of Holmes' correspondence with Laski, he suggested that Holmes, who was childless, discovered sons in these men, and that the Old Testament-style puritanism in his background led him to find their Jewishness congenial.

Baker (disagreeing with Novick on this matter) thinks that these friendships had an important influence on Holmes' work as a judge, and that he was persuaded by Brandeis and the others to take a more liberal position in the free-speech cases than he would otherwise have taken. Her account is detailed and persuasive, but she is also careful to point out that there was nothing in those decisions that directly contradicted Holmes' earlier opinions, and that they evolved naturally from the general philosophical position he had developed as a young man.



Was Holmes really a liberal? The case for answering no is easy to outline. Holmes did not believe in individual rights or in the existence of a natural law from which those rights are sometimes thought to derive. Throughout his career, he advocated restricting the scope of judicial power. And he was not a reformer or a progressive. He thought (as his position in the Northern Securities case implies) that efforts to redistribute property were useless, on the ground that they resulted only in "shifting the burden to a different point of incidence"; he didn't care much about politics; and he never, so far as anyone knows, gave money or time to a cause after his youthful abolitionism.

Yet he was a kind of liberal. This is not as easy for us to see as it might be, for several reasons, and, balanced and judicious though it is, "The Justice from Beacon Hill" in one important respect adds to the confusion. The trouble lies in the aristocrat / democrat tension that Baker uses to explain her subject. It's true that Holmes was raised in privilege, and enjoyed enormous social and cultural advantages—but his father was a writer and a professor, not a businessman. Emerson was a family friend. William and Henry James and Henry Adams were his social intimates. He talked about historiography with Adams and about philosophy with William James and Charles Peirce. He embarked on a legal career not in search of a comfortable and respectable life, or in order to uphold his class interests, but as a philosopher, and in a philosophical spirit. Holmes was, in short, an intellectual, and this explains many things about him—not the least of which is how he was apparently able to "transcend" his origins. That was the way the people among whom he originated helped to teach him to think; it is what he understood being an intellectual to mean.

Adherence to this standard of disinterestedness is what compelled Holmes to uphold the right of people to do things—to pass progressive legislation, to speak subversively—that he disapproved of. In the Lochner case, decided in 1905, the Court was asked to strike down a New York law limiting the number of hours that bakery employees could be required to work. The majority obliged, but Holmes declined to join them. There was nothing in the Constitution, he observed, that enshrined the laissez-faire economic theory upon which the majority's opinion rested. "A constitution," he said, "is not intended to embody a particular economic theory. . . . It is made for people of fundamentally differing views, and the accident of our finding certain opinions natural and familiar or novel and even shocking ought not to conclude our judgment upon the question of whether statutes embodying them conflict with the Constitution of the United States." These sentences are the essence of American liberalism, and not less so because their author happened privately to believe in the very doctrine of laissez-faire he thought the rest of the court was attempting illegitimately to enforce.

Because the contemporary image of a liberal judge is a Warren Court-style activist, it's easy to make Holmes' contempt for talk of rights and his disapproval of judicial activism seem dangerously illiberal. But, as Baker points out, the Supreme Court's contribution to social and economic reform in Holmes' time consisted largely of declaring social-welfare legislation unconstitutional. From the eighteen-eighties to the crisis of 1937, when F.D.R. tried to pack the Court in order to stop it from continually striking down New Deal legislation, laws aimed at improving social and economic conditions were regularly killed by judges. "Judicial restraint" in Holmes' time meant allowing legislatures to pass laws regulating wages and hours, eliminating dangerous work conditions, prohibiting child labor, permitting unions to organize, and so on. In the nineteen-twenties, a restrained judiciary was what progressives wanted.

The constitutional basis for the courts' rejection of welfare legislation was frequently the Fourteenth Amendment, which forbids states to "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." It is one of the many miserable ironies in the history of American civil rights that this amendment, passed in 1868 to protect freed blacks, became a constitutional shield for employers and property owners. The courts called the principles they derived from the Fourteenth Amendment the right to property and "liberty of contract"—the right to run one's factory as one pleased, and to make contracts with one's employees on any terms they could be made to accept. To a judge at the turn of the century, those were the particular freedoms that the term "rights" embraced. It is therefore not hard to see why Holmes' dismissal of rights and natural law was welcome to liberals, and how revolutionary it was for Holmes (and Brandeis), in the free-speech cases, to help turn the Supreme Court's conception of rights away from property rights and toward civil rights.

There is one aspect of Holmes' thought that cannot be called liberal even in its context, and it stemmed from the particular character of his disinterestedness. "The notion that we can secure an economic paradise by changes in property alone seems to me twaddle," Holmes wrote in 1923. "I can understand better legislation that aims rather to improve the quality than to increase the quantity of the population." He was referring to eugenics—to building up "the race" through selective breeding—and this enthusiasm led, four years later, to his notorious opinion in Buck v. Bell. Carrie Buck, a woman who had been declared "feebleminded," came before the Court claiming that a Virginia law under which she had been ordered sterilized, to prevent her from producing more feebleminded children (she had one daughter, seven months old at the time of the order), violated her rights under the Fourteenth Amendment. Holmes wrote the opinion of the Court upholding the constitutionality of the Virginia law, and he did so with relish. "I felt I was getting near to the first principle of real reform," he told Laski.

The immediate basis for Holmes' enthusiasm for eugenics was the work of Thomas Malthus, which he read with what was, for him, an unusual degree of assent. But the belief had its roots in his experience in the Civil War. There, Holmes believed he had seen human nature in its elemental state: a war of pure aggression, in which one group of people made its view prevail by murdering those who disagreed. (This belief is why Edmund Wilson, who held exactly the same opinion, made Holmes the hero of "Patriotic Gore," his book on the lit-

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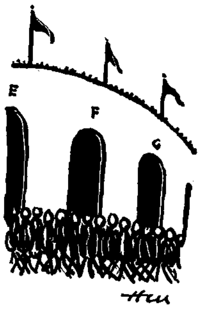
erature of the Civil War.) He never stopped regarding naked force—the will to power, to give it a nineteenth-century name—as the brute actuality at the bottom of all human transactions. "Every society rests on the death of men," he wrote. He thus could not see why if society, in order to make its view prevail, could call on its best citizens to sacrifice their lives (as the North had done in the Civil War) it could not also "call upon those who already sap the strength of the State," such as Carrie Buck, to suffer "lesser sacrifices," such as sterilization.



The legal error seems plain to us: Carrie Buck's involuntary sterilization violates an individual right of privacy, which (although its status has recently become precarious) we have generally agreed to recognize, and which expresses the same respect for other people that informs Holmes' own landmark free-speech opinions. The philosophical error behind the legal error arises from the belief that the way of the universe must necessarily be the way of the human world—from the belief that what people do, once all the mystification and self-deception have been stripped away, is only a fancy version of what amoebas do. This is the classic reductive philosophy of the late-Victorian secular mind, which is, of course, the kind of mind Holmes had. It replaces the believer's supernatural picture of the universe with a materialist picture that is, in its own way, equally fantastic.

Few people maintain such a view without cheating on it a little in order to go about the ordinary business of life; but Holmes made it a point never to cheat on it, and he erected his fidelity into an ideal of conduct and of thought. He felt strongly, for instance, that his old companion William James' sympathetic interest in religious experience had prevented him from facing up to the way things are. "His wishes led him to turn down the lights so as to give miracle a chance," he complained to a friend in 1910, the year of James' death.

The austerity of this vision helps to explain the impression of dazzling superficiality which his writing, almost always magnificently lucid and aphoristic, leaves us with. He read, all his life and in every field: he read "Das Kapital"; he read Casanova's memoirs (twice); he read "The Sun Also Rises." He approached each new book with the same persistent curiosity, and even when he was disappointed or bored (as he was when, late in life, he reread Hegel) he finished almost everything he started. ("Lady Chatterley's Lover" was, he claimed, a rare exception.) His correspondence is filled with his remarkably acute reactions to what he read, and one experiences the same perfect openness of mind in the uncluttered prose and intellectual tolerance of his best-known judicial opinions.

But it all amounted, for Holmes, to an endless, fascinating, beautifully empty diversion, since at the bottom of every passionate belief and noble expression he saw the same armies of the night, fighting the same eternal war. There are, one comes to feel, *only* two spheres in Holmes' thought: the glittering toy store of art and ideas, and the darkling plain of Antietam and Ball's Bluff. Most of us spend our lives in a middle world, in which beliefs matter to us for reasons better than the fact that they happen to be ours. This is the world that William and Henry James tried to write about. Holmes lived in that world, too, of course, and he must, each day, have felt its reality urgently enough. But it seems for him to have been largely inarticulable.

BAKER'S book is weakest when it relates the conventionally dramatic events in Holmes' life—particularly his wartime adventures (of which Novick, though he is not as polished a writer, gave a much more satisfying account) and the affair with Lady Clare. Constitutional history, though, is plainly Baker's strength (she is also a biographer of Frankfurter), and her thorough discussions of Holmes' principal Supreme Court decisions make an excellent narrative. If her efforts to give us the inner life are less successful, it may be because the inner life was one of the few things about which Holmes had nothing to say.

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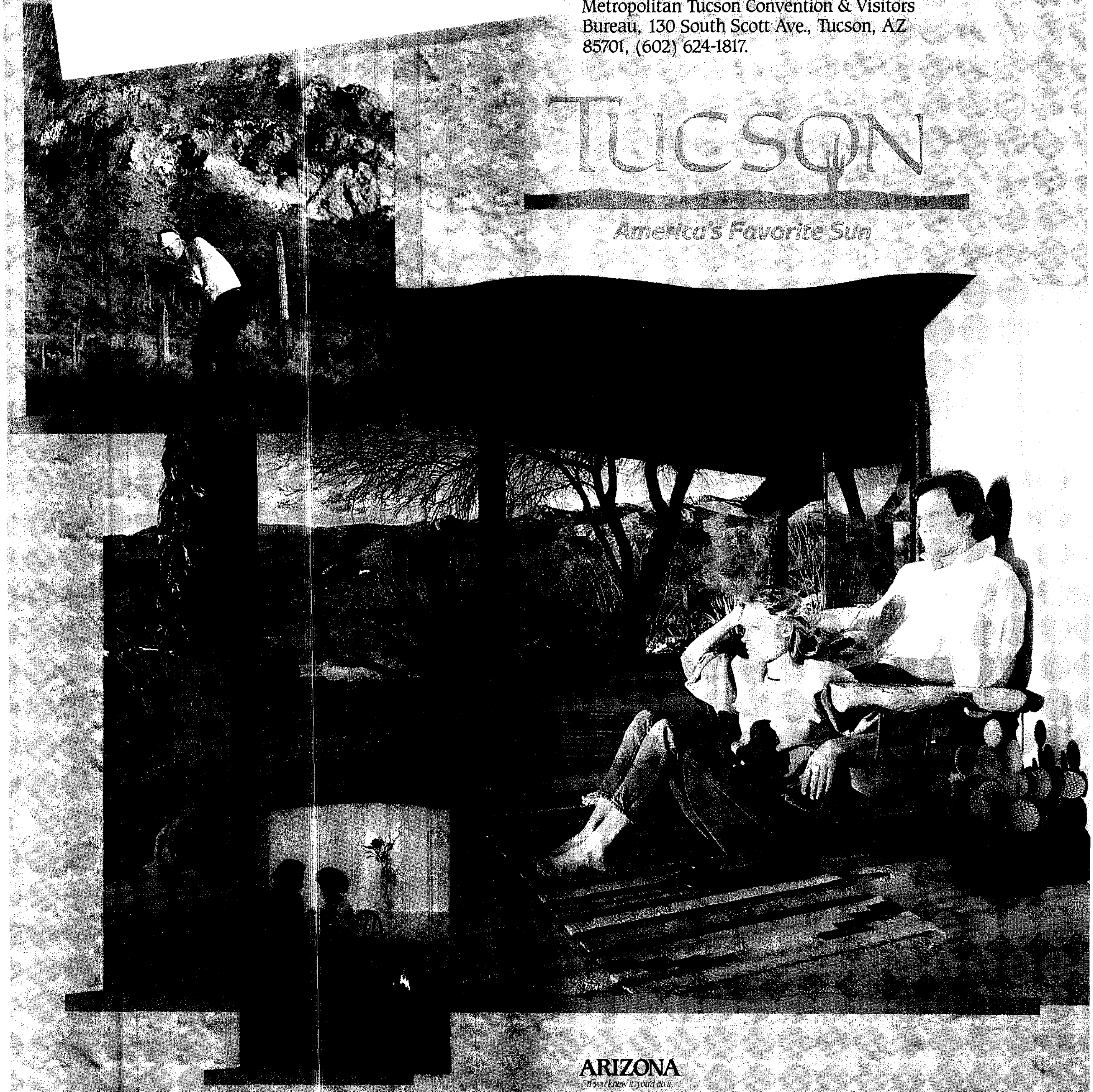

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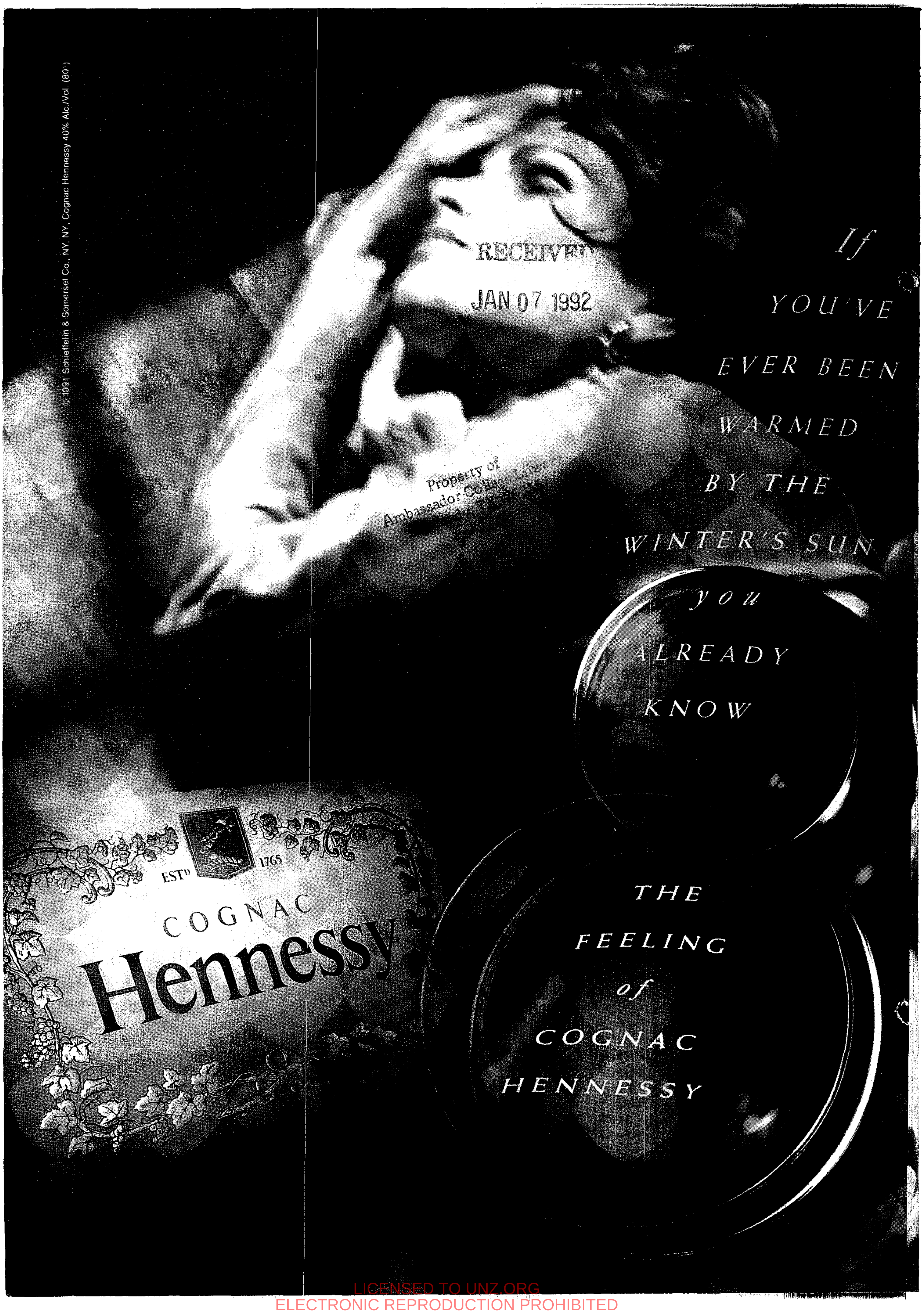
If you knew it, you'd do it.


If
YOU'VE
EVER BEEN
WARMED
BY THE
WINTER'S SUN
you
ALREADY
KNOW
THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY
ESTD 1765
COGNAC
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